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THE Atlantic

By Eugene Youngert

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Their Pressure on the High Schools

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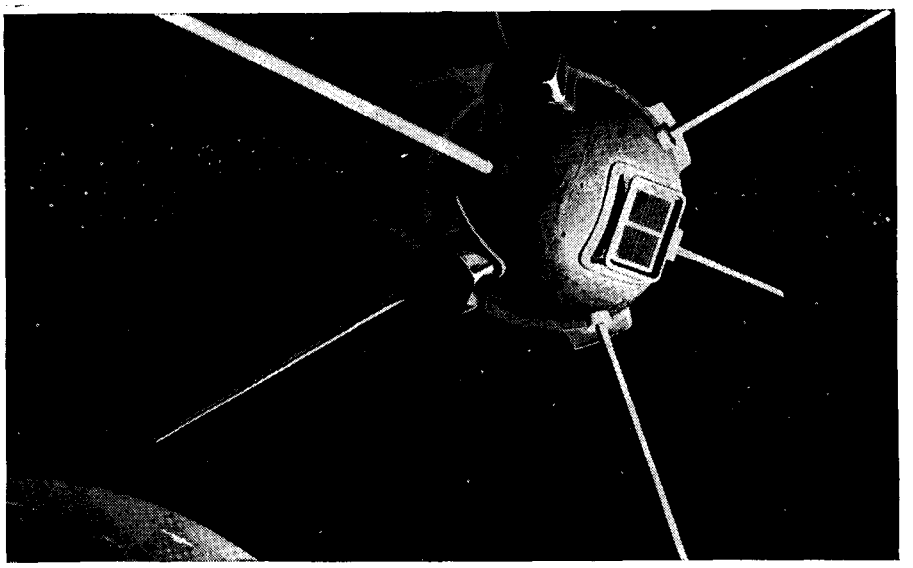

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OCTOBER **ATLANTIC**

1958 VOLUME 202 NUMBER 4

ONE HUNDRED YEARS

EUGENE YOUNGERT	College Athletics: Their Pressure on the High Schools	35
EVERETT WARNER	Hidden Masterpieces	39
FARLEY MOWAT	Rescue Off Halifax	44
ROBERT HILLYER	Assembling the Family — A POEM	50
FLETCHER MARTIN	"We Don't Want Your Kind!" Segregation in Illinois	51
IRIS ORIGO	Ruth Draper	56
HOWARD DAVIS	The River Rat — AN ATLANTIC "FIRST"	61
OLIVER LA FARGE	The Unsolved Mystery of the Mayas	66
RICHARD CHURCH	Choosing the Site — A POEM	70
DAN JACOBSON	The Game — A STORY	72
G. L. MEHTA	Can India Finance Her Five Year Plan?	77
	ATLANTIC REPORTS	
	The Middle East — Alaska — East Germany — Washington	4
	ATLANTIC BOOKSHELF	
EDWARD WEEKS	The Peripatetic Reviewer	83
	Books the Editors Like	86
PHOEBE ADAMS	Reader's Choice	89
	ACCENT ON LIVING	
CHARLES W. MORTON — R. P. LISTER — R. G. G. PRICE — D. G. TURNER — ANNE KELLEY — LOYD ROSENFIELD — FRANCES FROST		97
	THEY SHALL HAVE MUSIC	
JOHN M. CONLY	How To Be Binaural	106
	Record Reviews	112

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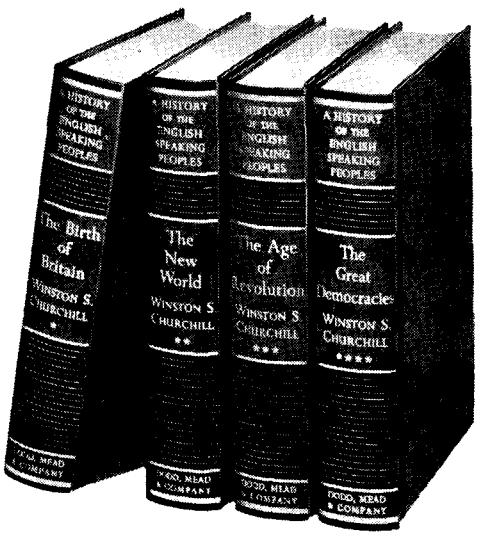

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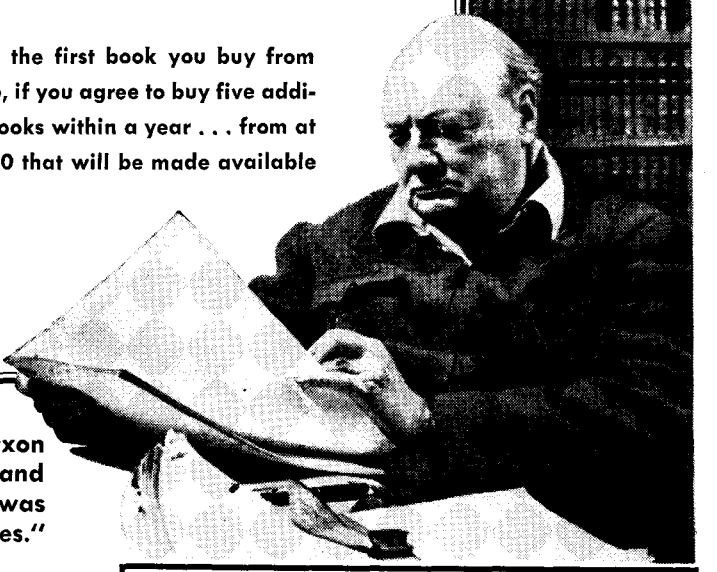

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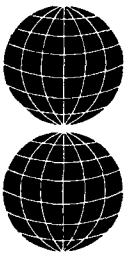
The Atlantic Report  *on the World Today*

THE MIDDLE EAST

THERE is a fortunate irony in the fact that by different approaches most of the powers concerned in the Middle East are arriving at a common conclusion: the area must be neutralized and its economy developed on a regional basis. Until the Iraqi revolt in July, neutralization and reorganization on these lines were impossible. In the short run, that coup upset a delicate balance by which some Arab governments retained a vested interest in particularism, choosing among the big powers for support. In the long run, however, the coup made possible a peaceful regrouping of artificially created client states into what now appears to be a normal form of association and federation.

What, then, was all the fuss about? Why did it seem so vital in Baghdad a year ago to insist on the military necessity of the Baghdad Pact against almost solid Arab opposition? Why did Lebanon's Christian leaders violate their essential constitutional neutrality to embrace the Eisenhower Doctrine? And why, until he was persuaded otherwise by urgent family councils, did King Saud plot for disengagement of Syria from Egypt? Finally, did London and Washington really believe that by supporting supposed bastions and friendly governments, against the tide of Arab nationalism, they were preserving the Arabs from Communism?

Positive neutrality, not arms

The assumptions underlying all these efforts were similar. The way to save the Middle East from Communism and Nasserism was by pacts and declarations, backed up by aid to pro-Western governments and snubs to doubtful ones. The vacuum theory realistically discounted Arab military capability in defending the area. But Western diplomats closed their minds to nationalist arguments that neutrality could best safeguard the area.

By 1955 it was clear that even for the sake of acquiring arms, Arab governments could not safely accept new protective treaties. Even Lebanon avoided taking this step, which would have only hastened the civil strife that followed its hospitality to the Eisenhower Doctrine. Iraq accepted the Baghdad Pact out of genuine conviction that it was a strategic necessity. But it only got through the parliament because of rigged elections and police suppression of all opposition.

Nuri es Said's fateful decision this past summer to send the Iraqi army to help oppose revolts in Jordan and Lebanon set off the final eruption in Baghdad. The long-suppressed opposition was outraged at the idea of compounding Iraq's violation of nationalist feeling. It was unthinkable to the opposition in Iraq that the army should help preserve governments which relied for existence on the same bases of manipulation and police suppression as did the Iraqi government.

One of the consequences of the Iraqi revolt is the necessity for abandoning a military solution for the Middle East power vacuum. The first basic shift of strategic positions took place in 1955, when Britain moved from Suez and began to center military planning for the Gulf region in Baghdad. This latest shift of power in Baghdad exposes the Persian Gulf protectorates much more openly to the prevailing political winds, leaving them protected militarily only by bases in Aden and Bahrain.

An immediate question arises regarding these important vestiges of the old Indian empire. Can they and need they continue to be protected in this way? Or can a suitable set of international guarantees be devised to meet their modern needs more adequately? This question is brought to an immediate head by the change in Iraq.

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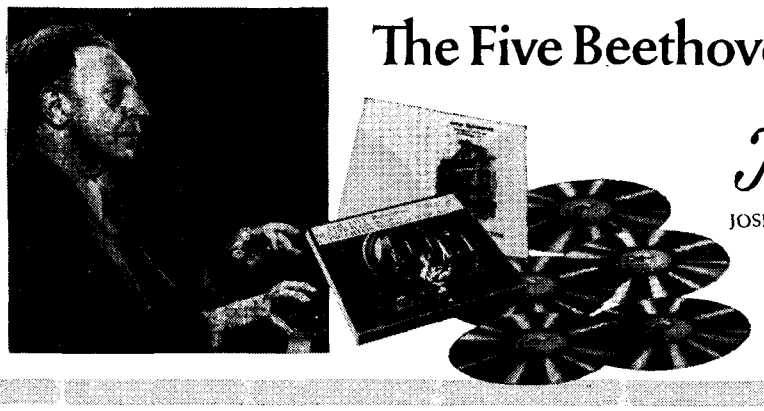

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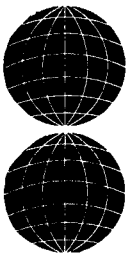
The Middle East



While the Iraqi revolt underlines an increasing, popular Arab insistence on nonalignment in the Cold War, it also revives the more positive social aims of Arab nationalism. These have been a constant feature of each contemporary Arab revolution since the first Syrian coup nine years ago. The program comprises basic elements of a welfare state, and a chance for the young intelligentsia to have a hand in the government.

Iraq's angry young men

In this last respect Iraq has long been on the point of explosion. The various cabinets of Nuri es Said, despite their commendable concentration on development, completely alienated the educated professional class, which wanted social as well as physical improvement in Iraq. A ruling elite of landlords met popular demands for social change with impressive, but ultimately superficial, palliatives in the form of public works. But these landlords remained arrogantly impervious to pressures for taxation on land or incomes, and resisted to the end the sharing of responsibility. As more and more of the young men sent abroad for education returned to find themselves disenfranchised, they joined the ranks of the opposition.

The Iraqi Republic's first reforms reflect the plans and hopes of these young radicals. The first decrees were for realistic taxes on landowners, who have been the principal beneficiaries of the development board's river basin improvements. Tribal courts, where anyone who could scrape up a tribal affiliation avoided regular trial, were abolished. Prices of staples and rents were lowered; labor committees were set up; and the working day was shortened from nine to eight hours.

Government profits from oil

What is surprising is the relatively moderate character of these reforms. This is equally true of the businesslike attitude toward oil operations. Immediate steps were taken to protect the operations of the multinational Iraq Petroleum Company (IPC) which has long held exclusive oil rights throughout Iraq. The new government proposed not to nationalize the company but to renegotiate its contract to increase Iraq's share in the profits. The last accomplishment of the Nuri government had been to persuade IPC to relinquish certain unexplored areas in Iraq so that competitors might bid on them. The present government hopes to attract new concessionaires willing to deal on the basis of newer, more speculative concessions recently granted elsewhere in the Persian Gulf. Many of these provide for operations more nearly on a partnership basis, with the host government ultimately getting a major share of the profits if oil is found.

Iraq also proposed, within five days of the coup, that its outlet through pipelines to the Syrian coast be expanded. Immediate concern with oil transit facilities (from which Syria at present draws some $18 million a year) was expressed in talks between the Iraqis and Colonel Nasser in Damascus at the time of signing a joint Iraq-United Arab Republic defense treaty.

The timing and place of these proposals foreshadowed important readjustments within the Arab family. For the Iraqi coup opened the way to the natural alignment between Iraq and northern Syria which the Baghdad Pact had thwarted. Trade and traffic between the Persian Gulf and the Mediterranean follow a natural route between Basra, Baghdad, Homs, and Latakia. There is already joint planning for rail and road building between them.

Syria's economic prospects are consequently brighter. By virtue of its pivotal geographic position and long-standing fraternal bonds with Iraq, it has everything to gain by closer political association as well. Yet Damascus, which has been fretting at its secondary role in the UAR, is in a delicate position. Having been rescued by Nasser last winter from too eager a Soviet embrace, its first loyalty must be to the UAR. Baghdad now offers it alternative salvation through prosperity as well as national unity.

A family bank account

The Iraqi coup therefore confronts Colonel Nasser with problems. The fundamental, historic rivalry between Cairo and Baghdad has not been just a matter of rival personalities. The two capitals have different philosophies of Pan-Arabism and different stakes in it. This rivalry will not be easily resolved, even within a revitalized Arab League. Still to be reconciled is the wide gulf between a have and a have-not country — a gulf which Nasser expects to bridge by an all-Arab federation, in which Arab oil money would go into a family bank account. One of his problems will be to attract that money by diplomacy now that his old targets in Baghdad are gone.

On the issue of the sharing of oil wealth by the Arab haves, Colonel Nasser could get help from outside sources. Both UN Secretary General Hammarskjold and the American government have

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proposed a partial pooling of Arab oil funds, with international contributions, for Arab economic development. This idea has been promoted by needy Arab countries for some time. In Iraq the previous government had begun discussions with the rulers of Kuwait and Saudi Arabia on possible subscriptions to an Arab Development Bank. This project will probably survive the bureaucratic purge in Baghdad.

For the first time Colonel Nasser can contemplate a general success for his Pan-Arab movement. The barricades are down along the Tigris and Euphrates. They appear to be coming down along the Persian Gulf as well. Arab neutralism too has begun to receive at least grudging acceptance from the anxious West. But there is a price for these successes. They require a stage of consolidation, a rediversion of the revolution into domestic issues, and a toning down of its aggressive aspects.

Egypt's forward steps

Colonel Nasser may have to demonstrate more widely his genuine concern with the revolution's welfare program if he is to remain its hero. Within Egypt he appears to appreciate the importance of this less exhilarating task. In the organization of the Suez Canal Authority, for example, he has followed the advice of an able staff. The canal is Egypt's one source of substantial foreign exchange, bringing in some $100 million a year. Egypt reserves 25 per cent of the toll income for improvements, which are now under way. Three American firms have the contract to deepen the canal for passage of ships drawing over the 36 feet allowed at the present time. When the job is done in 1960, the passage of 45,000-ton ships will be possible.

At the same time the drive for industrialization continues. The opening of Egypt's first steel mill was a recent cause for national celebration. Credits of some $120 million from West Germany, along with German technicians, are helping to build more factories and expand payrolls. The plan for the Aswan Dam, to furnish cheap power and irrigate more land, still hinges on a water agreement with the Sudan and on international aid in financing it.

But Nasser's great dream is to control a socialized Arab world financed by oil. This ambition and the means he uses to reach it are a central element in the still unresolved Middle East situation.

The Hammarskjold proposals at the United Nations in August, and the American ones as well, represented attempts to channel oil contributions into general Arab welfare by pooling them with international aid. But the scars of the Suez affair remain, and Western initiatives are still scrutinized for any taint of patronage or imperialism. One by-product of Suez was good rapport between the Egyptians and Hammarskjold, which made current negotiations possible.

The question of Palestine

United Nations and Western efforts in the Middle East labor under the added handicap of having postponed for ten years the unfinished business of Palestine. Now, as in 1948, positions taken on this issue will determine much of the success or failure of efforts to come to terms with Arab nationalism. The details of eventual settlements are less crucial than the willingness to attempt a just solution for the Arab refugees, permanent boundaries, and the status of Jerusalem.

It was Arab bitterness, particularly among the junior officers whose armies lost the badly led struggle in Palestine, which provided the spark for revolt in Egypt, Syria, and Iraq. These young men now are the colonels leading a movement which has already erased many vestiges of humiliation. Two more scores have high priority with them for settlement. One involves a gathering into the nationalist fold of their sympathizers in Jordan. The other, a settlement with Israel, requires the most disinterested solution possible on the west bank of the Jordan and on the permanent status of Jerusalem.

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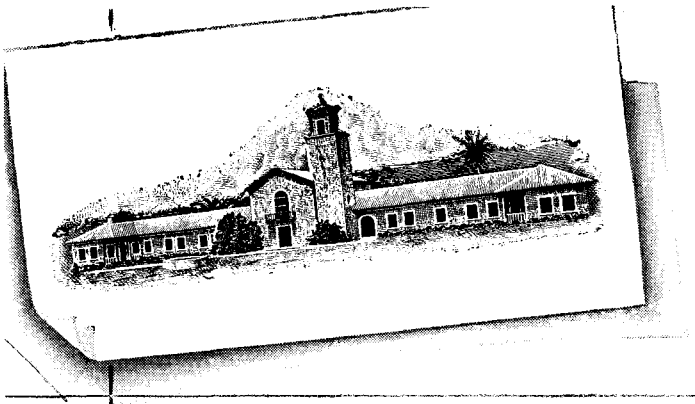

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The Atlantic Report ALASKA

ALASKA, having ratified the Statehood Act at its August 26 referendum and elected primary candidates for its new state and federal offices, now needs only the November 25 general election and the President's subsequent proclamation to affix its star officially to those of the other forty-eight states. Alaskans have been getting more and more keyed up for statehood since March 30, 1916, the day the first Alaska statehood bill was introduced into Congress.

"Seward's Folly," which Andrew Johnson's Secretary of State bought for $7.2 million from Russia in 1867, is a land of 586,000 square miles, more than twice the size of Texas and large enough to increase the area of today's United States by almost one fifth. It is a land where caribou herds run to 300,000 and nature-caused forest fires can snuff out some five million acres of timber a year; a land whose present population is about 215,000, including military personnel; and a land which, contrary to popular impression, has a summer climate as temperate as San Francisco's.

In obtaining Alaska, Seward also obtained a frontier. Although separated by the international date line and twenty-four hours, Siberia's Big Diomede Island is only two and a half miles away from Alaska's Little Diomede, a pleasant walk, in friendlier days, across the frozen Bering Strait. The narrow, shallow strait once linked the continents of Asia and North America. The Diomedes are the steppingstone vestige of that link. And even though the people on Big Diomede may have one dialect and those on Little Diomede another, they both speak Eskimo.

Alaska's settlers

Who are the people who have settled on this frontier, and why did they go there? Bob Atwood is editor and publisher of the Anchorage *Times*, Alaska's largest newspaper. Atwood, a native of Chicago and a former Connecticut newspaperman, migrated to Alaska in the Depression thirties and developed an early respect for his fellow immigrants: "I always figured that the lowest bum was a pretty high-calibered guy, because he needed $40 to make the two thousand miles steerage from Seattle. You might say the migration process had a straining effect."

Now Atwood has a mansion built in the style of a hunting lodge overlooking Cook Inlet, complete with Hammond organ and mammoth polar-bear pelt. His Buick car is equipped with radio and telephone. He commutes to his modern newspaper building and, in off hours, he managed to head up Alaska's Statehood Committee.

Wally Hickel is another Alaskan migrant who has been successful. Hickel had never heard of Anchorage when he arrived from Kansas in 1940. He remembers Alaska as "the last place on the list they gave me of places where I didn't need a passport." He began by washing dishes and working on the government-owned Alaska Railroad. Now the 39-year-old Republican National Committeeman builds $30,000 to $40,000 homes in Anchorage suburbs and finds they are more popular than cheaper ones. He also owns motels in Anchorage and Fairbanks and has announced plans for a $1 million Anchorage shopping center.

Statehood: the pros and cons

In Juneau, the capital city, Elton Engstrom, a Republican territorial senator, native-born Alaskan, and the territory's largest cold-storage fish exporter, explains some of the concern of the people for achieving statehood: "I've always had a feeling that I would like to vote for a President. I also can't help but feel that if we have the same voting representation in the U.S. Senate as New York it is going to do a whole lot for the state. It's bound to cost more money, but I still think the advantages will offset the extra cost."

Engstrom was among those Alaskans who worked for years to attain statehood. Some Alaskans, particularly in the earlier-settled and more conservative southeast, are still opposed to it. Vic Guns, the Seattle-born attorney and president of the Ketchikan Chamber of Commerce, looks upon statehood as a matter of traps, Jones Act, and taxes.

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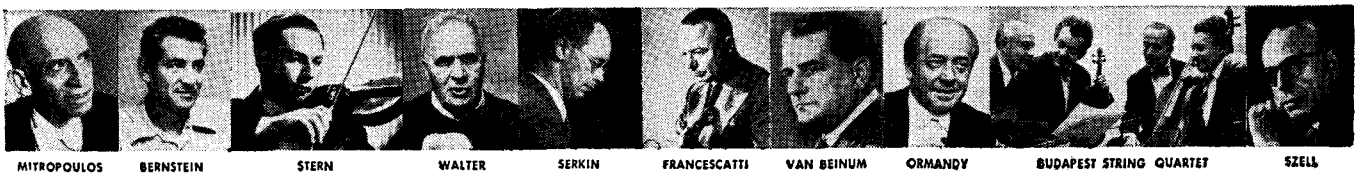

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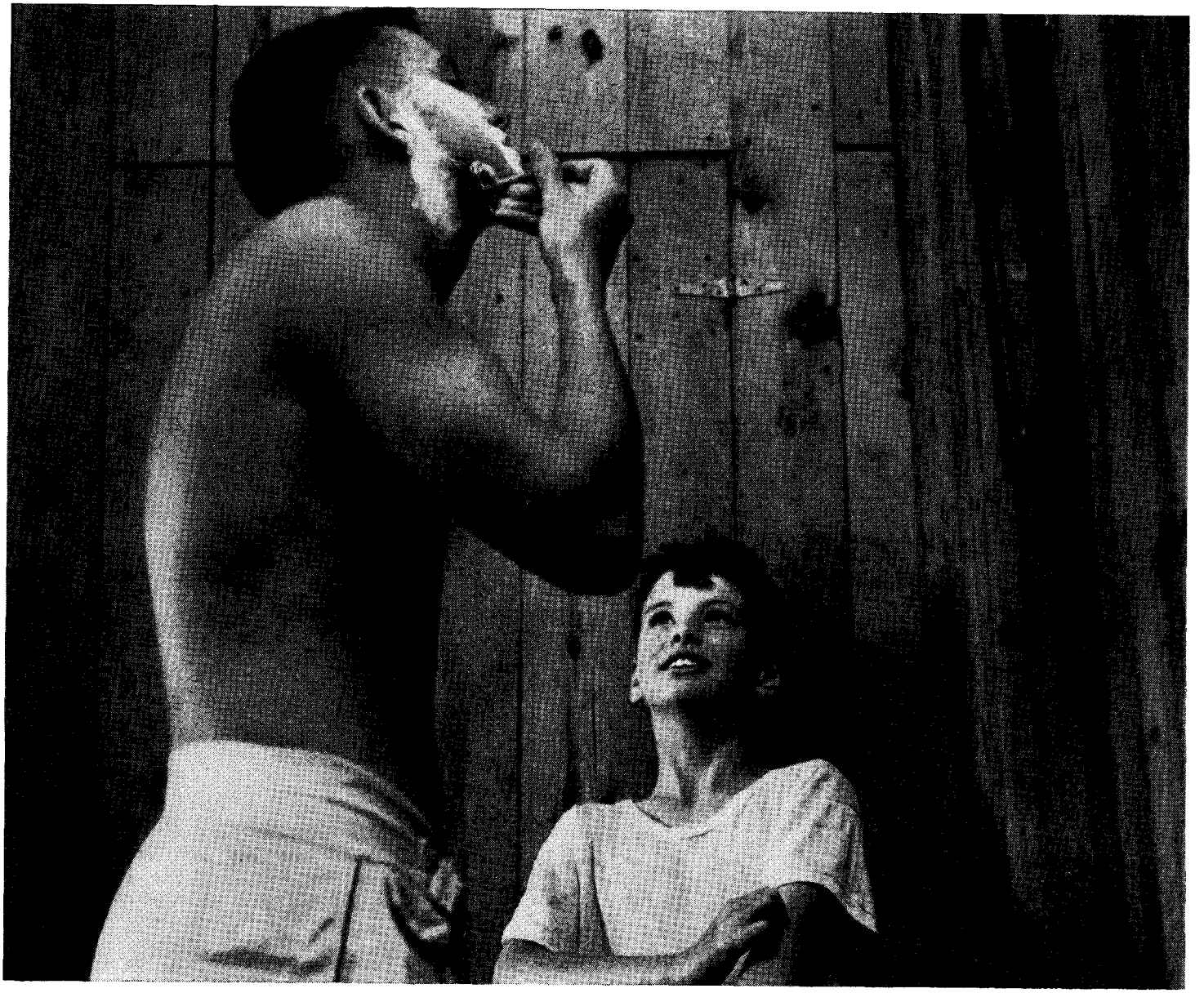
When a young lad dreams of manhood...



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By "traps," he means the abolishment of the means by which the canneries are now catching fish by the dredgeful. The canneries fear that the first act of the new state legislature will be to outlaw this efficient and economic means of fishing.

By "Jones Act," Guns means abrogation of Section 27 of the U.S. Maritime Act of 1920, which requires sea shipments between Canadian ports and Alaska to be carried in American bottoms. Many Alaskans feel that if foreign ships had a chance at bringing in Alaska's imports — and nearly everything in Alaska is imported — a glass of orange juice would not have to cost seventy-five cents.

As for taxes, Guns fears that statehood will cost more money because the state will be footing a good deal more of the bills than the territory has had to do under the federal government, and instead of paying a territorial income tax of 14 per cent of that paid the federal Treasury, it may mean paying the state something like 20 per cent.

On one count, Guns is undeniably right. Instead of meeting every two years for a maximum of sixteen days, the new legislature will meet annually with no fixed term. And instead of sixteen territorial senators and twenty-four members of the House, the state Senate will have twenty members and the House forty.

Territorial Treasurer Hugh Wade differs with Guns. Wade is a former FBI agent who came to Alaska in 1926 and now is running for secretary of state, the equivalent of lieutenant governor, on the Democratic ticket. He thinks "proper consolidation and reorganization" of the present territorial government should make the first state budget no higher than what it now is. Wade points out that Alaska, unlike many of the forty-eight states, now runs in the black with a $38 million biennial budget.

Wade also believes that a new state court system will be able to take advantage of the windfall surplus of fines over costs which now blesses federal law enforcement in the territory. And he sees no immediate new construction costs, since Congress, in its Statehood Act, provided that the federal government building in Juneau, as well as the governor's mansion, should be turned over to the new state.

In addition, the act provides the substantial dowry of 103,350,000 acres, which Alaska is free to select within the next twenty-five years and then sell off (all but 400,000 acres of National Forest land). The land sale, along with subsequent taxes on private property and mineral lease payments, should help this new state keep solvent. Even though the federal government will be retaining ownership of 70 per cent of the land, the forty-ninth state will be getting a greater quantity of land than has been granted to any other state.

Industry, old and new

Economically, serving the military is still Alaska's biggest industry. Many Alaskans neither think this must be so nor want it to be. Nevertheless, the military contribution is immense. The armed services spent an estimated $1 billion in Alaska during World War II, another $1 billion during the onset of the Cold War, and now plans are going ahead for construction of a $250 million missile detection center station along the Alaska Railroad, between Anchorage and Fairbanks.

Fishing, traditionally Alaska's chief native industry, started to wane in 1936 and has experienced a pronounced drop since 1950, particularly in salmon. The salmon pack last year was the lowest since 1907. The Japanese, while violating no international treaty, are now catching immature salmon in the mid-Pacific to compensate for the fishing grounds the Russians took from them following World War II. These fish no longer mature and return to Alaska to spawn. But where the salmon do swim, they bring 54 cents a pound for 15- to 16-pound fish. It is possible to earn $1200 in four days of Alaskan fishing.

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While youngsters dream of growing swiftly to adulthood, their parents concern themselves with such practical realities as daily nutrition.

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Report on Alaska

The gold which brought the sourdoughs to the Klondike, to Nome beach, to the Yukon, and to the Fairbanks river beds at the turn of the century now is no longer worth the trouble of extracting it. U.S. Smelting and Refining, the only sizable gold operation left in Alaska, plans to abandon its Nome dredging within the next three years and its Fairbanks works within the next four. The problem is the set price of gold ($35 an ounce) and the continuing rise in production cost. It now costs $1.25 to take out a dollar's worth of gold.

Not only does Alaska's gold-mining industry suffer from high labor costs, it also has to contend with ground which is frozen year-round at depths varying from five feet to one hundred. After several years spent in drill testing a gold-bearing river bed, great cliffs of soil must be hosed down with hydraulic pressure guns; then water must be piped through the frozen ground for thirty to sixty days to thaw it out. Finally comes the actual dredging and the mammoth sifting out of the minute gold grains from the muck and rock.

Overall, Alaska has thirty-one of the thirty-three strategic minerals that the United States needs in wartime. But until mining for most of these metals becomes really profitable, the deposits, like those of gold, are going to stay right where they are.

The discovery of oil

The big hope for the future is oil. Richfield Oil Company of California began a wildcat drill on the Kenai Peninsula, south of Anchorage, in April, 1957, and found during a brief twenty-four-hour test period in August of last year that the well would produce nine hundred barrels a day. This well was "shut in," along with a second rigging two miles away. Then Standard Oil of California, Richfield's partner, began a third well fifty-five miles further on. Great secrecy surrounds the finds, but it is known that the test sands show a very thick vein and that the strike is fabulous.

For the state itself, the discovery may prove fabulous too. Under new federal regulations, there is a 50-cent-an-acre rental on unexplored fields and, more importantly, a 12.5 per cent royalty on producing wells — with nine tenths of all this going to Alaska.

Of Alaska's 375 million acres, 110 million, almost one third, have been classified as geologically possible for oil. Some 26 million acres of the possible area are restricted by federal hands-off regulations, and 37 million of the remaining 84 million acres are now covered either by exploration leases or by offers to lease. This even includes 200,000 acres on the top of a glacier near the Canadian border.

Politics in the new state

In politics, Alaska is pretty solidly Democratic. The territorial legislature has a Democratic majority, and the most popular man in Alaska today is E. L. (Bob) Bartlett, the Democratic delegate to Congress for the past fourteen years. The party, desiring initial entrenchment, wanted Bartlett to secure the governorship for the Democrats because of the enormous appointive and organizational authority granted the first governor by the constitution. Bartlett, whose experience has been legislative, leaned toward the Senate and finally declared so officially.

To oppose Bartlett, the Republicans found R. E. Robertson, a Juneau lawyer. Territorial Governor Mike Stepovich, the Republicans' biggest vote-getter, will run for the Senate too — but in opposition to Ernest Gruening, territorial governor under Presidents Roosevelt and Truman.

When the 86th Congress is gaveled into session in January, Alaskans will have a chance to express their wants firsthand and see them acted upon. And when the people of the forty-nine states are asked to elect a new President in 1960, Alaskans will find themselves having an equal say with the people from the other forty-eight states on who should run the show.

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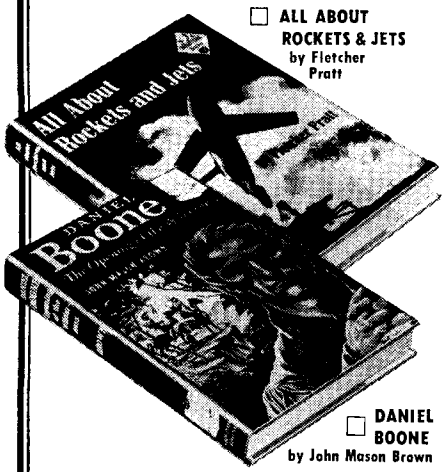

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The Atlantic Report EAST GERMANY

KHRUSHCHEV's visits to Berlin have become the most significant single feature of the East German year. In 1957 the Soviet Premier bestowed his blessing before the Volkskammer on the plan to form a confederation of two equally entitled German states. This gave the Ulbricht regime an indefinite lease on life. In July of this year Khrushchev promised aid which, he claimed, would raise the East German above the West German standard of living. The Soviet Union will deliver more coal, fertilizers, and crude oil; will build a pipeline from southern Russia; and will forego a German financial contribution to the twenty-five Red Army divisions in East Germany. This contribution totaled 800 million marks in 1957 and 450 million this year.

No vital decision is made in East Berlin without at least the tacit approval of the Kremlin. But this does not mean that no initiative is shown by East Berlin. In May Ulbricht sent his trade minister, Heinrich Rau, to Moscow to argue the case for greater material support for East Germany. Rau pointed out that East Germany was the only country in Central Europe which still had to ration food, that it was building houses at the rate of 30,000 a year — against 500,000 in West Germany — and that its standard of living suffered from comparison to that of the West German state. Rau's arguments were heard with sympathy, for Khrushchev himself is keenly aware of the need for raising living standards as an essential part of the Cold War.

Rau did not come away empty-handed. In order to bolster the state reserves laboriously built up by his own government he secured the promise of immediate Soviet supplies — 30,000 tons of beef, 30,000 of pork, 15,000 of butter and 10,000 of other fats, 75,000 tons of bread grains — all to be delivered by September. He secured a second 500-million-ruble Russian loan, one third of it in convertible currency. The Soviet Union promised to extract more foodstuffs from a willing Bulgaria and a hesitant Rumania.

Rau's mission brought quick dividends. On May 28 the East German government was able to abolish food rationing and peg prices of derationed foodstuffs (meat, fats, sugar) at reasonable levels. On July 7 a number of pegged prices were reduced by as much as 15 per cent. This may not have been as spectacular as headlines in the East German press suggested. But it was a step in the right direction.

East German food prices still remained in many cases 40 per cent above the West German ones. The disparity in the prices of many other consumer goods was even greater. But a feeling of constraint had been removed, a step forward taken. Of the East Germans, only pensioners and private employers — who were called upon to pay higher wages to employees — were not happy.

Pressure on the Soviet Union

The East German Republic has successfully applied pressure on the Soviet Union in order to obtain a higher living standard. But it has also applied a more subtle political pressure by creating, or at least magnifying, an internal ideological crisis and asking Moscow to draw the obvious conclusions from it.

Early in February Ulbricht's Socialist Unity Party ejected from their posts Deputy Prime Minister Fred Oelssner, party boss of administration Karl Schirdewan, and former Minister of State Security Ernst Wollweber. Fritz Selbmann, minister for heavy industry, was threatened but escaped with a warning. This was the first party purge since January, 1954, when ideologists Dahlem and Herrnstadt and Minister of State Security Zaisser were disgraced.

Much has come to light since the February crisis. Oelssner wanted to slow down the campaign to force farmers into the state cooperatives (so far 7800 have been organized, comprising 29 per cent of all farming land). Schirdewan wanted more direct efforts to secure reunification. Selbmann wanted a reduction of work norms (East Germany has the Stakhanovite system of payment by results); but fortunately this was not regarded as a heresy, only as a mistake. It is not clear what Wollweber wanted; he may have just been selected

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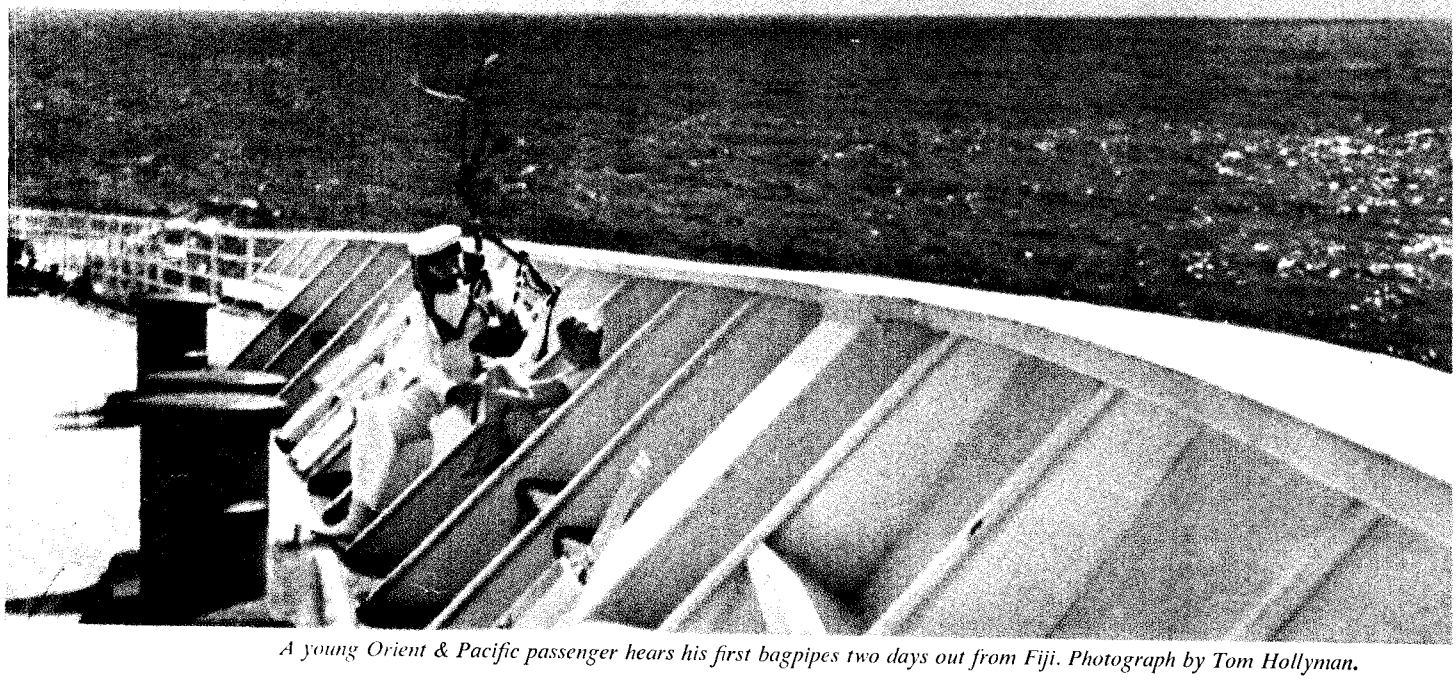

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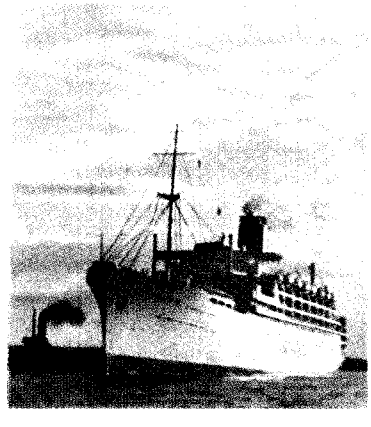

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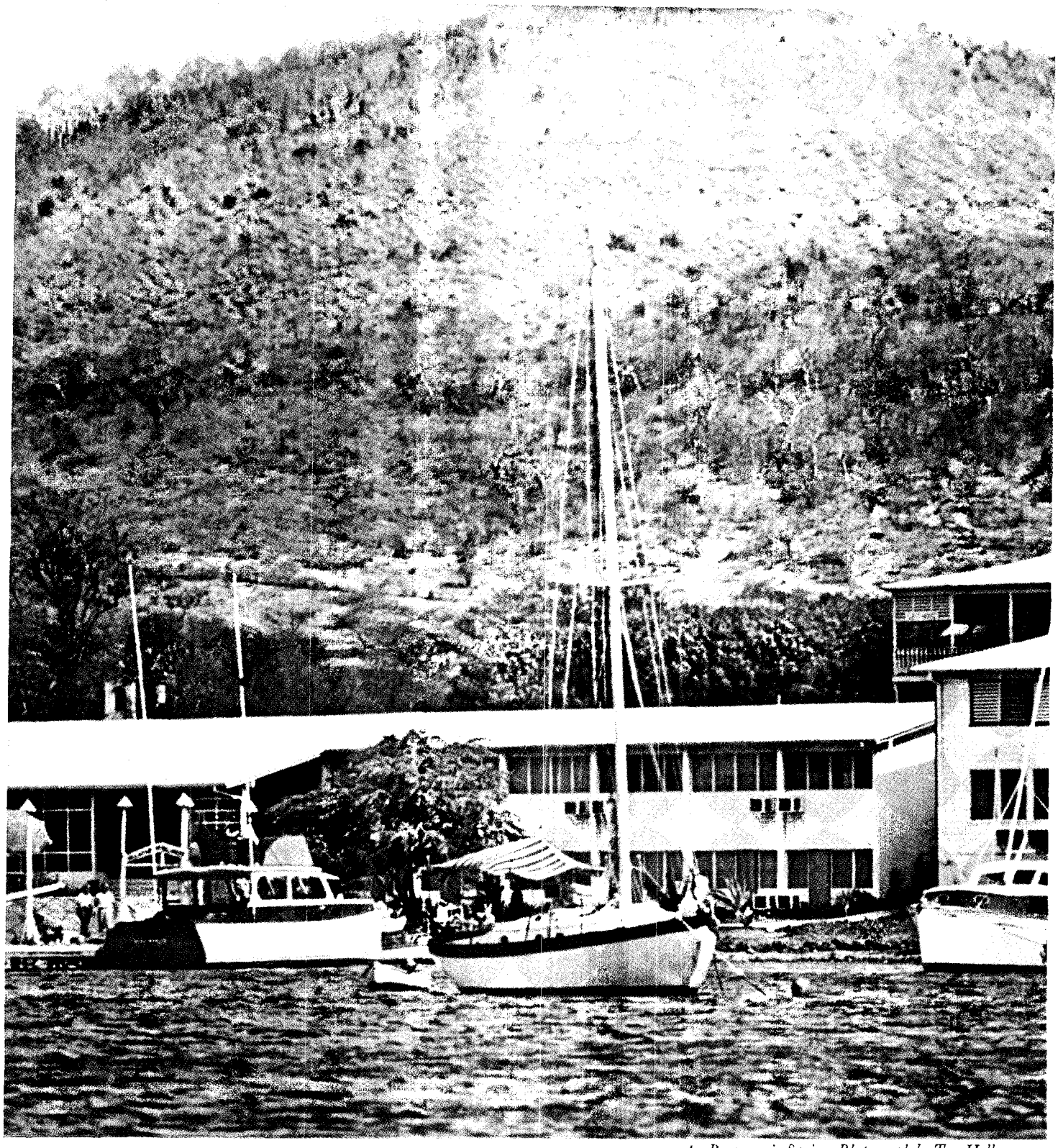

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as a scapegoat. Naturally, the East German government has taken steps to prevent the burgeoning of the "defeatism" allegedly preached by these rebels.

There is always an element of the ludicrous about Communist concentration on its objectives. A Socialist Unity member in Bad Doberan was ejected from the party because he allowed the ashes of a private landowner to be placed in the family vault, which had been confiscated by the state. A party official in Magdeburg was deposed for having allowed a tax rebate to be paid to a private seed merchant.

A bid for prestige

The Schirdewan-Oelssner revolt has in any event been skillfully exploited by the Ulbricht regime, which desires prestige more than anything else in the world. This would be attained if it were recognized by Western governments, indeed by just one Western government.

On May 3 Moscow allowed the East Germans to clamp down tolls on Western barges using the canals between Berlin and the West. On June 8 the Soviet authorities handed over to the East Germans nine U.S. airmen who had been forced down in their helicopter near East German Chemnitz. On July 6 the Russians attended a "Baltic Week" at Rostock, where the East Germans called for a nonaggression pact to be signed by all countries on the Baltic seaboard. On July 11 Khrushchev confirmed the East German decision to turn down the proposals of West Berlin Lord Mayor Willy Brandt for closer contact between the two parts of the city.

Mildly ludicrous again: on June 26 East Berlin Lord Mayor Friedrich Ebert announced that "West Berlin is the citadel of militaristic gangsters. But East Berlin is the capital of the German Democratic Republic and the heart of the German people."

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Ebert told how 4000 homes had been built in East Berlin in the first half of this year (since 1950 East Berlin has built 24,000 homes, West Berlin 115,000). Ebert called for East German designs for a new city center, which would rival those being produced in West Germany on Brandt's suggestion by the best architects of the free world.

It would be pleasant to record that the limited advance in material prosperity and the clutching of a few straws of prestige are diminishing the persecution inflicted on 18 million long-suffering East Germans. This is not the case. The Ulbricht regime sees enemies on every side. The campaign to nationalize the farms is only one form of current persecution. Three others require special mention: the intermittent warfare waged on intellectuals and on the Christian churches, and the deliberate aim of the regime to freeze human contacts between East and West Germany. All three are serious, the third desperately so.

War on the intellectuals

In the first half of this year, 120 university and technical college teachers sought refuge in West Germany. So did 27 per cent of the 1957 graduates of East Berlin's Humboldt University and more than 400 doctors. Two distinct groups of intellectuals were affected: the remnants of the bourgeois professors who dominated German universities before the war, and the Left-Wingers, who rejected the Ulbricht line and who organized a revolt in Dresden University.

The exodus of intellectuals alarmed Ulbricht. It interfered with his teacher-training program and with far-flung plans to speed up technical training. The philosophical faculty was affected most, but there were grave losses in the medical and veterinary groups. Doctors were instructed to apply for permits before leaving their practices for even a few days. But Ulbricht decided to give the intellectuals a little more freedom. On June 15 he said that pressure on "intellectual backsliders" would be relaxed if they could give evidence of loyal cooperation. This is naturally no more than a temporary loosening of the screw.

Campaign against the churches

Government grants to the churches are now roughly 40 per cent of what they were in 1950. Ministers of the churches are the poorest members of the community. The Ulbricht regime hopes that financial need will gradually kill Christianity.

But this is not happening. One morning in July there were just five motorcars outside the Marienkirche, in East Berlin, but there was a devout congregation of 800 inside attending matins.

In recent months there have been many cases of individual persecution. In December Pastor Maercker of Pampow was sentenced to two and a half years imprisonment for urging his sons not to join the Peoples Police. In the same month several church journals were confiscated and two pastors fled for their lives to West Berlin. In February Bishop Dibelius was banned from entering East Germany, which includes 90 per cent of his Brandenburg diocese. In April the Ministry of Education forbade religious instruction in the schools and ordered fourteen-day courses in dialectical materialism, in camp, for children of preconfirmation age.

Constant pressure brought a big increase in the number of children attending the pagan "youth initiation" ceremonies (the town of Leipzig, for instance, claimed 70 per cent attendance of children of confirmation age). In May the civil authorities began instituting naming ceremonies as an alternative to baptism.

In June the government made a grant of half a million marks to the *Pfarrerbund*, a group of twelve leading churchmen ready to support a state church separated from the main body of the German Evangelical churches. At the same time the government announced that it would have no dealings with churchmen who were not resident in East Germany. "The unity of our Church is

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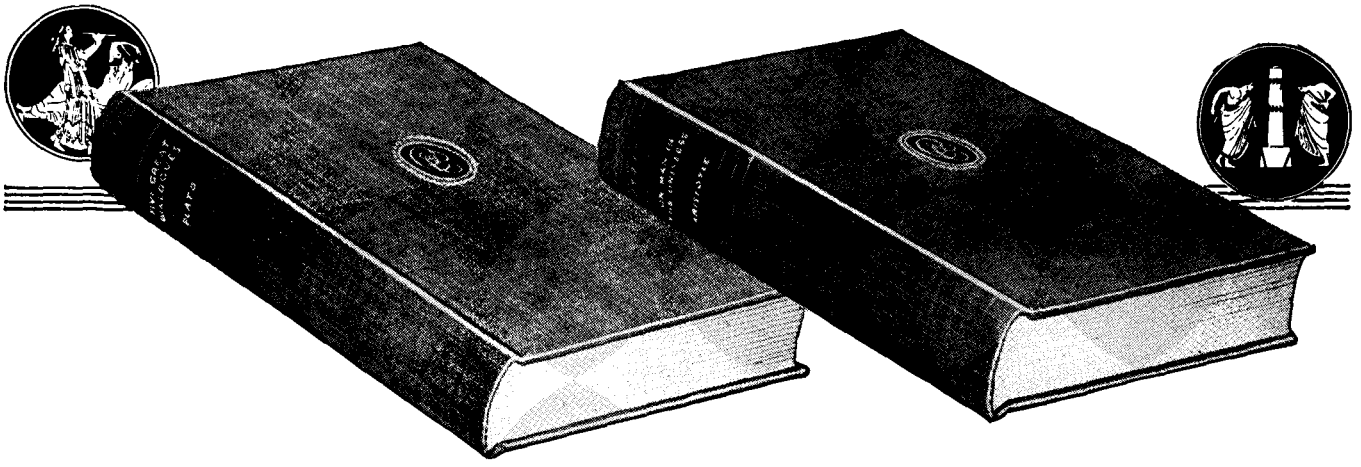

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threatened," Bishop Dibelius declared. "Militant atheism is on the march."

Breaking the human ties

The main purpose of the campaign against the churches is to destroy their well-forged links between East and West Germany. Ulbricht's greatest problem is to weaken the human contacts which bind the two parts of Germany together and which contribute more than anything else to the ability of East Germans to endure without being converted to Communism.

In June a West Berlin girl asked for a travel permit to East Germany in order to see her dying mother. The official at the East Berlin office told her, "You can wait until she's dead. Time enough to go then." Even visits to graves are rigorously restricted, and not allowed at all if the visitor is a West German and the cemetery in question is far from the boundaries of Berlin.

The passport law enforced last December makes travel in or out of East Germany very dangerous. Contravention of the law can bring a prison sentence of up to three years. As a result only 260,000 East Germans visited the Federal Republic in the first five months of this year; last year's corresponding figure was 750,000.

The long road to unity

Can the Ulbricht regime get by with its policy of carefully measured out material benefits and carefully geared repression of beliefs, instincts, and human contacts? It seems to be managing with increasing success. Here are some reasons for believing so.

The morale of East German officialdom is higher than before. The armed forces have been given modern arms and German-type uniforms instead of the baggy Russian clothes they used to wear. They have reached a fair standard of efficiency, and few of them desert nowadays. The Peoples Police are much smarter than before, and they are polite. Units of the armed factory guards have been entrusted with armored vehicles, light field guns, and grenade throwers.

The 7000 political prisoners — once there were over 40,000 — are no longer grossly ill-treated. They are regarded as cheap labor, and even the *Prominente* — all in Brandenburg jail — can secure remission of up to one third of sentence by overfulfillment of work norms.

The flow of refugees to the West is decreasing steadily. Two million opponents of the regime have fled to the West in ten years. There are few outright opponents left. With improving conditions there will be fewer still, and it is hard for a spirit of resistance to linger. One East German said, "What should we fight them with? Sticks and stones?"

The Soviet Union intends to build up the East German state and has the means to do so. This was the purpose of Khrushchev's visit to East Berlin in July. The other satellites will accept this piece of favoritism, if only because they do not want to see a united Germany.

Observant West Germans are becoming convinced that the road to unity is a very long one. Dr. Adenauer told the press that its duty was "to teach the German people patience." West Berlin Lord Mayor Willy Brandt has said that he can see "no break in the political clouds." The Ministry for All-German Affairs in Bonn is talking about a ten-year period of waiting.

Can the East Germans last that long without being Bolshevized? Brandt sees three reasons why they can: family links between East and West will last much longer than one generation; the youth cannot be completely Communized in a hurry — Poland and Hungary have shown that; and the whole satellite block is politically a shifting, stirring mass in which East Germany cannot settle automatically into the fixed mold convenient to the Kremlin. All this may be true, but it does not make the outlook for East Germany any less gloomy.

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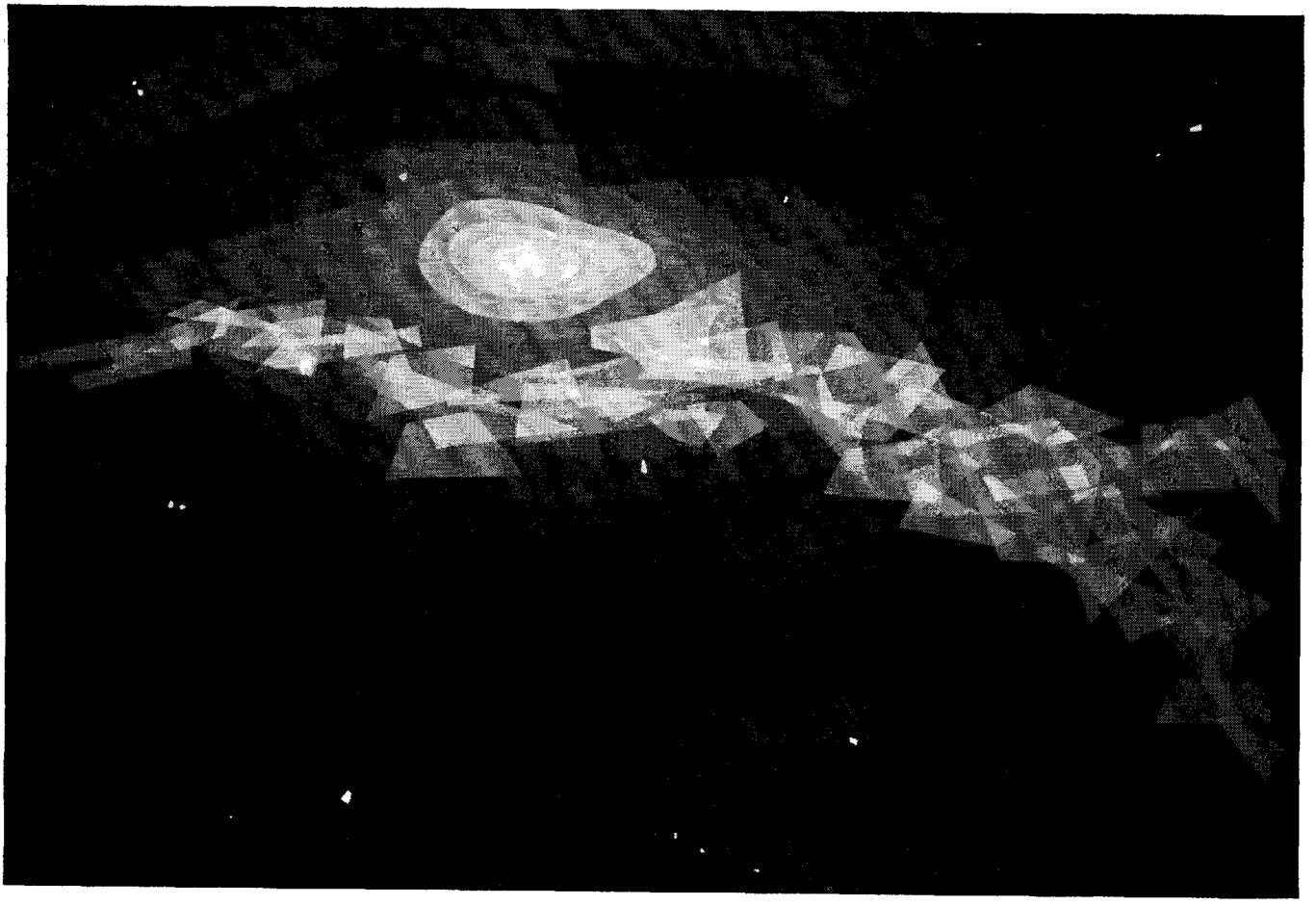

"CYGNUS," another inspiration by Simpson-Middleman, painters of the meanings of science. "Knowledge of the Universe," say these artist-scientists, "is not a matter of man's sight, but of his imagination's vision. Our eyes show us Cygnus. But creations of our genius, such as the radio-telescope, reveal unexplored, unexplained sources of energy that man may someday master. They lie amidst and even beyond those mysterious, drifting clouds of cosmic matter, lit by the stars they do not obscure." Painting courtesy John Heller Gallery, Inc.

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The Atlantic Report WASHINGTON

THREE events contributed to the remarkable record established by the second session of the 85th Congress. They were the Soviet Sputniks, the economic recession, and the President's order sending American marines and soldiers into Lebanon. These impelling events opened the way to a great deal of legislation on matters both foreign and domestic. But the formidable record of legislation could not have been accomplished without leadership. The American governmental system historically has functioned best with a strong President in the White House, a man who laid down a program for the Congress and then coaxed, cajoled, and threatened until he got most of what he wanted.

President Eisenhower by nature is not that kind of man, and he did not provide that kind of leadership except in the case of the Pentagon reorganization bill and, to a lesser degree, in the matters of foreign aid appropriations and reciprocal trade extension. The gap in leadership was filled by the Democrats in Congress, specifically by Senate Leader Lyndon B. Johnson and House Speaker Sam Rayburn. This Texas team, with the younger Johnson giving the lead to his mentor, did the coaxing, cajoling, and threatening with remarkable results. One of those results was legislation which met many of the Eisenhower Administration's hopes, but with Democratic embellishments which the President had to accept.

As the senators and representatives departed from Washington, however, there was an uneasy feeling that not enough had been done to face up to the growing military and political power of the Soviet Union. The feeling of inadequacy was shared by many responsible leaders of both parties, but it burst into public view only sporadically in such critical speeches as those of Arkansas Senator J. William Fulbright on foreign policy in general and Massachusetts Senator John Kennedy on the nation's increasingly bad military posture.

The limits of legislative action

In these fields, then, what Congress did was to demonstrate the limits of legislative action. It did reorganize the Pentagon and create a space agency; it did vote $815 million more than the President asked for defense, and it came close to his minimum on foreign aid money. It voted an adequate trade law extension, a four-year lease on life which was longer than any previously voted since Cordell Hull created the program back in the Depression days.

In the two critical fields of defense and space the Democratic leadership did its best to retain a large measure of control over the Administration's programs. At Johnson's motion, it went so far in the space bill as to require the new National Aeronautics and Space Administration to return to Congress for an annual review of what it proposes to do before it can get the necessary money. This, of course, was an effort to force the Administration to go faster and farther into space than it is now prepared to do. Johnson himself will head the congressional watchdog committee on space.

But if Congress can keep its hand on military and related policies through its constitutional control of the purse, there is little it can do about Administration foreign policy. And that policy is central to the purposes for which the United States is spending such huge and constantly increasing sums.

Wanted: a powerful Senate spokesman

The Congress is not blameless, however, in this field. The unhappy fact is that Congress lacks the one thing which in the past has made possible a powerful congressional influence on the executive's conduct of foreign policy — that is, a single powerful spokesman in the Senate. There is now no William E. Borah, Arthur Vandenberg, or Walter F. George. The important Senate Foreign Relations Committee is headed by ninety-year-old Theodore Francis Green of Rhode Island, who has contributed little to the field of foreign affairs.

The other ranking Democrats on the committee likewise lack the stature or power of the Borah-Vandenberg-George periods. Fulbright is a

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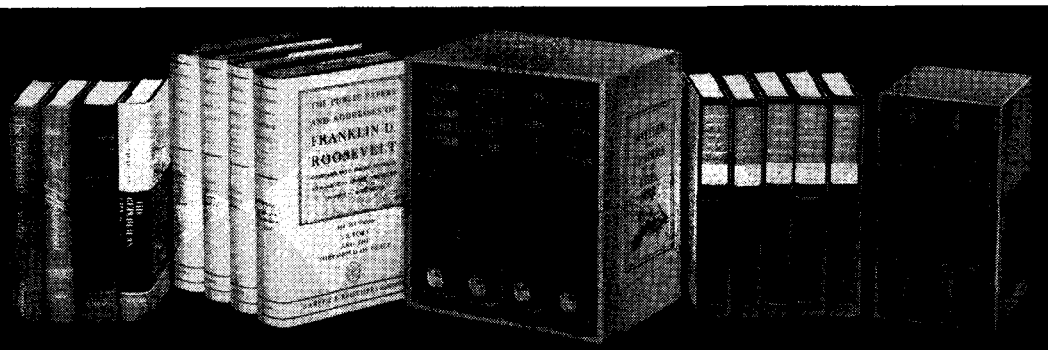

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scholar, but he is so disgusted with Secretary John Foster Dulles that more often than not he merely throws up his hands and walks away from the problems. Montana's able Mike Mansfield is too busy with his duties as the Senate whip. The result has been that Johnson himself has had to step into the breach. This he has sometimes done well, as after the Sputnik launchings, and sometimes badly, as after the landings of American troops in Lebanon.

The fact is that Johnson is not an expert on foreign policy as are Fulbright and Mansfield. He is a skilled back-room operator, not a leader in the sense of being willing to take an unpopular stance, as George did a few years ago when singlehandedly he gave the President and Dulles the impetus both to go to the Geneva Summit meeting of 1955 and to open limited negotiations in Geneva with the Red Chinese.

This is no derogation of Johnson's skill, to which the record of the Congress this year fully attests. But it demonstrates once again that Congress can do little in foreign affairs, in any positive sense, save when there is a powerful leader whose views are accepted by his colleagues across party lines and who thus is able to move the executive branch, whether of the same or the opposite political party.

More spending

The majority of both houses of Congress this past session was essentially conservative and economy-minded. Yet, in the face of the obvious Soviet challenge plus the economic recession, both houses voted for more spending than the President would have liked. Congress went so far, in fact, that Eisenhower for the first time since he entered the White House vetoed a major appropriation bill — that carrying funds for a number of independent offices.

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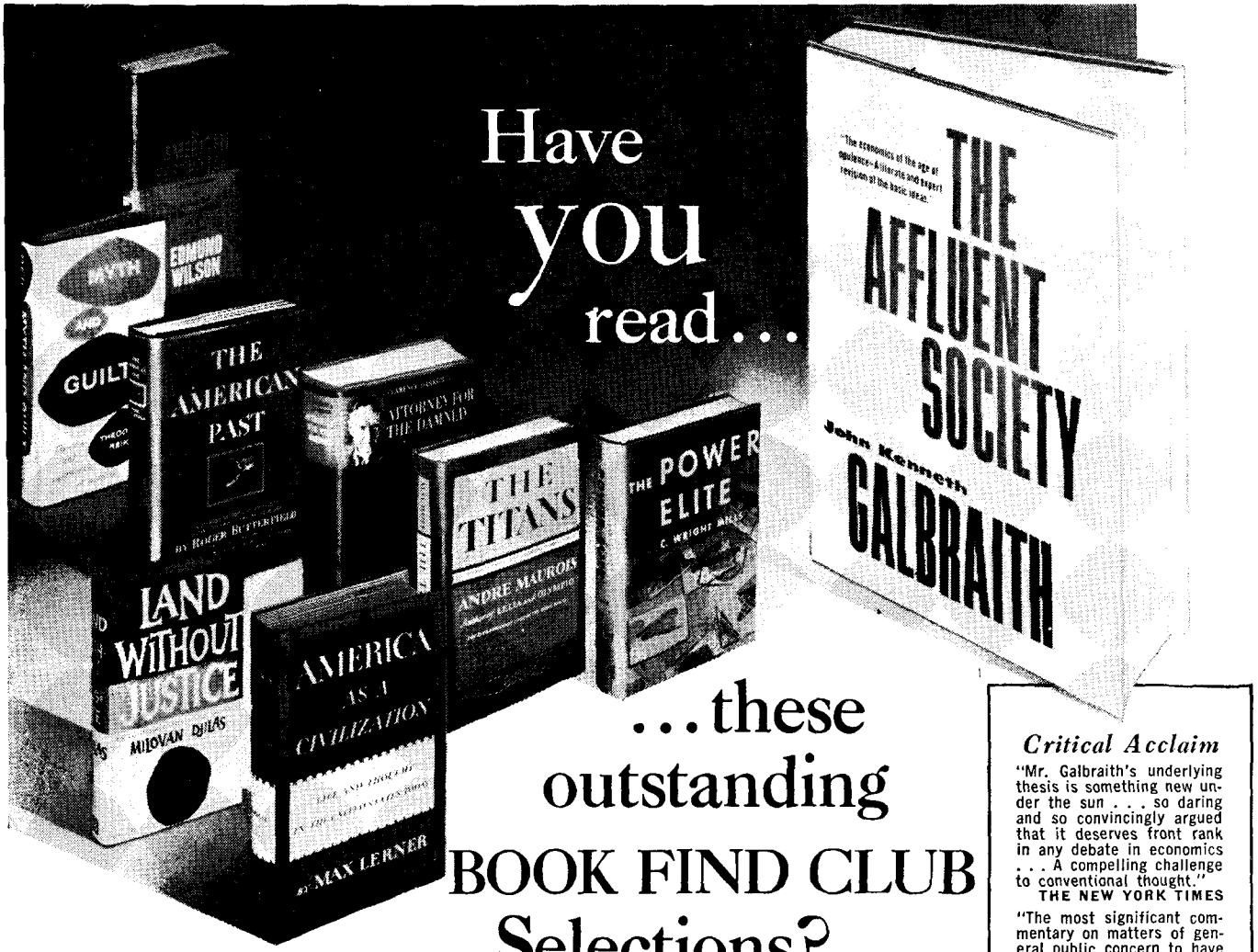

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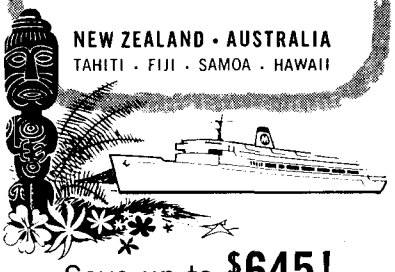

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Report on Washington

Twice the Administration had to ask Congress to raise the debt limit. What had been estimated last January as a $.5 billion surplus for the fiscal year that ended on June 30 actually turned into a $2.8 billion deficit. There is the added prospect of a $12 billion deficit in the year ending next June 30. And Treasury Secretary Robert Anderson was hinting that the figure might be even higher, given reduced revenues due to the recession and the relatively slow recovery.

The wisdom of a tax cut to end the recession is still a matter of debate among the economists. But Anderson, whose influence on the President has turned out to be far greater than anyone expected, worked with his fellow Texans, Johnson and Rayburn, to hold the line. Only relatively minor changes in the tax structure resulted — one of them being, however, a considerable tax break for small business firms.

Congressional appropriations this year ran about $75 billion for current and future expenses. But the government actually will spend around $79 billion, because more than half the spending comes from money appropriated in prior years for long-term projects. Additional spending also is due to the continued necessity of Treasury subsidies for farmers; supplemental federal unemployment pay caused by the recession; additional housing aid, another recession measure; and further postal deficits despite the postal rate rises finally voted by this Congress.

The new farm bill, lowering price supports on cotton, rice, and corn, was generally rated as a triumph for Ezra Taft Benson. Perhaps it will help trim subsidies for some crops, but it is unlikely to affect wheat, the major crop in surplus. The most important factor in the farm voting was the breakdown of the farm lobby, in part because urban area representatives had finally reached a point where they felt they could no longer face the voters back home — and the urban areas are spreading from the cities far out into what used to be considered rural districts. The farm groups, moreover, have begun to fight among themselves, each trying to save the position of its own commodity or commodities.

Preliminary census figures for 1960 indicated that urban importance will increase after the House is redistricted next time. Here, incidentally, is one major reason for the Democratic effort this November to capture both houses of the state legislatures in such states as California and Massachusetts, where the Republicans in the past so gerrymandered congressional districts as to give themselves a disproportionate number of seats in Congress.

Education and labor

On two major domestic fronts, schools and scholarships and labor legislation, the congressional record was mediocre. President Eisenhower retreated completely from the school construction proposals of earlier years, though the pressing need remains. Instead he backed an aid-to-education measure which survived in the House only because it was stripped of scholarship aid. The Senate went considerably further, but the resulting compromise was an inadequate hodgepodge which did have the virtue of finally establishing a federal responsibility in this field.

On the labor front the McClellan committee, in large part owing to the skill and perseverance of counsel Robert Kennedy, the senator's young brother, laid bare the corruption which has marked the Teamsters Union and a number of other major labor organizations. Contempt citations against Hoffa, Hutcheson, and a number of lesser figures still remain to be settled by grand juries and the courts. But there is little doubt that the Senate committee performed a major public service in exposing the corruption and gangland ties of organizations which exert a powerful influence in national affairs. It also encouraged George Meany, the tough president of the AFL-CIO, to clean labor's house.

Congress did pass a measure to regulate welfare and pensions funds,

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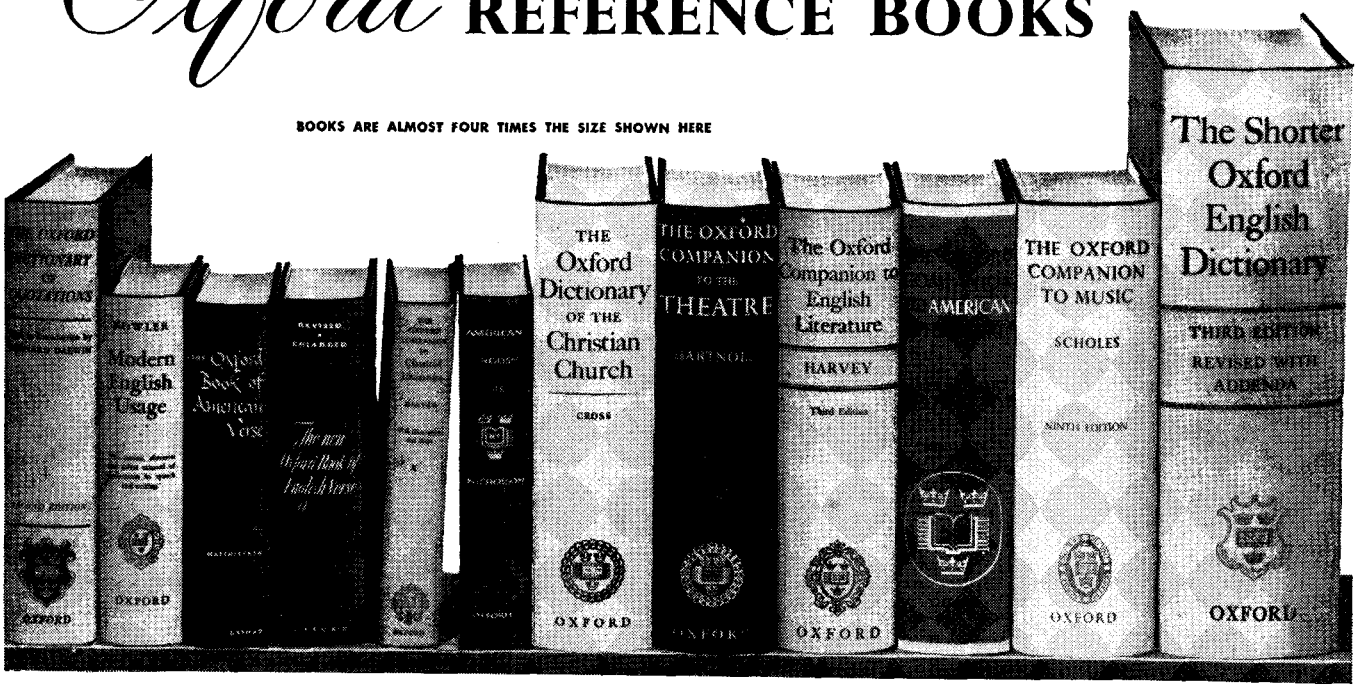

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Report on Washington

both those which are exclusively management or labor controlled and those which are mixed management-labor types. This has importance because it is designed to protect the rights of labor union members and because these ever-increasing pension funds play a leading role in our economy.

But the Kennedy-Ives bill, a broad labor reform measure which did credit both to the presidential aspirant and to the retiring senator from New York, was scuttled in the House. It is true that Speaker Rayburn shares some blame for the parliamentary way in which he handled the measure. But it was a combination of Southern Democratic and Republican votes which killed the bill.

Labor reform is likely to play an important role in the November election. Since the Senate in the end voted all but unanimously for the bill, House members are apt to be the focus of whatever political recriminations are shown at the polls.

When this session of Congress began early last January, Senator Johnson and Speaker Rayburn and their chief aides made a decision which was to bear real fruit. They decided, regardless of the provocations, not to risk a head-on clash with the President. This they avoided in all but a few minor instances. And the pay-off was real: an impressive legislative record on which the Democrats could campaign in November, and one which the Republicans would have difficulty in attacking.

Mood of the Capital

The Pentagon reorganization measure, as finally approved by Congress, came very close to what the President had asked. The command structure is being simplified with orders now flowing directly from the Joint Chiefs of Staff to field commands; and these commands are already unified in terms of joint Army-Navy-Air-Force operations. The three service secretaries now become housekeepers for the most part, losing their command functions.

But it will be several months before there is a resolution of the critical issue of American military strategy. Here there is a basic argument, the so-called "small-war" debate, over the kind of forces and weapons the nation should have not only to fight a thermonuclear war with the Soviet Union but to enter any nonnuclear conflict in other areas.

During the emergency Middle East session of the United Nations General Assembly, Dulles tried to make the Russians understand that the United States would repeat the Lebanese performance wherever and whenever necessary. The Navy argues that Lebanon demonstrated an ability to meet such situations. The Army denies this. The Air Force worries lest small-war preparations should trim appropriations for big-war weapons.

There has been a behind-the-scenes argument, for example, over the theoretical case of a Polish struggle with the Soviets should the increasingly uneasy church-state accord in Warsaw actually collapse. The small-war advocates argue that the United States should cancel out in advance any thought of aiding the Poles for fear of involvement with Moscow.

The budget factor is very much involved in these arguments. So far Defense Secretary Neil McElroy has contended that the rising cost of weapons makes it impossible to alter the present nature of the armed forces. But unlike his predecessor, Charles E. Wilson, McElroy is given credit for creating a weapons evaluation group to project the effect of changing weapons on tactics and strategy in all possible kinds of conflict.

In short, while the Pentagon reorganization is viewed in Washington as a much-needed improvement, its real importance will not become clear until the President decides whether or not to revamp basic military doctrine.

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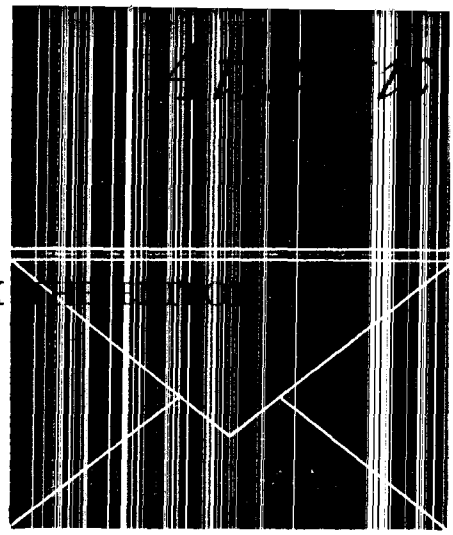
LETTERS TO AND FROM  Repartee

How big is one

SIR:

I was happy to discover someone else in the publishing field who is appalled by the invasion of privacy in the name of news and by the daily evidence that appears in the press, on the radio, and on television of the lack of good taste that is entering all three of these fields ("How Big Is One" by Edward Weeks, August *Atlantic*).

Congratulations on your outspoken criticism of giveaway programs that capitalize on ignorance, poverty, and grief, and the deliberate effort to reduce the fourth estate to the level, as you aptly put it, of the bobby-soxers.

GRANT UTLEY, *Publisher*
The Cass Lake Times
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SIR:

In his article "How Big Is One" Edward Weeks asks "Am I a minority of one?" This is simply to say *no!*

CHARLES M. WEISENBERG
Los Angeles, Calif.

SIR:

Edward Weeks's stimulating article inspires me, as a young businessman, to fight against the growing bigness of business. Small business is faced with an increasing number of obstacles placed in its path by the twin combines of big business and big government. This powerful combination of forces has one ultimate goal: to grind individual small businessmen into oblivion; but I am determined to do what I can to fight this trend.

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The article struck a chord of encouragement in me, and I for one will try to stand up against the big One.

IRVING MAHL
New York City

SIR:

"How Big Is One" decries "the debilitating effect of heavy taxation" upon the incentive of the individual. As a refugee Organization Man, now a small businessman, I would take issue with Samuel Zemurray's quotation regarding the impossibility of accumulating capital. The capital gains provision of the tax law, which quite possibly has little meaning to the typical employee of a large corporation (except as a means of supplementing top-echelon income through handily placed stock options), puts a very high premium on "venture capital." It gives the man willing to take a chance an unparalleled opportunity to assert himself in the tradition of American individualism.

Certainly the risks may be even greater than in Mr. Zemurray's younger days. Certainly the talent of the individual must be very great to cope with the more intricate rules of the game. But if you will look beyond the poor prisoners of big business, you will find myriad Ones who are still individual businessmen. Is it possible, I wonder, that a faint fog of corporate bigness has been creeping even into the editorial offices of the *Atlantic*, obscuring all of us independent, struggling, rejoicing Ones?

DONALD D. CAMPBELL
Branchville, N.J.

SIR:

"How Big Is One" is an extraordinary piece; how I wish it might be printed here in England as testimony to the fact that what is happening in the U.S.A. is not unnoticed and is not universally accepted. It is the kind of soul searching in public that recruits friends.

FLEUR COWLES
London, England

SIR:

I am surprised that any thoughtful man should write, "it still seems to me regrettable that after a hundred years of public education we have produced such a demand for the lowest common denominator of emotionalism." Education only puts neutral means at the disposal of men; those who today enjoy the things Mr. Weeks deplores on TV and radio, in paperbacks and picture magazines, are the same kind of men who enjoyed public executions two centuries ago.

If our culture seems to Mr. Weeks to be at a standstill, if not worse than it was, it is merely because the masses are being catered to by more conspicuous media than served them a hundred years ago. I do not think TV any worse than medicine shows, nor paperbacks worse than dime novels, nor picture magazines worse

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than the horrific illustrations in some of the picture magazines of the last century.

Come, come, Mr. Weeks — your elders thought you were going to the dogs, too! And the twenties were *not* the golden age of American culture. You're just getting older, and wistful and nostalgic!

JESSE BEERS, JR.
New York City

The years with Ross

SIR:

May I just take a moment to extend my sincere thanks for publication of the superb series of articles by James Thurber on Ross of the *New Yorker* ("The Years with Ross," *Atlantic*, November, 1957 – August, 1958). Thurber at all times is magnificent; Thurber in this series is successful in outdoing even himself. The forthcoming publication of the book is anticipated with much enthusiasm.

DON CRESWELL
Baltimore, Md.

SIR:

There are very few writers who can define or describe greatness in a man. Only James Thurber could have drawn such a sharp vignette of Harold Ross. Congratulations on a series that I looked forward to every month.

ROY R. SCHEIDER
North Bend, Ore.

SIR:

I think James Thurber's "The Years with Ross" is the most beautifully written, thoroughly fascinating memoir I have ever read.

MRS. E. W. THOMPSON
Tucson, Ariz.

SIR:

Believing that the function of literature is to entertain, I find Thurber's Ross the finest thing you and he have ever done.

It is surprising that he could do that sort of thing so well; conceivably it is because Ross is the only man whose eminence Thurber has ever conceded, and thus he writes in a mood part affection, part reverence, and part "now I can tell the truth about that Simon Legree."

Thurber is usually — except when he writes about his mother — not much given to reverence. He knows too much about people for that.

Probably of all Ross's gang he was the only one for the job. For he alone has the necessary qualities and talents, plus the compassion, which it required.

GEORGE C. WILLSON
West Palm Beach, Fla.

I, personally —

SIR:

The indignant protest "How Big Is One" was badly needed and calls for hearty applause. But why not begin the crusade by cleaning up the *Atlantic's* own fiction and verse? Aside from occasional bright gleams like "Pericles on 34th Street" by Harry Mark Petrakis (April, 1957, *Atlantic*) and "The Son-in-Law" by Glenn Meeter (August *Atlantic*), much of your writing is on such a low level that one prefers not to read any of it at all.

D. H. KEYES
Sumner, Wash.

SIR:

I have known the *Atlantic* for years and think very highly of it. Harry Mark Petrakis' "Courtship of the Blue Widow" (February *Atlantic*) is a very realistic story of this generation's deep feelings and mixed emotions. I am a college student and have had similar experiences. If Mr. Petrakis' realism is degenerate, all emotions of human behavior, in reality, are degenerate.

BARNES SAVAGE
Chicago, Ill.

SIR:

I have just read "The Son-in-Law" by Glenn Meeter and find it the best short story I have ever read, and I have been reading many, many years.

W. D. MIDDLETON
Nueva Gerona, Isle of Pines, Cuba

SIR:

Wallace Stegner's article "The Mounties at Fort Walsh" (July *Atlantic*) is a magnificent piece of writing on a unique segment of Canadian history.

I am happy to see that, although Canada's history is ignored in American schools and unknown by the people generally, a fragment of it appears in a great American magazine.

MRS. A. S. MCKAY
Houston, Tex.

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THE ATLANTIC

COLLEGE ATHLETICS

Their Pressure on the High Schools

BY EUGENE YOUNGERT

A native of Illinois who served for sixteen years as superintendent of the Oak Park and River Forest High School, EUGENE YOUNGERT *first became aware of the practices and pressures which he here condemns when he was a member of the Intercollegiate Athletic Committee of the North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools. He has recently been working as senior associate to Dr. James Bryant Conant on the Study of the American High School.*

A UNIVERSITY professor was talking to some people from a town in the Middle West. He said with asperity, "Your high school does not prepare its students for college work." Then, he used as an example in proof of his statement a boy who had gone to the university from that high school and been flunked out for poor academic work. But the professor did not put the blame where it belonged — namely, on his own university.

What were the facts in the case? In a high school graduating class of 157, the boy in question was number 155, third from the bottom of the class. In high school, the lad had neither intention nor desire to go to college. He had no business to go to college. He had not taken a college preparatory course. He could not get a college entrance recommendation from his high school. But he was a superb athlete, and that meant that he was desirable to many colleges. He was "worked on" by representatives from several universities, and the one lucky enough to get him was the professor's university.

However, in his freshman year it became clear that the boy was not up to university football. Therefore he was dropped from the freshman squad. The athletics officers demonstrated that they had no further use for him, so he was flunked out of college, and soon after that the professor was using the boy as illustration for his statement that "your high school does not prepare its students for college work."

This incident is taken from an official report of a committee of one of our regional associations that accredits colleges and secondary schools. Now, let me relate a case told to me in a letter that I have just received from the principal of a high school in the Eastern part of our country. I shall tell the story directly from the letter, but omitting names of colleges and calling the boy Sonny.

"Until Sonny came along, our quiet little school was virtually unknown to the great majority of collegiate institutions. However, thanks to this lad, we became the crossroads meeting place for college admissions officers and coaches.

"Sonny was a lad whose I.Q. remained a steadfast 92-95, and we never considered him of college caliber. But what an athlete he was! It was a shame to see the devices a host of coaches and some admissions officers used to try to buy this boy. College people came, literally, from all over the country to get Sonny for dear old Alma Mater. There were free round trips to visit campuses,

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with parties thrown in for atmosphere. Appropriately enough, the representatives of one university interviewed Sonny in a famous New York night club.

"Sonny finally went to a university where he received a full 'free ride' scholarship, plus the following perquisites: private tutors to keep him passing in his courses, a campus job for his father and a low-rent apartment for the family, and spending money for Sonny. But Sonny lost interest in trying to study even the diluted program he was asked to follow, and early in the second year he left college and joined the army.

"The sad part of this tale is that we had to work like the dickens to get highly qualified, intelligent boys into the very colleges and universities that were vying with one another for our Sonny and his 92-95 I.Q."

If these cases were exceptions there would be little point in telling them here. But they are not, as the evidence on my desk bears out. Nor were the colleges that sought the boys only those known popularly as "athletic mills." In fact, among them were some that are distinguished for academic excellence. The recruiting letters of athletic departments of some of the universities would be good models for the admissions offices of those same universities. I wish that admissions officers would as assiduously seek information about academic ability as athletics officers seek information about athletic ability. I have before me some recruiting letters turned over to me by the boys who received them. The information requested about athletic prowess is fascinating, as is also the extent to which the recruiting goes: "List names and addresses of football players whom [sic] you feel would make good university prospects"; "Name the most outstanding linemen and backs against whom you played last fall." Incidentally, the boys who received these letters had not asked for them.

THERE are two major ways in which high schools are hurt by the athletic pressure in colleges and universities. First there are the recruiting and scholarship procedures, and secondly the practices of professionalized athletics that are carried into high schools by coaches who have used professional tactics in college.

A young boy in his senior year in high school received twenty-six scholarship offers to play football in colleges and universities. One of the offers, which I saw, was a telegram so funny as to be laughable, and yet so honest in its commercial appeal as to be highly interesting: "Accept no offers until you see ours." This telegram was from a university that year in and year out fields one of the formidable football machines of our country. Think what that kind of recruitment can do to a seventeen-year-old's sense of values, especially when the offers are followed by persistent visits from college representatives, who avidly seek the boy's favor through financial lures far greater than those offered to the academically talented students in the class.

Here is a quotation from a letter to a high school principal. "We should like to have the boy come to our campus for a weekend and get the feel of our athletic facilities. If you will bring him to us, we will invite you and your wife, your athletic director and his wife, and the boy's mother and father to spend the weekend here as our guests. We shall provide first-class transportation and campus hospitality." A seventeen-year-old would have to have his feet pretty firmly planted not to have his common sense warped by that kind of talk.

Is an institution interested in a boy's sense of values when it engages in this sort of recruiting activity? Or, isn't the interest in what the boy can do for the institution and for those who are seeking his services? I remember a basketball coach from a college whose basketball team is always one of the pacesetters. He was out on his annual talent search and had stopped in at the school I long served as principal to ask whether the athletics department had any prospects to suggest. In fun, one of our men asked whether he would like the name of a strong football star, to which he replied, "Well, look, after all, I've got my own job to protect." There is about as casual a definition of exploitation as we could hope to see!

I do not mean that coaches do not have strong feelings of affection for the boys who make their teams. Quite to the contrary, I know that they often do have those feelings. But in the recruiting activity I see nothing but exploitation. Furthermore, I believe that that is what a college faculty would call it had it the courage to make an independent study of athletic recruitment, beginning with the machinery for uncovering prospects and proceeding to the recruitment letters, interviews, and the pressure that eventually bring the boys to the campus and its teams.

It has been my privilege to talk with a large number of men broadly experienced in college athletics administration. Without exception they have said that recruitment and its scholarship bait are by all odds the major problem in college athletics practice. All that one needs to do is follow the disciplining procedure of the NCAA to realize that this expert judgment of the serious nature of the recruitment problem is correct. In the face of this fact, it is hard to understand how college facul-

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ties — the most powerful single force in a college — can ignore athletic recruiting and scholarships as though they were not their problems but only the president's. Certainly, they are the faculty's problems, since all admissions must go through the admissions office and since the admissions office is responsible to the faculty for those whom it submits for instruction and whom it recommends for scholarship aid because of ability to perform at a level worthy of scholarship aid.

College recruitment of athletes is hurtful to the high schools because of its effect both on the athletes and on the student body. I have spoken about what the bidding for boys must do to their sense of values. I could write at some length of what athletic scholarships cause high school athletes to do when they know they must get the attention of the talent scouts. But I want here to include a word about the cynicism that infects the students as a whole when they see favoritism and free ride scholarships bestowed on boys whose classroom work has been mediocre. Under such circumstances, high school students cannot be blamed if they think that we are shedding crocodile tears today in our wailing about the lack of intellectual vigor in our secondary schools.

The argument commonly advanced in defense of free ride athletic scholarships is that modern football is so complex a game, and must be so perfectly learned in order to meet normal competition, that players have no time in which to earn any of the money needed to cover their college expenses. This argument assumes that players and their families have no means of their own and that it is *good practice* that a college recreational game be so professionalized as to need all of an athlete's spare time and even some that he might well be giving to his classes (presumably his principal reason for being in college). So generally accepted is this notion that college athletics should be on a professional level that a wag has said, "No self-respecting college coach or alumnus, and not many college presidents, would be satisfied with a college football team that played like a bunch of amateurs."

It is this professionalization of college athletics, and the elimination of the amateur spirit from the college game, that brings me to the second way in which I believe that intercollegiate athletics are having a harmful influence upon high schools and high school sport. What I am thinking of now is the infusion of the "pro" attitude and spirit into high school athletics, and the shady practices that such infusion carries in its wake — practices that are shady from the point of view of the amateur's sportsmanship code. To quite an extent, high school coaches are the product of professionalized college sport, and they tend to coach as they were coached. Here, I do not write disparagingly of coaches as men. I have known a lot of them, and with few exceptions they are fine men personally. But I agree with what G. W. (Sec) Taylor said of them when he made his presidential address to the Football Writers Association: "Coaches have their job to do, and for the most part they do those jobs exactly the way that is expected of them by the president, the faculty, and the public. They are simply caught in the whirlpool of pressure athletics and are helpless to do anything about it until the college presidents and faculties give them some help." In this quotation, Mr. Taylor explained the situation, but he did not condone it.

Very few remember the sportsmanship code: "Honorable victory; respect for a worthy opponent; no personal or team advantage, and no disadvantage to the opponents, through dishonorable and unfair means." Ideally, this should be the heart of the athletics program in college and school. It is the reflection of the purpose of an educational institution — of the integrity upon which the entire program of a college or school must rest if society is to be served well. It is the greatest lesson that college and school athletics can teach. But the code is breaking down, first on the college level, and then, by the example of the colleges, on the high school level. When victory is demanded at any price, the means to victory, whether honorable or dishonorable, sportsmanlike or unsportsmanlike, becomes a matter of relative indifference.

A well-known college basketball coach was lecturing to high school basketball coaches. Among other things, he told how his team defeated one of the highest-rated teams of the year. He said that his real obstacle was the star forward on the opposing team and that the route to victory lay in tempting that man into the fouls necessary to cause his ejection from the game. And he taught it as sound game tactics that although it took deliberate fouling by four successive players, they tricked their victim into the necessary fouls, got rid of him, and then won the game. Now, I suspect that that could be called a species of respect for a worthy opponent, but I doubt that it is the kind of respect envisaged in the code. Furthermore, it conflicts pretty directly with the clause that forbids "dishonorable and unfair means." It is the kind of bad practice that under the pro spirit is transmuted into "smart ball," and I submit that it has no place in college or high school sport.

Another illustration of bad practice is the injury feigned in order to get another time-out period to

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give more time for the one additional play that may win the game or at least stave off defeat. After one well-remembered college game in which that device was used, cries of "smart football" were legion, although some angered sports writers called it dirty ball. We in the high schools do not want this kind of play in our games, or anything in the spirit of "win at any price, by any means," even though our elders by example portray it as sensible play. But it is hard to resist the pressure of intercollegiate sport, which we sometimes have to do if we are to convince new coaches that we actually want our high school teams coached to revere the sportsmanship code.

A third bad practice is one that some of us in high schools call "the exalted spotter." Some years ago, a professional football league coach placed an assistant on top of the stands to telephone reports to the bench on the formations of the opponent and how to outmaneuver them. Were I in the professional league, I'd do the same thing, for I would have to win games in order to attract a heavy gate. Many college coaches who needed to draw heavy gates quickly adopted the exalted spotter technique. Apparently, they have little respect for the ability of quarterbacks to assess the field and call the plays; or perhaps the pressure is so great that they dare not release to an underling the pivotal responsibility of calling plays. But now the exalted spotter has entered the high school lists, and in high school and college the game is taken away from the players and directed by the tactician on the bench. Thus a boy is denied one of the main benefits of athletics: the opportunity, on his own, to think fast and independently and to make decisions as the game develops on the field.

These three examples, out of many, are not isolated instances of pro college practices that are hurting high school athletics; they are illustrations of a *spirit* that is inimical to the sportsmanship code. Particularly objectionable is the insistence that every team must win all of its games, and that the coach who cannot achieve that result should be fired. Bad team practices are bound to result from such an impossible condition.

"Caught in the whirlpool of pressure athletics," as Mr. Taylor expressed it, coaches have done what they might have been expected to do. Asked to win or leave, they have demanded more money, both to compensate for strain and to serve as insurance between hirings and firings. Furthermore, they have gone out to find or buy players with whom to win. The strange thing is that some bad athletics policies have become so respectable with use that the subsidization of college athletes, to such an extent as almost to constitute their *employment* as athletes, is often defended as the bedrock prerequisite of amateur sport!

Is there any hope in the college athletics situation? Yes, there is a lot of hope, if the one force capable of doing something about the situation will stop ignoring it and actively insist upon its correction. That force is the college faculty. The athletics situation is primarily a faculty situation. As I said earlier, it is agreed that recruitment and subsidization constitute the major problems in college athletics, and these eventually are matters for the admissions office. Here is where the faculty comes in, for it is to the faculty that the admissions office is responsible for those whom it recommends, both for instruction and for scholarship aid. The NCAA and some athletic conferences are doing what they can, but they face two hard facts: 1) some colleges do not want reform, and will cheat; 2) bad practices have been frozen into conference codes. The real cure must take place in the individual college.

What can the faculty do? It can do what it should have done long ago. It can adopt a resolution, the enforcement of which it can demand and, if necessary, police. The resolution would say about six things. There should be no substandard admissions. All scholarships should be granted on the one basis of apparent ability to do college work on the scholarship level recommended by the faculty. Scholarship amounts should be based on need. Job opportunities should be genuine jobs, and pay should be regulated according to the accepted local scale. There should be no snap courses designed to favor any particular group of students. All students should be evaluated on the same general basis: their course work in classes. Of course, the resolution can say whatever else needs to be said to cure the local situation. If a college faculty really means business, administrative officers will think hard before they will deny a resolution of the faculty. But the catch is that the faculty must mean business.

In my experience, athletes in general are an intelligent group of boys. They would not and they should not be discriminated against under the recommended resolution. On their merit as students, they would win their fair share of scholarships and other financial help. I know that college athletics, if they were fairly and firmly handled, would become highly respected as a student activity. They would no longer be an enterprise run for financial profit, public relations, protection of vested interests, and as a sop for the alumni.

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"Roman Picture Gallery" by Giovanni Paolo Pannini. Courtesy of the Boston Athenaeum.

HIDDEN MASTERPIECES BY EVERETT WARNER

A painter and etcher whose works have found a permanent place in the leading American museums, EVERETT WARNER *is an authority on lighting and backgrounds, having acted as a visibility expert for the U.S. Navy during two world wars. It has long been his conviction that some of the finest works of art have been victimized by the shadows or the wrongly tinted backgrounds which mar their mounting.*

DURING the months which followed the theft of the *Mona Lisa* from the walls of the Louvre, the Paris papers were filled with ingenious conjectures about the manner of its disappearance. The most amusing one purported to be a confession on the part of two art students.

The two young men had been copying in the gallery, and, at closing time, a sudden impulse led them to carry off the *Mona Lisa*. They bore it out boldly under the nose of the guard and carried it to the studio which one of the pair was occupying in the Quartier Montparnasse.

The enormity of the crime and the responsibility of concealment so weighed on the minds of the students that they set out, bearing the famous work, and they roamed the streets all night, trying to decide what to do with it.

As they were crossing the Pont Alexandre III in the early morning, they noticed signs of activity around the Grand Palais, and suddenly they realized that it was the day for receiving entries for the Autumn Salon. It was the work of a moment to deposit the picture at the Grand Palais and to make out an entry form for a mythical artist named Henri Duval. They returned to their studios to find all Paris reverberating with the news of the sensational crime. The days passed without any suspicion falling on them, but they dreaded the time when the Salon would be thrown open to the public. It was with mingled fear and curiosity that they attended the *vernissage*, only to find that they need not have worried at all. They discovered the *Mona Lisa* with some difficulty — just an insignificant picture, hung way up on the fourth row and in a dark corner to boot.

The two students stayed in the gallery all afternoon while distinguished critics and opulent connoisseurs came and went without anything more than a careless glance at the Henri Duval — who had ever heard of him anyway? So it was with the days that followed. The *Mona Lisa* remained in full view before an entirely oblivious

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public, and when the Salon closed, the students presented their coupon at the Grand Palais and reclaimed the picture!

In our enjoyment of this wicked satire on the fallibility of expert opinion, there is danger that we may miss a very vital point: the important roles played by bad hanging and bad lighting. When a thief walks out of a museum carrying a masterpiece under his arm, it makes big headlines. Why are we never excited over the daily recurring losses constantly imposed on great pictures by poor light and unwise hanging? For many years Raphael's *Madonna Enthroned* remained in a narrow gallery where the main panel was quite visible but the lunette above was largely blotted out by the reflection from the skylight. It took the upheaval caused by the reconstruction program of the Metropolitan Museum to get it out of this unfortunate location.

The plight of an even more celebrated painting, Gainsborough's *Blue Boy*, had even less justification, because it could have been remedied in twenty minutes. When last seen in Huntington Gallery in San Marino, California, it had been hung between two larger pictures. A bronze had been placed in the center of the wall, and the *Blue Boy* hung above it, so that the lad's feet were just on the level of the visitor's eyes. The head could not be seen at close range owing to the obliterating reflection of the skylight, and the entire figure could be seen well only when you backed clear against the opposite wall of the gallery, a solution which few visitors discovered. The immediate remedy would be to discard the mediocre bronze and lower the Gainsborough to the picture rail; but, better still, since rails are an anachronism, they should be knocked out and all the pictures lowered.

No one would have been more irate over this high hanging than Gainsborough. In 1784 he had a full-length portrait to send to the Royal Academy, and he made a special request that it be hung as close to the floor as possible. When this request was ignored Gainsborough had the canvas brought back to his studio and never again sent anything to the Academy.

How much progress are we making in the hard task of getting pictures out of darkness and into the light? Some answers to this question may be found by glancing at the major face-lifting programs which have been brought to substantial completion in the three greatest museums of the world — the Louvre, the Uffizi in Florence, and the Metropolitan Museum in New York. How has the *Mona Lisa* fared? Materially better than in the old light of the Salon Carré, because the Louvre wisely recognized the desirability of painting the gallery walls almost white, which, by reflection, has added greatly to the available daylight. Reinforcing daylight with an artificial illumination of fine quality will always prove a difficult problem on account of the murals and the decorative features of the ceilings.

Inevitably the renovation of such ancient galleries involves a mixture of tradition and pioneering. An example of the latter is the removal of the fine collection of Ingres portraits from the walls and their relocation on individual screens, set at the angle necessary to obviate blinding reflection from side windows. This same method has been followed in the rebuilt Palazzo Bianco in Genoa, and it seems to have won some favor in America.

In the Louvre the old order still holds sway in the Salle Rubens, furnished with crimson hangings and surrounded by little galleries or cubicles all in different colors, like a random bouquet of garden flowers. Most people will agree with Michel Seuphor, who described this décor as "an irritant to anyone interested more in the paintings than in their settings." The Louvre collections have been long so closely linked with the national monument in which they are housed that the removal of any part of them to more suitable quarters is unthinkable to a Frenchman.

The Uffizi was more fortunate: it was bombed accidentally. Exterior reconstruction had to follow Vasari's original plan, and it conforms to the spirit of medieval Florence and the repaired Ponte Vecchio nearby. Inside, the corridors are decorated in duplication of the old style, but the picture galleries are now finished mostly in the modern manner with light-colored walls, and there are some novel experiments in "indirect daylight." In the room devoted entirely to Botticelli, there is a soft diffused glow under which *Allegory of Spring* and the *Birth of Venus* look beautiful indeed.

The improvements in the Uffizi are part of a broad modernization movement which first took shape in the Palazzo Bianco and in Milan's Palazzo di Brera and culminated in the very advanced reconstruction of the Capodimonte Museum near Naples. The Palazzo Bianco, which was reconstructed under the direction of architect Franklin Albini out of the rubble of wartime bombing, reveals several significant breaks with tradition in its internal planning, and though only a few hundred works of art are on view in the galleries, there are reportedly more than a thousand stored in the basement, hung on wire cables so that they can be slid out into view. Theoretically these are supposed to be accessible to the public, but unless your command of Italian is more persuasive than mine you will not get a peek at them. This is a preliminary

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step toward the *visible storage* which every really functional museum must provide eventually. The new Whitney Museum in New York has basement storage for eight hundred pictures, which hang on metal screens and can be slid out for examination, but these are not for the public either. We must still wait for some institution to provide specially constructed storage space, attendants, and adequate lighting, so that a serious student will feel that he has as much right to call for a stored picture as he now has to ask for a print.

With its ever-growing acquisitions, the typical museum of today is beginning to resemble an iceberg in that a large amount of its bulk never meets the eye. Instead of facing this situation by showing paintings in planned rotation, most institutions cling resolutely to the idea that all those judged to be the better works should be kept continuously on exhibit, and the remainder should be consigned to basement darkness and oblivion. This injects into the problem a large element of personal preference, and it is useful to recall that many years ago, after the tenure of a British director of the Metropolitan had come to an end, the Italian primitives, which are now highly prized upstairs, were found down in the cellar. In too many cases a sentence to the basement becomes permanent, because a good picture appears to deserve its fate when seen under poor conditions.

When the Metropolitan Museum was reopened to the public four years ago, after an extensive renovation which was reputed to have cost around ten million dollars, there were some of us who felt that hardly a fair share of that expenditure had been devoted to genuine improvement in the display of paintings. The impressive hall, filled with medieval art and hung with tapestries, was a significant achievement, but in the picture galleries we looked in vain for decisive forward steps in the lighting or in the handling of the walls. Under the current guiding hand of Director James Rorimer important progress has been made, the more noteworthy because he inherited gallery installations which had been given little real modernization.

The old museum had many dark, gloomy rooms in pronounced red and green colors, which were quite bad for the hanging of pictures, and instead of drastic changes they were given a beauty treatment, reappearing in more sumptuous form, hung with specially designed imitation brocades in red, blue, and yellow. But every good picture has a planned color harmony of its own. To convey its message well, a painting needs a surrounding zone of quiet color. An artist friend, visiting "Shorty" Lasar's studio in Paris, was intrigued by a long line of gaily colored rags stretched across the room, and asked the painter the meaning of it.

"That," said Shorty, "is the Paris Salon. I am trying to paint my picture so that the other paintings won't knock it out."

Fortunately, the Metropolitan emerged from its reconstruction program with a few galleries in pale shades. You can make a comparison of appearance by studying a group of small Italian primitives of the Robert Lehman Collection hanging on a red brocade background, and then examining similar small paintings hung elsewhere on walls painted a very light neutral shade. The Lehman panels are not poorer works; they merely look inferior, owing to an unsuitable background which deprives them of some of their richness of color and of their individual significance. Before leaving this gallery, take a look at the El Greco to see if you do not agree that there has been a very unhappy marriage between the red brocade wall and Saint Jerome's red robe. There may be something in the terms of the bequest that requires all these pictures to be hung in the same gallery, but surely there is no stipulation requiring the wall to be red.

A wide divergence in the colors and reflectances employed for backgrounds makes evaluation of pictures difficult. Few would maintain that Guardi was as great a painter as Canaletto, yet when you find the latter's *Piazzetta* muted down by its location on a wall the color of pistachio ice cream, you are likely to judge Guardi's Venetian canvas, seen on a neutral background, to be the greater achievement. I have followed El Greco's *Cardinal de Guevara* through many vicissitudes. I can remember how shocked I was when it was hung on a Pompeian red wall. What that wall did to the delicate rose of the cardinal's gown was too cruel a thing to happen even to the churchman who was chief of the Spanish Inquisition. During the first stages of the Metropolitan renovation, this painting was shifted to a very light wall, which gave full resonance to its noble orchestration of color. It did not remain there long, however, and the next move was to a yellow brocade wall, where it did not have nearly the impact that it had before.

Van Gogh cut off his own ear with a razor, but it remained for the Metropolitan to cut off the top of his head, using for that purpose one of those lethal spotlights, which, blasting down from above, caused a very dark frame shadow over the upper part, concealing about one sixth of this very small self-portrait. The obliteration was the inevitable result of too vertical and too sharply directional illumination from spotlights or floodlights, used without the intervention of additional diffusing screens. This harsh, vertical lighting produces a network of minute highlights and tiny dark shadows over all but the most smoothly painted canvas,

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and since neither of these reflects much of the true color, the full vigor of the coloration is reduced.

In a survey, *Art Gallery Lighting*, published in 1945, the Illuminating Engineering Society declared that natural lighting was obsolete and that "no satisfactory combination of natural and artificial lighting for art galleries is possible." This publication was a well-documented study of the question, but it employed an exclusively scientific approach in dealing with what is equally an aesthetic problem. Since the whole purpose of gallery lighting is to provide the finest visual experience, why should not greater weight be given to the observation of pictures than to mathematical computations? A comparison is available in any museum equipped with both forms of lighting, and the Metropolitan will serve as well as any other for a field test. Choose a winter day, because dusk comes then before the closing hour, and pay your visit in ample time to study a selected group under daylight. Return to each picture after the electricity has been turned on, and I believe you will agree that some pictures can be enjoyed no matter what the illumination, but others suffer serious loss under artificial light.

Washington can cross the Delaware just as well under one light as another, and a flashy work like Regnault's *Salome* needs no special illumination, but the pictures which are valued less for storytelling and more for pure art get the most benefit from daylight. *The Prioress* by Moroni is a good example, because you cannot possibly like it for its subject matter, and if you enjoy it at all, it will have to be for its art. It is a tough hurdle for beginners, but if you stay with it you may become aware of a delicate harmony of grays pervading the entire picture, and in future it will become a regular gallery stop — but not after dusk. The departing daylight takes with it just about all of that sensitive charm.

"All cats are black in a dark room." Chevreuil provided us with this arresting maxim to emphasize that our perception of color is wholly dependent on light and that a hue is revealed only under an illumination that contains rays of that same color. Since most pictures have been, and still are, painted in daylight, it is logical to expect that they would appear more as the artist intended if shown under that same illumination. The artificial illuminants now in use do not have exactly the same color pattern as natural light. Artists' pigments may match under one but not under the other. For example, a blue sky painted during daylight with cobalt blue will turn gray under incandescent bulbs; on the other hand, an apparently similar sky painted with pthalo-cyanine blue, a recent addition to the palette, will change to a blue much more intense than before. When an artist has labored to create balanced color relationships, he is no more eager to have a pigment turn too brilliant than he is to have it become gray and lifeless.

A perfected system, employing both illuminants, long has seemed to be a reasonable goal of picture lighting. The project requires research in order to find a way to give artificial light more of that diffusion and fine color in which daylight excels and at the same time to devise some method of controlling those wide variations in intensity which make daylight's performance so irregular. For some time the tool for taming daylight has been at hand: the photoelectric cell. It seemed feasible to focus electronic eyes on gallery walls, and through these eyes to actuate relays which would operate pivoted panels to screen down excess light from one wall while other electronic eyes were adjusting louvers to reflect light back on walls which were too dark. When daylight failed, even momentarily, to provide sufficient light, the system would bring in just enough artificial light to supply the deficiency. It was a real challenge, demanding imagination, ingenuity, and skill, and a small "pilot" gallery to test different methods, all of which required money. There was the rub. The only hope of financing such a project lay in a grant from some cultural foundation, which would be difficult to obtain since daylight had been declared officially dead by the engineers.

In the light of this attitude it was not surprising that the Museum of Modern Art blocked off all daylight entering its side windows, replacing it with a mediocre artificial illuminant. When the new Whitney Museum was built on the north side of the same lot, natural light was deliberately excluded by a solid roof and windowless walls, in order that the building might have a consistent artificial system from top to bottom. While the exclusion of daylight for even part-time use is regrettable, it is obvious that a mid-town museum must depend largely on artificial illumination. The lighting consultant, Thomas Smith Kelly, established a new standard of excellence in this field, using fluorescent tubes above a translucent ceiling to obtain very satisfactory diffusion.

Progress in daylight illumination was retarded but not halted by the Engineering Society's verdict against it, and as time went on the potentialities of electronic eyes became increasingly familiar. The Sterling and Francine Clark Art Institute in Williamstown, Massachusetts, which was completed two years ago, used electronic eyes to open and shut skylight louvers. This was not in any sense complete automation, because the final control of light rested with museum personnel operat-

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ing mechanical dimmers. It was, however, a step in the right direction; but the final goal was not reached until last year, when, if published accounts are accurate, the Capodimonte Museum, near Naples, put into use the complete automation, combining both natural and artificial illuminants.

In even the best museums an observant visitor will encounter mysterious oversights. Let us pick for an illustration the glass-topped case of American miniatures which has remained for a great many years in Gallery P 10 at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, placed under, and at right angles to, a long narrow skylight, thus insuring a blinding reflection on the glass lids and making it almost impossible to get a good look at the miniatures. The remedy does not call for the services of an illuminating engineer; there is nothing to it beyond giving the cases a quarter turn to bring them *parallel* to the skylight overhead, in order to exchange its bright glare for the reflection of the dark cove of the ceiling. If, owing to insufficient slope of the glass lids, this should fail to remove all interference, the two cases could be separated and each moved a little closer to the side wall, thus producing perfect visibility for the works of art.

How can a thing involving so simple a correction escape attention for years on end? Has it been looked at many times but always with unseeing eyes? Possibly, but what seems more probable is that it has eluded diagnosis and that an easy remedy has not been indicated. It has not been identified clearly for what it is: a reflected *image*, and therefore controlled by that simple little law of elementary optics, "Light is reflected from a surface at the same angle as that at which it reaches that surface." Ignoring this rule has caused more museum trouble than you may imagine. The full visibility of thousands of pictures is quite needlessly diminished because the pictures are hung too high to profit by this law, and as you attempt to get near to study these works a slight haze of light obscures the upper part of the canvas. The plight of the *Blue Boy* is repeated over and over again, and we cannot suppose that this would be tolerated if curators realized that dropping the picture lower on the wall would remove all interference.

No one has any difficulty in recognizing what the physicists call a specular image. Turning a hand mirror to the right angle to see your face is routine, but the equally simple solutions of altering the level of a painting or moving a glass-topped case to establish a new angle remain hidden mysteries. When the Gulbenkian Collection was placed on indefinite loan in the National Gallery, the owner stipulated that all the works must be shown under glass. Visitors discovered reflections of themselves on the glass, which was covering a dark painting. Naturally the museum officials were concerned over finding a method to meet this difficulty. Captain Charles Bittinger, a professional artist with a deep interest in optics, suggested that the Gulbenkian paintings be covered with what is called half-wave-length glass. This substantially reduced unwelcome reflections, though it did not eliminate them entirely.

A curious thing about all this concern of the National Gallery over these recognizable reflections is that less easily identified ones have for years been equally damaging to the appearance of certain pictures in the permanent collection, a direct result of the standard museum practice of elevating large, important pictures on built-up thrones to give them more honor than their fellows. Though at a considerable distance you can see all of Fra Filippo Lippi's *Annunciation*, you will find upon moving closer that the heads are all blotted out by a bright image — the diffuse image of the skylight. More visibility would be a greater honor to pay any artist. When will we have the courage to tear out these foolish thrones everywhere, bringing the paintings down for clearer examination? Another high altar upon which it is common to offer paintings in sacrifice is the "Period Room," where a picture much too good for such a poor location is shoved up over a mantelpiece or placed in a rectangular panel, bordered with an ornamental molding, which inevitably forces a full-length portrait up so high that the feet are at the observer's eye level. The *Marchesa di Balbi*, by Van Dyck, cannot be seen from closer than twenty feet. At this point a diffuse reflection begins to mar the view of the Marchesa's face, although in a functional gallery the canvas could be lowered several feet into a part of the wall which has good visibility. Period rooms belong in Museums of Decorative Art and are not suitable for the display of paintings of high quality.

We are living in an age of rapid change in museum construction, equipment, and management, and if we take stock of recent gains we find them impressive, though not in all directions. The overcrowding of walls is no longer considered quite respectable, and the pale neutral walls which provide both a sympathetic background and a secondary source of illumination are steadily replacing the dark or colored walls. Undoubtedly we have more light in the galleries today, but current fashions in artificial illumination are inclined to be too harsh and too highly directional to be the most suitable for pictures. Volume is not everything, and in the course of scientific advance that elusive thing, quality, is in danger of being neglected. As André Malraux has pointed out, "Humanity suffers from two ills — Tradition and Progress."

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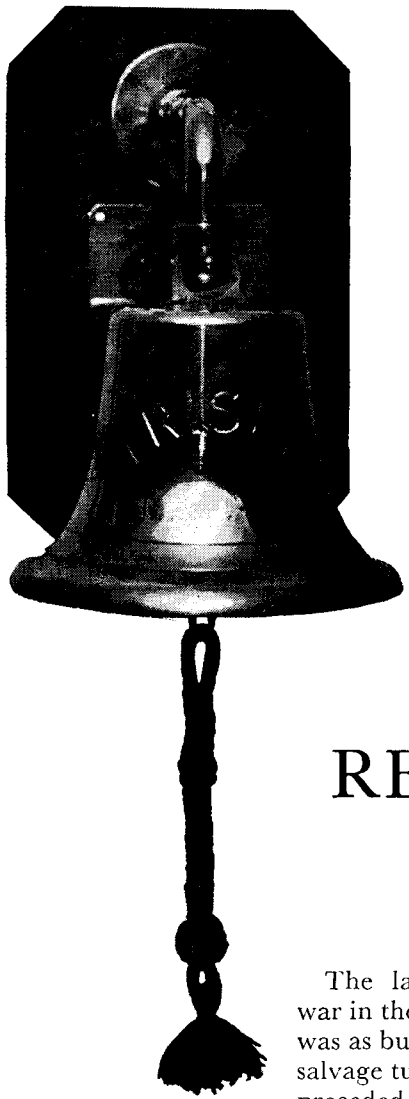

GREY SEAS UNDER

BY FARLEY MOWAT

FARLEY MOWAT, *author of* PEOPLE OF THE DEER *and* THE DOG WHO WOULDN'T BE, *is a Canadian who likes to track down true stories. In this second excerpt from his new book,* GREY SEAS UNDER, *to be published this month by Atlantic–Little, Brown, he records the exploits of a doughty and unsinkable deep-sea tug.*

RESCUE OFF HALIFAX

The last full year of war in the North Atlantic was as busy a time for the salvage tugs as any which preceded it. During the twelve months from May of 1944 until May of 1945, Foundation's tugs rescued twenty-two ships from sea and shore. Five of these were torpedo victims, for the U-boats remained active along the Canadian and Newfoundland coasts well into the spring of 1945.

Foundation itself had never been more muscular. Its salvage fleet consisted not only of the *Aranmore*, *Franklin*, *Security*, and *Ocean Eagle*, but in addition it now owned the *Lord Strathcona* and the *Traverse*, for in late 1944 it bought up its last major rival in home waters, the Quebec Wrecking and Salvage Company. The harbor tugs now numbered fourteen vessels, and the ancillary equipment, consisting of lighters, derrick boats, water boats, and barges, had become truly a formidable fleet. But despite its size the heart and soul of it remained with two vessels and their crews: *Franklin* and *Aranmore*. Between them they continued to do the lion's share of the work.

By the end of 1946, great changes were in the making at Foundation Maritime. The company had learned that the British Admiralty was offering one of its famous Bustler-class tugs for long-term charter. The vessels of this class were built during the final years of the war, and they were designed to be the most powerful and efficient salvage tugs afloat. Twelve-hundred-tonners powered by twin diesels that developed thirty-five-hundred horsepower, they could cruise at sixteen knots and stay at sea under full power for thirty days. In the new tradition of our times they were completely mechanized, for all their gear was run by electricity. They were handsome vessels with something of the dash and flair in their appearance which is the hallmark of fast naval craft.

The opportunity to charter one of these new ships, combined with the growing feeling in the executive branch of the company that *Franklin* had outlived her time, proved irresistible.

So Foundation Maritime acquired H.M.S. *Samsonia*. Under the name of *Foundation Josephine* she hoisted the red ensign of the Canadian Mercantile Marine in late December. She bore that name for the next five years, and during that time she was to build a magnificent reputation. Ranging the Atlantic from the coasts of Britain south to Portugal, west again to the Bahamas, and north to Labrador, she wrote a record that came close to equaling the one which had been written by the vessel she displaced.

With the arrival of *Foundation Josephine*, the *Franklin's* fate was settled. It was inevitable that she would have to go. The days of the rough, hard little vessels like the *Franklin* were coming to

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an end the wide seas over. But what was more tragic was that this also applied to the kind of men who had made *Franklin* great. They were being supplanted by a new breed, able enough, but men who were more and more technicians and less and less seamen. *Franklin's* people were becoming anachronisms too.

While *Josephine* dashed out at sixteen knots and earned the banner headlines, *Franklin* grew dingier and faded further into obscurity. She was kept in commission — barely — but she was given only the trivial and unwanted jobs to do; the jobs that offered little prospect of success or, if successful, that gave little hope of profit.

CHRISTMAS, 1947, came, and then a January that was memorable in the annals kept by meteorologists but which was of such a violent nature that the men who had to cope with the weather preferred to put the memory of it out of mind. It was a brutal period in the North Atlantic. Many scheduled sailings were canceled or postponed, and many ships which did essay the passage of the Western Ocean were forced to turn about or heave to and wait for better times. Day after day new gales struggled to outdo their predecessors. When one had paled into exhaustion another rose to take its place. Conditions grew so bad that almost all the transatlantic traffic turned to the southern great-circle routes in an attempt to escape the worst of them.

Consequently *Foundation Josephine* was dispatched to take up station at Bermuda, where she could be handy to the southern tracks. Her departure left Halifax and the northern reaches devoid of salvage or rescue ships, for the *Lillian*, a new diesel tug purchased from the U.S. Navy in November, had proved herself temperamental and a score of baffled technicians had spent weeks trying to get her complicated machinery to function properly, without result. Yet in order to keep *Josephine* free to remain at Bermuda it was essential that the *Lillian* be put in service. When she balked, and balked again, her owners turned to the forgotten ship.

They brought the *Franklin* back to life. They did it grudgingly, and as sketchily as possible. No time or money was wasted on any but vitally essential repairs. The rest was jury-rigged or else was left undone. Four days after the order to revive her was issued, she went to sea under the command of big John Lahey, a Newfoundlander.

On January 7 *Josephine* had gone to the rescue of the Greek steamer *Themistocles* six hundred miles southeast of Halifax and, after a twenty-four hour delay because of the ferocity of the weather, she managed to connect up to the cripple and begin towing her to New York. Despite her size and power it took the *Josephine* thirteen days to complete the tow, and the casualty was not anchored safely in port until January 20. And *Josephine* herself sustained such damage from the storm that she was forced to limp back to Halifax and go into dry dock for repairs. Thus, on January 24, 1948, there was only one ocean-going salvage ship available to take up arms against the hungry sea.

EARLY on Monday morning of January 19 a vessel stood out of Newport News bound for Sweden with a full cargo of mixed freight. She was the Norwegian motor ship *Arosa*. She was a well-found vessel and a handsome one, for she had been built with the sweeping sheer and the graceful lines which the Scandinavians so often give their ships. She was stanch as the Trondheim men who manned her, and neither they nor she was intimidated by the unconscionable fury of the month-long sequence of gales which had worked the North Atlantic into a primordial chaos.

The *Arosa* came out from the shelter of the land and laid her course along the great-circle track for full-powered steamers bound for Europe. She had chosen a good moment to begin her passage, for the winter hurricane which had sent *Foundation Josephine* on her eighteen-day voyage to succor the *Themistocles* had now blown itself out, and there was a lull in the gales. At fourteen knots *Arosa's* shapely stem thrust into the heaving swells the hurricane had left behind it, and by January 22 she had made good a thousand miles of easting.

It had not been easy. Deep laden as she was, *Arosa* had labored in the great troughs and on the long slopes of the greybeards. The strain upon her gear had been continuous. Fatigue lay on her men and on the thudding heart of her machinery. At noon on January 22 the sky drew down, opaque and ominous, and the wind returned. It began to blow out of the worst quarter, the nor'east, and *Arosa's* master knew that he was in for trouble. His ship was already battened down for weather, and there was not much more that could be done. He rang for a reduction in speed to ease *Arosa's* motion, and then he, his men, and his vessel prepared to endure the mauling which must come.

With a fetch of nearly a thousand miles of open ocean in which to build up strength, the new storm-driven seas began to march down upon the old hurricane-born sea, and the turmoil which ensued flung living water high over *Arosa's* bridge. Her screw came up into the froth astern, then

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sank into the solid depths. All night she plunged and wallowed while her diesels thundered in protest, and then at dawn *Arosa's* screw turned slowly to a stop. The main reduction gears had proved unequal to the strain upon them, and the ship was dead.

Arosa's SOS was received in New York early on the morning of January 23. It came in across a gale that had already risen to force 8, although it was still in its infancy. The weather bureau had reported a new depression coming from the south, and hurricane warnings were being broadcast. In New York there was no salvage vessel able to proceed to the *Arosa's* aid, since the distance alone made it almost certain that no tug could make the journey out and back without herself becoming disabled from lack of fuel.

It took time for this to become apparent to *Arosa's* agents, and it was not until a further twenty hours had elapsed that the telephone in the offices of Foundation Maritime began to ring.

As he listened to the request for a deep-sea tug, Edward Woollcombe, general manager of Foundation Maritime, gave no hint of the fact that only one of his salvage tugs was ready for action. And in his usual optimistic manner he made light of the difficulties which would be encountered in any attempt to rescue the *Arosa.* A Foundation tug would sail at once, he said. He did not specify which one, and if the *Arosa's* agents assumed he meant the *Josephine,* that was no fault of Woollcombe's.

One hour later *Foundation Franklin* was standing out to sea from Louisburg. The thick black smoke from her twin stacks streamed flat to the southwest as the full strength of the nor'east gale struck on her port quarter. In the pilothouse Captain Lahey laid out his course and scaled it off to the last reported position of the motor ship *Arosa.* The distance from Louisburg was five hundred and eighty miles.

ONCE clear of the land *Franklin* came down on her course bringing the wind and seas hard on her port beam. The gale was still at force 8, but it was making up and already it was laden with ice crystals. The temperature, which had stood near the freezing point earlier that morning, had now fallen close to the zero mark. As the old tug drew out from shore and the seas gained in stature, she lay down to them and began to roll as abominably as she had ever done. Lahey gave her no ease. He held her at full revolutions, for he knew that his only hope of salving the *Arosa* was to get to her and take her back before the combination of a new hurricane and mounting seas could exhaust his slender reserve of fuel. *Franklin* drove into it at ten knots — and the anemometer on the bridge changed the quality of its metallic whine with a steady rise in pitch as its cups spun faster still.

At midnight the wind began to shift, and by dawn it was almost due west. *Franklin's* motion eased a little, but Lahey felt no relief. The change in wind meant that his quarry was now driving out to sea at about four knots. Each hour that the westerly continued meant an hour added to the time it would require to bring the cripple back to port. And each hour of a tow in such a wind and sea meant three more tons of bunkers burned.

Lahey called the chief on the voice pipe. "Push her, b'y!" he shouted. "Give her steam!"

The shaft-revolution needle crept up slowly until *Franklin* was bulling her way at twelve knots. She came on like some antediluvian sea beast, half awash. The brief hours of daylight passed; the long winter night came down to the sustained roar of a full gale. Then as dawn approached on January 27, the wind suddenly began to haul into the north and to fall light.

Lahey was grateful for that, but he recognized it as a respite that must be of short duration. The glass had been falling steadily for fifteen hours, and it was now so low that a Magdalen Island seaman, coming onto the bridge to stand his trick, glanced at it and crossed himself. It was an involuntary gesture, and as he took the wheel the seaman had no conscious thought in mind except to hold the vessel on her course.

Lahey had many other thoughts. The radioman had been in constant contact with the *Arosa* for some time, and he reported that the casualty's master believed her to have been drifting east at between four and five knots since noon of January 24. He had no position to offer, for it is impossible to obtain an accurate dead reckoning on a powerless ship which is moved only by the wind and seas, under a sky that hangs down to the masthead. Nevertheless the radioman's DF bearings indicated that the *Arosa* was at least a hundred miles farther eastward than she was thought to be. Lahey altered course a little.

Three hours before dawn *Arosa's* signals were booming into the radioman's ears. He passed a message to the skipper. Lahey rang down for half speed. *Franklin* nosed slowly through the darkness, her bow lifting and falling in a great uneasy arc like the head of a hound that sniffs the trail, then lifts again to catch a sight of the quarry through shortsighted eyes. At 6 A.M. the lookout on *Franklin's* bridge bellowed his warning, and a faint gleam of lights came hard on the starboard bow.

There was only an uneasy breath of wind, but the tormented seas were so ugly that a master who risked his tug trying to make a connection in that

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heaving darkness might have been thought insane. Lahey was very sane. He knew with all the certainty of ten generations of sea dwellers that he had no other choice. He knew that the calm of the moment was the center of a great circular storm — a hurricane — and once the center had spun past there would be little hope of putting a line aboard the merchantman.

So *Franklin* came up in almost utter darkness, with only the pale beam of the little searchlight on her monkey island to give her sight. The seas were towering straight up, for they were masterless without the wind. The tug rose and descended with an abrupt and frightful motion. Nevertheless she still came in.

On the wing of the bridge, *Franklin's* mate stood with his legs entwined around a stanchion, and with the rocket pistol in his hands. Above him the bulk of the *Arosa* towered and inclined like a falling mountainside. He pressed the trigger, and in the red glow of the rocket the line snaked from its pegs and vanished into darkness. By 6:30 A.M. *Arosa* was no longer drifting and alone in mid-Atlantic. The connection had been made.

The position of the two vessels was then eleven hundred and twenty miles east of Boston, six hundred and eighty from Louisburg, six hundred and fifty south of St. John's, Newfoundland, and about eight hundred and forty miles east-southeast of Halifax. *Franklin* had sufficient bunkers left to allow her to steam about nine hundred miles under optimum conditions. Boston was impossible. The choice lay between Louisburg, Halifax, and St. John's, but it depended almost entirely upon what happened when the eye of the storm had passed and the gales had begun anew. Once more Lahey drew on his intuitive knowledge of the Western Ocean. St. John's was out; for the gales which would soon be upon him would almost certainly be strongest from the north and northwest quarters. Between Louisburg and Halifax there was but little choice, except that the *Foundation Josephine* was in Halifax and, though still under repair, might yet be able to assist the *Franklin* if need arose. Lahey gave his orders, and the wheel came over. The course was northwest by west — for Halifax.

The *Arosa* was a heavy ship, and in that gigantic and jumbled sea the strain upon the towing wire was excessive at a towing speed of three knots. Lahey did not dare exceed that speed. Progress was desperately slow, too slow. By 8 P.M. on January 27 the two ships had made good no more than fifty miles toward the west. And by that time the uneasy armistice had long since ended. The storm center had gone by shortly before dawn on the twenty-seventh, and by 9 P.M. the vessels were beset by a full hurricane blowing ninety miles an hour out of the northwest. The temperature, which had been steady at ten degrees of frost until noon, dropped down to zero. The old sea giants rose to the new impetus of wind and were cut off like grain in a wheat field, so that their white heads were driven level with the horizon, savagely striking *Franklin's* upper works and freezing.

Nevertheless, and incredibly, *Franklin* was still making a passage west at the rate of half a knot. She held on to that half knot until midnight. And then the event that every man had known was coming happened. The wire parted. Because of her great bulk, *Arosa* began to blow off to the southeast at a speed which *Franklin* hardly dared to match under power, for fear she would be pooped. All the rest of the night the two vessels drove back out to sea. At 7 A.M., in the false dawn, Lahey came in to reconnect. The wire was made fast at the first attempt — for the Norwegians are great seamen, too — and the tow began anew.

The first fury of the gale was spent, and now the wind settled down to accomplish by attrition what it had been unable to do by direct assault. Blowing steadily out of the northwest at velocities between sixty and eighty miles an hour, it thundered with such incessant violence that the men aboard the *Franklin* could no longer hear it. Only a cessation of sound would have penetrated into their conscious minds; and there was no cessation. The old vessel herself was such a cacophony of complaint as she rolled and pitched and yawed that the men below could not have heard the gale if they had so desired. They clung to whatever handgrips they could find, and time went on.

They towed from 7 A.M. on January 28 until noon on January 30, and in that stretch of time they only succeeded in recovering the distance they had lost in seven hours on the night the wire parted.

THE log entries for those days are succinct, but their brevity was not due to a lack of appreciation of conditions or to the indifference that men display in the face of the inevitability of things over which they have no control. The log entries were brief because there was no more that could be said.

> January 29. Towed twenty miles in past twenty hours. Whole gale from NW. Very heavy head seas. Low temperature continues. Ship icing heavily. Continuous snow blizzards.
>
> January 30. Weather unchanged. Ship icing badly. At 2100 radio out of action due to loss of aerial from icing. Towed twenty miles in last twenty-four hours. Fuel will not last to Halifax.

Two days and nights . . . six lines of spidery handwriting on a long, ruled page that looks for

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all the world like a ledger sheet from a counting-house. And that is all. Only in that one phrase, "Fuel will not last to Halifax," is there any hint of an awareness not only that the battle might be lost, but that *Franklin* herself was desperately beset.

And she was so. Her radio was permanently out of action. It had proved impossible to keep the constantly making ice reduced to a safe margin, and the little tug was in danger of losing her stability — a matter of deadly concern considering the manner in which the seas were mauling her about. This danger increased hourly as the bunkers became lighter and as the load of ice on the decks and the superstructure became heavier. Nor was this all. The aged machinery, so superficially repaired a few weeks earlier, was, for the first time in *Franklin's* history, displaying signs of serious fatigue. The engineers were never still. Nursing the auxiliaries and watching the main engine with eyes in which weariness had been banished by the anticipation of disaster, the engine-room crowd were living with an almost momentary expectation that finally the heart of the old ship would falter and would stop. There was more. The bilge pumps were working harder than they should have needed to. *Franklin* was making water.

During the morning of January 31, the wind rose to force 10 out of the northwest, and since it was then impossible to make a course for Halifax Lahey eased off to the westward.

He had barely swung his vessel off the wind when the gale veered into the northeast.

Arosa now refused to tow. She fell off until she was lying right out abeam of *Franklin*. The consequent strain on the towing gear soon became intolerable, and in desperation Lahey attempted to bring *Franklin's* head up into the new gale so that he could at least hold *Arosa* steady, even while both vessels were being blown back out to sea.

For the first time in her life *Franklin* was slow to answer her helm. The loss of trim had brought her down by the head, and she came around sluggishly — too slowly — into the teeth of the new enemy. Rolling heavily as the seas struck full on her starboard bow, she lurched like a stricken thing — and then fell off. The tow wire rose almost clear of the seas. For an instant it held the strain, and then with a horrifying wrench the towing winch itself tore loose from its bed on *Franklin's* afterdeck. Ripped deck plates curled like paper in a breeze. The drum tore from its socket, and half a mile of wire screamed out into the depths astern.

Completely out of control now, *Franklin* rolled down into a trough and was instantly swept from end to end. The sea poured in through the gaping wound where the winch had stood. The dynamos were inundated, and all electric power failed. Water rose above the bedplates and swirled about the auxiliaries. The engine slowed suddenly, and when it again picked up its beat there was a clatter in the main bearings that brought the heart of every man who heard it into his throat.

On the bridge Lahey had seized the wheel himself, and with his great hands and his indomitable will he strove to bring his vessel up out of the trough where she lay drowning.

The officers on *Arosa's* bridge had watched events with agonized emotions. Through a curtain of driven snow they had seen the wire go slack, had seen *Franklin* go over until her stacks were lying almost level with the sea, and had seen her swept so that she vanished from their sight in a towering column of grey spume.

They never saw her again. The wind screamed down to drive the scud into their eyes, and when it lifted briefly a few minutes later, the tug had vanished.

Arosa's radio was still operational. Her new SOS was received in Halifax within the hour. It gave no details of what had happened, and the Foundation staff assumed that *Franklin* had only suffered minor damage but needed relief. It was not until several hours later, and until several messages had crossed the grey sea void between *Arosa* and the land, that fear began to grow. Then call after call began going out under *Franklin's* code sign. There was no reply.

All that night the shipwrights and fitters worked on the *Josephine* so that by morning of February 1 she was again ready for sea. As she left Halifax, that port was blanketed under a two-foot fall of snow. The northeast gale met her at the harbor entrance, and she was taking it green over her foredeck before she cleared the outer automatic buoy. But *Josephine* was being driven. It was no longer entirely a matter of succoring a crippled merchantman; now there was the additional incentive that a sister tug was dying somewhere in that passionless expanse of broken sea.

Captain Cowley, on *Josephine's* high bridge, doubled the lookouts. His course was out along the track that *Franklin* might be following if she was still afloat. In the radio shack *Josephine's* operator never left his set, and at ten-minute intervals he tapped out *Franklin's* call sign. There was no response. At noon on February 2 the master of *Arosa*, queried by Cowley, gave it as his opinion that the *Franklin* had gone down. Neither he nor his officers believed that she had been able to survive the blow that they had seen her take.

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In Halifax the tension mounted. Nothing was known. Everything was feared.

Josephine came on with a disregard for the pounding she was taking that gave a lasting greatness to her, and to her master too. At 6 P.M. on February 3 she raised the grey hulk of the *Arosa* about one hundred miles east of the point where the Norwegian ship had parted from the *Franklin*. During a lull in the gale Cowley connected his towing wire, and with an inner reluctance that he did not show, he turned westward, Boston bound. The merchantman came first. Somewhere to the east the *Franklin* might have been still alive, disabled, dying slowly — but he could not search for her. The merchantman came first.

Josephine's battle to bring the *Arosa* into Boston is an epic in itself. Some measure of the trials of that voyage can be taken from the fact that even *Foundation Josephine* could not hold fast to the Norwegian and on one occasion was parted from her for twenty-nine hours. It was not until February 11 that she was able to ease her battered charge into safe anchorage, bringing to an end the twenty-one-day ordeal of the *Arosa*.

The story of *Foundation Franklin*, however, ended in the wind-swept dawn of February 5. It ended when there came a message from the signal station at Chebucto Head — a message that brought Reginald Featherstone, the salvage master, out of his bed and sent him racing through icy streets toward the company wharf. In the first bleak light of day he stood with a dozen others on the Foundation dock and watched with unbelieving eyes the slow, infinitely painful progress of as strange a phantom as ever fumbled its way into Halifax harbor.

She came in under quarter power, which was all that she had left within her. She was so heavily encased in ice that she would not have been recognizable to any man who had not known her well. She was listing twelve degrees to port, and she was so far down by the head that those who watched her held their breaths for fear that she would plunge back into the hungry seas from which she appeared to have risen, wraithlike, in the winter dawn.

The watchers on the dock need have had no fear that she would fail to reach her old familiar berth. It was the grey seas under and the white winds above who had failed, in this their last attempt to take her to themselves.

The *Franklin* had returned from her last voyage. She had come to the end of her days, and there remained only the inevitable dissolution under the hands of the ship breakers. Yet she did not pass entirely into oblivion, for they took her bell, the same one she had when she bore the name "Frisky" and lay in the graveyard in Hamburg harbor, and hung it in a room overlooking the berth which she once occupied.

It hangs there now. And on clear and sunny days the light streams in through the windows and kindles a yellow fire in the polished brass, so that the black inscription — FRISKY — incised deep into the metal, stands out with a bold clarity.

The bell sleeps silent in the warm sun, nor does it still ring the changes in the watches as it did through four decades. It is somnolent on those fine days.

But there are other days — days when the Western Ocean takes up its ancient feud against all ships; when the storm scud drives low over a foam-flecked harbor; when the international distress frequency quickens to sudden life. And in those times the bell and the spirit of the gallant little ship whose voice it is awaken from their sleep.

The old bell sounds. Its voice rings sharp and urgent over the docks, and men pause in their occupations and turn toward the berth — once *Franklin's* — where the latest of her inheritors lies ever ready. The bell sounds. *Foundation Vigilant's* lines are slipped. She backs into the stream and swings her head toward the open sea, toward the storm-shrouded distances where a crippled vessel lies beset by the hungry ocean.

The eternal battle between the rescue ships and the grey seas begins anew — and it is *Franklin's* voice that sounds the call to arms.

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ROBERT HILLYER

ASSEMBLING THE FAMILY

As I walked whistling through the cemetery
That haunted night of fitful moon and cloud,
I found my forebears' ghosts were making merry
At my expense, an undulating crowd

From whose pale mist of faces some came through
And looked me over with sepulchral laugh.
I shook with anger, and my voice shook, too —
"Go back to sleep beneath your epitaph."

"Ha, ha! There speaks my temper, as I live,"
A young man said, taking a pinch of snuff.
Around him all the shades grew talkative
As though they'd lain in silence long enough.

A gaffer in a cloak of homespun eyed me
And said, "His constitution's of the best.
I gave him that; I had the Word to guide me
And kept my health — 'twas all that I possessed."

"Oh, bosh, old Puritan," a fumy ghost
In flowered waistcoat sneered, "he has my gout."
"His eyes," a young girl murmured, "are almost
As blue as mine before death put them out."

"He has my sense of humor, and he'll need it
In these drab days," a matron chuckled. "Ah,"
A pale youth sighed, "my genius, had he freed it
From meter, would have swept America."

"He has my hands." "The ears are the best feature,
And they are mine." "I gave him all that hair."
"He has my wit, but not my depth, poor creature."
"Ah, the kind heart! I'd know it anywhere."

They cried, "He's plagiaristically familiar!
Though now we're dust and lie where time has flung us,
There's not one particle of this live Hillyer
We dead ones can't account for here among us."

I would not be dismayed. "Oh, yes, there is!"
They rustled nearer, hovering to know.
"What is it?" What?" they twittered, "what is this
You have, that not one soul of us can show?"

"I'll tell you when I join you." So I spoke,
And, by sheer curiosity consumed,
They flickered softly into bonfire smoke
And the wan moonlight where they lay entombed.

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"We don't want your kind!"

SEGREGATION IN ILLINOIS

BY FLETCHER MARTIN

The patterns of prejudice against the Negro in the Deep South are familiar, but there is less awareness of the unpredictable denials he must undergo in the North. FLETCHER MARTIN, *the first Negro to become a Nieman Fellow at Harvard, began his newspaper career on the Louisville* DEFENDER, *served as a war correspondent during World War II, and joined the staff of the Chicago* SUN-TIMES *in 1952.*

ILLINOIS license plates bear the advertising slogan, "Land of Lincoln." Last fall I set out to discover for myself what the racial practices were in this state of the Great Emancipator nearly a hundred years after he left it to become the Civil War President. I traveled over much of the ground of the Lincoln-Douglas debates and talked with people in a dozen towns.

I discovered that in a number of places I could not find a place to eat or a place to sleep, for I am a Negro. I found school segregation as rigid as you are likely to find in Mississippi; residential ghettos as dingy and dilapidated — and as inflexible — as in Birmingham or Atlanta. And I found official and private attitudes as dismal and depressing as in the deepest South: an acceptance of racial segregation and its consequences that, unless altered, will, in my opinion, make improvement virtually impossible for any predictable time to come.

The pattern of racial segregation and discrimination under which I lived for more than thirty years in Kentucky ruthlessly conditioned me to accept my world of black neighbors and black schools, black preachers and black teachers. I knew, for instance, that in white theaters I was expected to sit in the topmost balcony, and I did so without asking why Negroes should have to sit up there and nowhere else. I would never have been turned away from a white hotel because I would not have tried to enter. When I was very young I was conditioned in a Southern tradition of racial separatism, and I also was conditioned by parents who taught me, "Be too proud to go where you're not wanted." I did not question the tradition or my parents at that time.

When my mother and I visited our folks in Nashville, we entered the "Colored Waiting Room" at Louisville's Union Station and we rode in a segregated day coach and happily lost ourselves in the joy of riding on a train. We enjoyed seeing broad, green fields and small, dusty towns as the train sped along. We ate from our lunch pail fried chicken, potato salad, and apple pies my mother had prepared. It was of absolutely no consequence that the coach, stifling hot and crowded, smelled of fried meat, sour milk, and wet diapers. Our coach always was the first one behind the baggage car, and it swayed and rattled, but we did not care.

The few white people I knew in those days were a friendly oddity to me. Our insurance man, for one, was affable. I cannot recall that he ever knocked at our door before entering, and he always called my mother by her first name. His business with us never kept him from saying a few words to me. I would stand in front of him, head bowed and grinning. He would say to my

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mother with the same authority he used in telling her what kind of insurance was best for us, "Ada, this boy might amount to something."

Deep inside me I felt that this man was something I was not and could never be even when I grew into manhood. When I stood in front of him, it was like standing before God. Later in my life my memory of him was clouded with the suspicion that the warm affection I had for him as a child was a tangle of emotions, perhaps similar to Winston Smith's love for Big Brother in George Orwell's *1984*. The memory was tied closely to my early assumption that white and Negro people were not members of the same human race.

Even Santa Claus was white. I started hating Santa early in life. His race — as I thought then — had nothing to do with it. He spoiled one of the delightful fantasies that should be a part of childhood by openly defying the love I had for him. It happened during a visit to a department store where my aunt had taken me specifically to see him as a reward for keeping my face washed and my clothes clean.

My aunt slowly edged me into the circle of children whom Santa was inviting one at a time to his knee. I waited and waited, but the fat old man never beckoned to me. My aunt, apparently sensing my heartbreak, gave me a gentle shove, and before I knew it I had my hands on Santa. He smiled and with a sweep of his arm sent me stumbling back to the sideline while the children laughed at my confusion.

On the way home I noticed that my aunt was crying and trying to hide her tears with a handkerchief. When I asked her why she was crying, she said the most horrible thing I had ever heard. "He was dirt mean to shove you like that," she said. "Why didn't he shove the white children? He's just as dirt mean as the rest of them." From then on I attributed Santa's failure to honor my Christmas list to his personal dislike of me and not to my mother's pocketbook.

I think of the incident whenever my children talk of Santa. I thought of it last fall in Cairo while a Negro high school student told me how he got a badly swollen right hand during a fight with white schoolmates. One of them ground his heel into the Negro's hand while the others pinned him down on the street. His mother kept cutting in on the boy's story by saying, "They're dirt mean, that's all they are. They just don't want him in their white school."

Cairo, at the southern rim of Illinois, closer to Little Rock than to Chicago, farther south than Louisville and Richmond, was a good starting point for the look at race relations in Illinois. The Ku Klux Klan had burned crosses in this river town as late as five years ago. The city lay only a river's width from cotton farms of southeastern Missouri. Cairo had known Negroes since slavery, when runaway slaves managed to breach the gap and to find sanctuary there. From the levee you could see the dazzling colors of fall moving down the Mississippi; a brilliant orange and yellow spectacle lining the Missouri shore. I had entered Cairo posing as a migrant field hand seeking any kind of common labor.

My first move was to telephone Robert and David Lansden, white attorneys who gained statewide notice in 1953 when they joined with the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People to challenge the legal status of Cairo's segregated school system. Irate whites had stoned Robert's home during the controversy. A friend of theirs in Chicago told me if I needed anything to look up the Lansdens, because in Cairo "they're the best friends Negroes have." I wanted to discuss the school situation with them, and I also wanted them to recommend a nice hotel where the rates were not too high.

Their offices were on the top floor of a narrow, two-story building in the heart of the business section, across the street from the City Hall and the Cairo Hotel. It had become dark, and I was fortunate to catch them before they had left for home.

"We knew you were coming," said Robert Lansden. David extended his hand. They were tall, rawboned men with heavy shoulders.

I inquired about a hotel.

"We can save you a lot of trouble by telling you first that no white hotel in town will take you," David Lansden said. He telephoned a Negro family who said I could stay with them. The Lansdens drove me to the house, which was located on the fringe of a railroad switching yard. It was an old two-story frame, but the modest pieces of furniture inside, the gay-colored slip covers on the sofa and chairs, and the starched, embroidered centerpiece on the large oak table indicated a pride of ownership.

My landlady was a large, friendly woman who greeted me warmly, wiping her hands on her apron before extending one to me. She led me to a room at the head of the stairs in which there was an extraordinary, wide bed. From the window near the bed I caught a glimpse across the tracks of a Negro settlement of shotgun shacks that lined both sides of an unpaved street. Children romped and played out there as though it were high noon.

I was quite hungry, because I hadn't eaten since leaving Chicago, but the subject of food never came up as my landlady went about her work of

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preparing the room. She sang as she worked, and even later when I bedded down I heard the refrain of the old hymn she was still singing: "Jesus will take care of you." The sound of moving freight trains and the constant barking of a dog were disturbing at first, but soon the noise was blacked out by deep sleep in a bed that was soft as chicken feathers.

Refreshed by nine hours of sleep, I was hungry as a bear when barking dogs awakened me. My landlady asked if I slept well, but she said nothing about breakfast. I drove down to the business area, where I had noticed several small restaurants while en route to the Lansdens the night before. At two drugstore food counters the waitresses said I would have to carry the food out. At a small dingy restaurant that smelled of hamburger and fried onions, a man in a soiled apron hardly let me get inside the door before he shook his head.

"Can't get anything?" I asked.

"Just move on," he said, staring at me as though nothing would please him better than to strike me. "Don't start anything. You know durn well we don't serve colored people."

I bought a quart of milk in a grocery store and headed toward the levee. The mist was rising from the Mississippi in the early sunlight.

Later I told the Lansdens that finding a place to eat threatened to be a problem for me. David said, "The best thing for you is to have a little talk with Miss Hattie Kendrick. She'll be able to put you in touch with a restaurant. Matter of fact, she'll be able to put you straight on many things that you'll be wanting to know."

Miss Kendrick was a very dark Negro woman with gray hair at the temples. I found her seated with her blind mother in the living room of her house on the same street where I was staying. "It's hard for a visiting colored man to find a decent place to eat down here," she said. "We have a few restaurants, but they sell mostly barbecue" — then she laughed — "but I know you wouldn't want hot barbecue for breakfast; I wouldn't."

Miss Kendrick formerly taught school in Cairo and was a member of the local NAACP chapter. I mentioned to her that if I could find work I should like to live there.

"What for; didn't Mr. Lansden tell you that most of our people are on relief?" Miss Kendrick asked. "The people down at the state job office will tell you there's precious little here for a colored man to do. You go down there, they'll not bite their tongue telling you."

I called at the district offices of the Illinois public aid commission to see what my chances were for a job of some kind. The offices were located in an old store-front building two blocks from the main business district. Only the bookkeeper was on duty, and she was pessimistic about my chances. She said, "Being a Negro, you're lost here unless you can teach or do something like that. If there's no farm work, you're out of luck. Earlier you might have got a job chopping cotton across the river in Missouri, a lot of our people do. Now you're too late for that, and you haven't been here long enough to qualify for a relief check."

Leaning on the counter that separated the inner offices from the applicants, the bookkeeper continued: "Would you believe that I am the only Negro woman in town with an interracial job, if you don't consider the teachers? That should tell you that we're not doing much down here in the skilled labor field. If I were you, I'd go to East St. Louis. There you might find factory work. One thing for sure, I wouldn't stay here."

"I wouldn't either," said Miss Kendrick when I mentioned the interview to her. "The only reason I don't leave home is that I'm too old and too tired. Just too old to pick up and leave."

FIFTY miles north of Cairo in Williamson County lay Marion, and there two motel attendants were dead sure that they couldn't accommodate me. In the lobby of the first motel the men were talking about the World Series. As I walked to the reception desk, the room stilled. The attendant, an elderly woman with a kind face, smiled as she apologized for having kept me waiting. She continued to smile as she said, "I'm so sorry, but we don't accept colored guests. But I know of a nice tourist home here run by one of your people. I'll be very happy to tell you how to find it." And she gave me careful directions.

Less than two miles from that beautiful and spacious court was another one with green lawns stretching back from the highway. This motel had advertised along the highway: "Continental breakfast, central heating, radios, and air conditioning." The young and pretty attendant was the only person in the office when I entered.

"Yes?" she said with a hardness in her voice that didn't match her comeliness.

I asked if she knew of a motel where I could get a room and possibly have coffee and toast served me on the premises.

"I think I know just the place," she said. Then she gave me the directions to the Negro Tourist Home.

"But what about this place?" I asked. I told her I had read the signs, and the vacancy flag was flying.

"Sorry, but we don't take colored people," she said. The hardness had returned to her voice.

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Outside, it was warm and bright and there was not a cloud in the sky. Driving back to the business section in Marion, I noticed another sign. It pointed the way to a nearby Baptist church, and the key word was "Welcome." I decided to visit it and meet the minister.

"I'm concerned about segregation in Marion," said the young pastor, who looked larger than he really was, seated behind the desk in his study. "A man's skin has nothing to do with his gaining the Kingdom of God, I've told my congregation. Why, during the trouble at Little Rock I said that a man who hates another man because his skin is black is subject to eternal damnation. That brought 'amens' from every corner of the church."

The preacher paused, wiped his glasses before continuing. "But I must admit that we leave colored people alone. Whether this attitude is right or wrong, it's an old custom. I came here from North Carolina, though I was born in Illinois. When I accepted the call here, one of the first things I did was to tell my deacons that I should like to send missionaries over to the colored settlement to take them the Word of God. They told me to leave those people alone, that they had churches of their own."

After leaving the minister, I called on a lawyer, a long-time resident of Marion whose name had been given me by a mutual friend in Chicago. His second-floor offices were over a drugstore in the city square. I stopped in the drugstore for a cold soda drink. The clerk said I couldn't drink it in the store.

"I'm not surprised at all," the lawyer said when I mentioned it. "We have roots in the South, and we've kept customs of the South. But, I might say too, that we don't have trouble with our colored people. They don't go looking for trouble by pushing too hard. Segregation is no issue in Marion; we simply never discuss it."

Of the city's ten thousand population, only three hundred are Negroes. In the early 1920s, a number of Negroes were brought up from the South to work the coal mines around Marion, and some of them were shot and killed as scabs during the strike of the United Mine Workers Union. Those remaining became farmers of small plots, some of them moving ten miles northwest to the dirt-road village of Colp. It was obvious that bitterness between the races still persisted.

As night closed in, I headed for the Negro Tourist Home. It was a rambling frame cottage, and Mrs. Aline Hodge, the proprietor, made me feel at home by immediately inviting me to join her at supper. I was her only guest.

"I knew you would be sent here if you stopped by the motels," Mrs. Hodge said. "They remember me whenever a Negro drives up. In the hunting season I do a very good business, because my place is the only one in Williamson County for our people."

I was happy at the Negro Tourist Home. Mrs. Hodge had a big brown and white collie named Buster, and it was fun romping with Buster on the spacious lawn. And Mrs. Hodge served hot bread twice a day with heaping meals of green beans, white potatoes, beets, and fresh corn. Food had become an obsession with me, and I hadn't eaten so well since leaving home.

On the third day I drove over to Colp to visit with William Hatchett, the village's wealthiest citizen, tavernkeeper, and president of the Colp School Board. He was a young, broad-shouldered Negro, full of fear and frustration. Last summer Hatchett's plush New Orleans Club was ripped by dynamite. He blamed it on business rivals.

Turning to his school problems, climaxed by the resignation of the board's three white members, Hatchett said, "The whites in this town want to send their children to Carterville to school rather than have them mixed with our kids. If we were to permit that without a fight, it would be impossible for us to run the system on the taxes that Negroes contribute, because most of them are without work and are living on relief checks or old-age pensions." Hatchett said that the school budget, even with state aid, amounted to only $18,000 a year, and with this money they had to pay five teachers and take care of two buildings.

"Anybody can plainly see that it would be better to consolidate the schools," said Hatchett, "but no, they want to run out on us and send their children out of town to school. Those fellows who resigned, justifying their prejudice, accused me of buckling under to what they said was pressure from the NAACP to push consolidation."

Colp, whose six hundred population was about equally divided between the races, resembled an abandoned wild-West movie set with its glowing patch of saloons and row on row of miserable shacks. Noticeably absent were the happy voices of children, because Colp was largely a town of old people. A dreadful loneliness possessed me as I drove along the dirt roads. People glared at me as though I were something bringing trouble.

Before entering Colp, I had stopped in Carterville, a mile south of the village. In the window of a supermarket was the sign: "Help Wanted."

"It's a clerk job for man or woman," the young man at the check-out counter informed me when I inquired about the job. "I don't think you would do, though, because we prefer someone with a college education," he added.

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I told him I had gone to college. I told him also that I needed that job or any job the store could offer me because I was out of work.

The clerk looked directly at me as he dropped his hands from his apron. He said, "Honestly, I don't know how to put it, but it wouldn't do you any good to apply. It just wouldn't look right having a Negro working in the store of a town where Negroes don't live. Maybe later it might be different, but right now that's the way it is."

I told Hatchett about the conversation with the clerk.

"That's nothing," he said, "there's a large factory just out of town that employs at least a thousand people. If there's one Negro working there, I don't know about it. They'll take your job application and say they'll call you, but they never do. If it wasn't for state charity, I don't know how most of the people in this town would live."

I asked Hatchett what Negroes living in such poverty in his town thought about. Didn't they have the ambition to better their condition; to do something beyond living like sheep under the ruthless yoke of a community attitude that branded them as inferior people?

Hatchett, rubbing his cheek and looking down at the floor, said, "They go to church on Sunday and they sing, 'Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves, we shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.' Maybe the school fuss is our line; where we take our stand. Maybe a new outlook will come if we win this fight."

I DROVE back to Marion, picked up my few things, ate a whopping meal at Mrs. Hodge's table, and told her I was going to East St. Louis.

"We don't have much to offer here," she said, "but if you ever need a place to retire to where in summer the weather is wonderful and in winter you can toast yourself by the fire, come back."

I drove out state Route 13 across rolling country that was incredible in its beauty. Well-kept farms were all around, and the villages I passed through reminded me of small New England towns in their neatness. At the southern edge of East St. Louis I pulled up to a small roadside tavern for a package of cigarettes. Two bartenders behind the counter eyed me coldly as I moved toward the cigarette vending machine.

"We don't have any cigarettes," one of the men said. I looked at the vending machine, and I looked at him.

"I said we don't have any cigarettes; now get out of here," he said, in the same voice you use when you chase the cat off the living room couch.

I entered another tavern less than a mile away. I had only stepped through the door when the barmaid said, "Nothing doing, and I mean nothing doing. We don't allow your kind of people in here." I left without saying anything.

I had made a number of stops en route to East St. Louis, so when I finally arrived I was completely worn out. I wanted a bath and sleep more than anything else.

Driving into the business section, I saw the bright lights of the Broadview Hotel, and I headed in that direction. But a strange thing happened to me; I drove on past the hotel toward the bridge that would take me to St. Louis. I was afraid; that's why I was running like a scared rabbit to St. Louis. Afraid that the Broadview would turn me down. I didn't want to stand again in a hotel lobby and be told that I couldn't have a room because I am a Negro. In St. Louis I knew I could get a room.

In Illinois I had traveled over a large section of the state seeking an answer to the question: "What is it like being a Negro in the 'Land of Lincoln'?" Near Belleville a gas station attendant had waved me on, refusing to sell me gasoline when he saw I was a Negro. In Mounds a Negro member of the board of education had said, "No, I wouldn't push integration in our schools, because I don't think the community is ready for it." At Carbondale the Negro principal of a Negro high school had declared, "The trouble with the integration program here is that white people don't want Negroes teaching their children."

Now I found myself running from the land of the Great Emancipator to St. Louis, my escape hatch against possible humiliation.

You get tired of running. You get sick at heart. You get angry.

I turned back without registering at a St. Louis hotel. I drove to the Broadview Hotel in East St. Louis. I was prepared to argue, to fume, to sue. I wanted to be turned away so that I could tell the clerk what I thought of him, his hotel, and the whites who discriminated against Negroes because they were black. But it never came off — and I am glad.

"How many are in your party, sir?"

The bellhop said as he escorted me to my room, "I think Milwaukee is going to take the Yanks, don't you?"

It is the humiliation of segregation that is so bitter for a Negro. And in the North it cuts twice as deep, because in such common matters as eating in a restaurant or sleeping in a hotel he expects reception, but he never knows when he will be turned away and humiliated. In the North a Negro never quite knows what his reception will be. In the South he does. That is the major difference.

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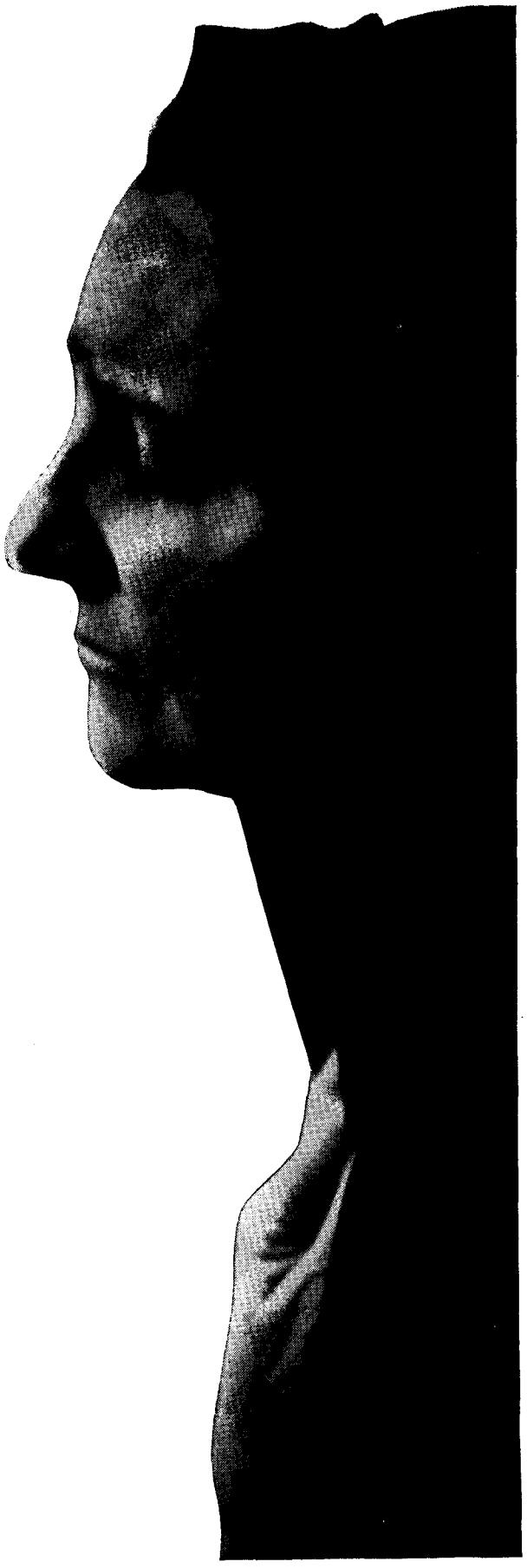
RUTH DRAPER

BY IRIS ORIGO



American by birth, IRIS ORIGO *has done most of her writing in southern Tuscany and in Rome. Her books include a biography of Leopardi; a short study of Byron's daughter; and* THE LAST ATTACHMENT, *an account of Byron's love affair with Countess Guiccioli.*

"MY WONDERFUL life goes miraculously on." So she wrote at over seventy, to a friend of thirty years standing; and the life she meant was surely not her own, but that of the full company of actors whom, wherever she went, she conjured up beside her. When did she first begin to summon them? Perhaps she herself could not have said. A cousin, in whose house she often stayed in childhood, recollects that, when she was only eight or ten years old, the other children would gather round her in the nursery at bedtime. "Do the Channel crossing, Ruth!" "Do Mrs. X!" "Do Fräulein!" And suddenly, sitting on the edge of her bed, the small girl in a nightgown would call up, for the benefit of her beguiled, bemused, and soon wildly giggling contemporaries, a whole procession of mercilessly delineated, exquisitely absurd grown-ups. A little later, it was the guests in her mother's drawing room who were portrayed, sometimes for an equally appreciative audience in the sewing room or pantry. It was from one of these that, fifty years later, when Ruth was playing at the Gaiety Theatre in Dublin, a letter came: "I'm not surprised at the Posetion you took up, as many a time Bridget Brodrick was trying to control yourself and Master Paul in the Laundry-room with your antics."

Master Paul was Ruth's brother, the youngest and closest to her in age of the family of eight —

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Ruth's half-brother and sister, William Kinnicutt and Martha, and then Charles, George, Dorothea, Alice, Ruth, and Paul — who lived in Dr. William H. Draper's house on 47th Street, New York. Ruth's grandfather was Charles A. Dana, the publisher and editor of the old New York *Sun;* her father, a brilliant and much-loved doctor; and the guests who came to the house came from the world of letters and music, as well as from that of "Old New York." As Ruth grew up, there were visits to museums, to concerts, to the theater, and then the first parties as a debutante; there were summers at Dark Harbor in Maine, the place which remained, perhaps, the nearest to Ruth's heart, and where later on she opened the doors of her house and her heart to her friends, among them those from Italy who had become voluntary exiles during the Fascist years. As bright-eyed and industrious and ruthless as a young squirrel, the girl stored up the inflections and gestures which became her stock in trade. *The German Governess*, *The Children's Party*, *The Boston Art Gallery*, *The Debutante* — all date from these early, ineradicable memories.

At first, however, it was only at home that Ruth's talents were displayed. "Do something to amuse us, my dear," her mother would say when the conversation flagged after dinner, and at the end of the evening, weak with laughter, the guests would cry, "That child ought to go on the stage!" One of them, the great Paderewski, said it seriously — and it was to him that Ruth listened.

When the Junior League needed talent for a charity performance, it was she who proved so great a draw that soon other charities, too, asked for her help. Again Ruth agreed, gradually adding to her repertoire and attracting a larger audience, but still stipulating that the proceeds were to be sent directly to the charity concerned. It was not until January 29, 1920, that she made her professional debut at the Aeolian Hall in London and filled it to capacity. At last she had become what she had always wished to be — a professional.

From then until thirty-seven years later — until, indeed, only a few hours before her death at the age of seventy-two — the story is one of unbroken triumph. Yet the secret of her vast, her universal success still remains elusive. How was it possible for this slight, bright-eyed little woman to fill her theaters night after night for forty years, in London as in Paris, in New York as in Bangkok, to be applauded by young and old alike, to be appreciated at Windsor Castle and in a Mexican mining town? How was so complete an illusion created with such slender means?

To a degree, this is always true of the actor's art. "Every night," wrote Virginia Woolf, "when the curtain goes down, the beautiful coloured canvas is rubbed out. What remains is at best only a wavering, insubstantial phantom, a verbal life on the lips of the living." If this is true in general, it is peculiarly so of Ruth's vivid impersonations. Since the parts she played were only those she had created for herself, she never became identified with any of the symbolic, eternal figures of the stage: she was never Electra, Athalie, or Ophelia. Actresses who play these parts — however variously they may interpret them — take on for a season something of the greatness of the minds which first conceived them: the air they breathe is that of Sophocles, Racine, Shakespeare. And when their voice is stilled, their memory is indissolubly bound to the image they brought to life: we say Sarah's Phèdre and Ellen Terry's Desdemona.

This world Ruth never entered at all. Her talent was on a smaller scale, but it was a gift entirely authentic, absolutely her own — requiring no props, no costumes, no fellow actors, not even a playwright. Scenery? At the end of the script of her monologues there is a list of her stage requirements, as meager, surely, as can be found in the history of the stage. For *Doctors and Diets*, "a small rectangular table and a restaurant chair"; for *At the Court of Philip IV*, "two long, low benches"; for *An Italian Church*, "a small rush-bottom chair"; for most of the others, nothing at all. Costumes? A few hats, mostly rather battered, a dressing gown, a raincoat, and a collection of shawls. These last were her only indispensable accessories: draped in a hundred different ways, they turned her into an old Irishwoman, a young Italian girl in church, a Dalmatian peasant, a great Spanish lady. By Ruth's own desire, they draped her coffin on the day of her funeral.

As she dispensed with props, so she laboriously worked out for herself her own technique, alone, disregarding the advice of even the greatest professionals. "Pourquoi ne faites-vous pas la comédie?" asked Sarah Bernhardt, after hearing her. "Mon enfant, ne faites jamais la comédie," said Duse. Ruth thanked them prettily — and went her own way. For one season only, thinking that she might learn something from working in the company of a great actress, she accepted a minor part in one of Marie Tempest's plays. But it was a failure: Ruth became a mere shadow of herself, her whole personality muted. The experiment was never repeated. "My dear," said Henry James, "you have made for yourself a little carpet of your very own. Stand on it."

Where then did she find her subject matter? In everyone she knew. Her sketches are a series of

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delicate, brilliant, utterly convincing conversation pieces, in which the only speaker, with many voices, is Ruth herself. For this is what she really cared for: people, daily life. She went round an English garden with her hostess; she sat in an Italian church; she attended a courtroom; she spoke to a child in the street. Then she went home and worked. She worked very hard indeed. "I am happy," Ellen Terry once wrote to GBS, "not to be clever," and the reason she gave him was that "you clever people miss so much."

Ruth, too, seized the things that the "clever people" so often miss, the thousand tiny details of which daily life is made, which chill or warm the heart. Alone in her room, she imagined the people she wished to portray; she thought about their life, their surroundings, their feelings. Then, when she had lived herself into her subject, she worked before the mirror, experimenting with facial expressions and gestures. Sometimes the preparation of a sketch, before she was satisfied with it, took eight or ten years. It was all done, she once said to my children, by imagination. "Think *hard enough* about drinking the juice of seven lemons, and you'll have the right face!"

The script of her monologues was written down, but served merely as an accessory to her memory. The point of her sketches was not in their verbal brilliance — when one came home from the theater, there were few sentences that remained in the memory — but rather in the extraordinary accuracy and delicacy of ear which enabled her to build up, by a thousand imperceptible touches, her finished portraits. Moreover she treated her script merely as a framework. No two performances were precisely the same. A different inflection, an interpolated sentence, a new gesture — these, after forty years of repetition, still kept each part alive.

Her repertory consisted of some forty sketches in which she played fifty-eight parts, in English, French, German, Italian, with an Irish brogue or a Highland lilt, or in the brilliant invented languages of her "imaginary folk songs" and of the flower names of her English garden. "Next week my *Funnifelosis* will be in bloom . . . and those darling little pale *Punnyfunkums*. You don't know the *Punnyfunkums*? . . . But my poor *Glubjullas* never came up at all." She took us to an English bazaar, a Southern dance, a porch in a Maine coast village, a New York hospital, a station on the Western Plains, a windswept beach in Normandy; we shared in a class in Greek poise, a lunch in a smart New York restaurant, and in the efforts of a whole English village to prepare a country cottage for a soldier's return from the war. Perhaps the most remarkable of her gifts was her power to bring upon the stage, in addition to the part she was playing, a dozen subsidiary characters. In *Three Women and Mr. Clifford*, for instance, Ruth was each of the three women in turn: Mr. Clifford's wife, his secretary, and the woman he loved. He himself never appeared, except through them. Yet most of us would agree with the member of the audience who, on his way out of the theater, said to his companion: "Wasn't Clifford the most long-suffering jackass in that car?" — and only a moment later added, "My God, he wasn't there!"

Then there is *The Italian Lesson*. The curtain goes up; we see a smart middle-aged woman in a dressing gown on a sofa: "Good morning, Signorina, good morning. I can't tell you how excited I am that we have come to Dante at last!" The lady, at the moment, is alone; but within two minutes the stage is so full that we are craning forward in our seats to prevent the baby from falling into the wastepaper basket, to catch the puppy ("Pat him on his *head*, sweetheart — that's his tail"), to order the dinner ("It isn't fish? I always thought it was fish. It looks like fish, tastes like fish"), to fill the opera box ("Oh, anyone, so long as it's a man! No, wait, I picked up a charming young Englishman last week, Sir Basil Something — I put him on a scrap of paper in the blotter"), to design a fancy dress ("You'll find ten yards of blue chiffon in the sewing room. The figure of Hope — a lady, blindfolded, listening to someone, sitting on a ball"), to do the shopping ("a very *dirty* lampshade on the sofa, and on the mantelpiece a pile of yellow taffeta samples" and "from Brentano's, by special messenger, a new book called *Our Inner Life*"). And of course, in between, to read Dante. "*Nel mezzo del cammin* — don't you think, Signorina, that is what happens to people in the middle of life? They often become confused . . ."

All this is done with great bravura, in almost rollicking high spirits. We laugh and laugh. It is only when it is over that we realize that we have seen the picture of a woman's whole life — filled to overflowing, and as empty as a hollow nut.

Ruth's characters, unlike those of most mimics, are never mere silhouettes: we see them in the round, bearing with them their background, their past and future. In *Three Generations*, imagine Ruth coming onto the stage (which is completely bare except for a kitchen chair) as the grandmother — an ugly, squat old woman holding a black shawl tightly round her head; beneath it, one has a glimpse of sunken cheeks drawn in over a toothless jaw. She has a low, harsh voice and a strong Jewish accent. She lifts a shaking hand. "Good morning, Judge. My name is Anna Abra-

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hams, seventy-nine years old. I live at 64 Orchard Street, with my daughter and granddaughter. . . . Twenty-five years. . . . That's my home."

She has come before the Judge, in a court of domestic relations, to ask him to prevent her granddaughter, who wants to get married and to go out to the West, from putting her, with her daughter, in an old people's home. "I'm an old woman . . . too old to work. And my daughter, she's got heart trouble and can't work. . . . We couldn't live without Rosie." Harshly, bitterly, she mumbles her complaints of her granddaughter's flightiness and the irresponsibility of the girl's young man. "She go dance every night, she come home late. . . . And the young man — he drink — he make a very bad husband. . . . Rosie she should stay by me. Why she must go away?" Still mumbling, she sits down.

Then, with a most remarkable dramatic effect, the daughter rises. As Ruth Draper throws the shawl back upon her shoulders, a transformation takes place: in an instant, the stooping, toothless old crone has turned into a tall, middle-aged woman of dignity and beauty. (One of Ruth's admirers once wrote of her "genius for assuming physical height — one of the tests of the great ones. The elder Salvini had it, and Irving.") Standing very erect and very still before the Judge, she speaks in a faint, flat voice, without acrimony but without hope. One of her sons has tuberculosis, the other has run away; she has heart trouble and a paralyzed arm. "I sent Rosie to business college, so she should have a profession. She has a wonderful job. And now, she only wants to go. . . . No, sir, I don't like this young man. He don't work regular, and he drinks. . . . Please, Judge, tell my girl she should wait. . . . She's so young . . . and she don't understand what life is. . . . And she owes me something."

She too sits down, and now Rosie springs up, flinging off the shawl altogether. She — how is it done? — is youth itself. Her eyes sparkle, her speech is breathless, even the nervous movements of her hands, as she clasps and unclasps them, have the awkward eagerness of youth. What is her name? "Everyone calls me Rosie!" She is a stenographer, she loves her work, she loves her home — "we've got a very nice little home" — but yes, she does want to get married. "I want my mother and grandmother should go to a home for old people — and they don't want to go!" There is indignation in her voice, and also surprise. But she is a *good* girl, that is plain. She loves her mother and her grandmother and she has taken great pains to find a nice place for them. "The house has got four sides to it — there's windows all round — and in the room they're going to give my mother and my grandmother, the window looks straight into a tree. . . . They got cretonne drapes and cushions in the chairs. They got a piano and a radio and a Victor." The old ladies, she says, all seem very contented, "knitting and sitting around."

All this is said with offhand kindliness, in a cool, clear young voice. But when she speaks of her young man, her voice changes, it becomes warmer, deeper; she begins to plead. "Judge, I can't give him up. I got to go." They have been offered a job on a Western farm. "You go for four days and nights, and when you get out there's absolutely nothing to see, only earth and sky. . . . No, we don't know nothing about it, but we can learn. We're both young." No, she replies to the Judge's questions, her young man does *not* drink. "Well he drunk some because he was so discouraged, but he won't drink no more when we get married — he told me." No, she did not run about and waste her money. "They've got every penny I earn." Yes, she will miss her mother. "I'll miss her something terrible." But she must get away. "I want to get out of this. I want my own life." And then comes the final, desperate appeal. "Can't you see? They're different! Judge, don't make me stay!"

That is all. The Judge tells her to come back next Wednesday and to bring her young man, and we know what the answer will be. Rosie will have her husband and her life. "Come on, Grandma, what's the use of talking now? . . . Come on home."

They go out, and it is only then that we realize that it is only one woman that we have been watching; one woman who, on an empty stage, without even a change of dress, has brought before us old age and middle age and youth — despair and resignation and rebellious hope — whose very bones seem to have changed before our eyes. The woman who could do this was not merely a great mimic, but a woman who loved life and human beings.

It was this, I think, above all else that drew the vast audiences that packed her theaters year after year. "She is not astonishing you," wrote Brooks Atkinson, the drama critic of the New York *Times*, "with the brilliance of her talent. She is modestly asking for your interest in various characters, most of whom represented her respect for the human race." It was this respect which, for all the sharpness of her observation, took the bitterness out of Ruth's mockery. The laughter she aroused was never that which, when its echoes have died down, leaves one feeling chilled and sad: her audiences, at the evening's end, took with them a taste as sweet and crisp as that of a ripe apple.

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They took with them, too, especially the young and obscure or the elderly and lonely, a certainty that they had found a friend. They thronged into her greenroom and went on writing to her for years letters which touched her more than those of any of her great contemporaries, which she invariably answered and which she kept all her life. The files in which her correspondence is preserved bear witness to these friendships. There are the letters of a little Scottish boy who was waiting for her one day at the stage door and to whom she went on writing even after he had emigrated to New Zealand, ten years later. There are the notes of an elderly man who writes in the style of her own sketches: "Yes, that's my name. — Sixty-seven. — Yes, unemployed for the last year. Income? Well, it's two fifths of what it was before. — I had to go in the stalls, because I am a bit deaf. — Inexcusable extravagance? No, it will be something for me to talk about, if I have to come down to sitting by the workhouse fire."

And then there are the letters of Fred B., the owner of a secondhand book barrow in Walworth, who writes to tell Ruth that she is "a dear sweet lady and the greatest actress in the world," and who soon becomes a friend, so that she accepts an invitation to see his books. "I shall have the pleasure of calling for you around 5:30 on Thursday, and if buses too full we'll go by tube to Elephant and Castle and get a tube there. We are working class, and home is humble, but clean and homely, and we are going to get a specially nice tea, with cake and a special treat of flan." Ten years later the friendship still prospers, and Ruth has sent two seats in the stalls to Fred and his wife. "It's the first time in her sixty years of life that she ever sat in the stalls, but I was myself not quite a stranger to the posh seats." For Fred, meanwhile, has come up in the world: he has begun to write about his book collection and has received a check for five guineas from *Town and Country*. "I'm in luck and so I did not go out with my barrow this cold day." Fred is sure that he will go on writing now, "and you will see your name creep in, sort of: 'I remember on one occasion when Ruth Draper was having tea with me . . .' The proper swank, yet it does get over and astonish people. And they'll say, 'Blimey, he knows Ruth Draper. He must be someone.' "

The origins of the drama, in every Western land, are rooted in one great theme: the journey of Everyman between Good and Evil. Ruth Draper's sketches, too — slight as some of them were — followed that great tradition; they too were morality plays, stories of Everyman's meeting with Vanity and Passion, with Folly and Despair, but always moving in an ordered, stable world, in which at the last it is goodness that prevails.

Perhaps it was this belief which enabled Ruth, in spite of her own encounters with anxiety and grief, to preserve all her life what was her most irresistible gift: her delight. "My wonderful life goes miraculously on." If her audiences rejoiced in her, she was no less enchanted by them. "Weren't they wonderful tonight?" she would say as she left the theater, and the same zest endured on this side of the footlights, in the company of her friends. The moment would come after dinner when the chairs would be pushed into a semicircle and "Do you really want me to?" Ruth would ask as she rose. "Well, just one before bedtime — which shall it be?" And again, as in her own schoolroom days, young voices — those of the children and grandchildren of her first hearers — would clamor: "Please, please, *The German Governess!*"

Now and again, though not often, a life closes in a manner entirely fitting: the pattern is rounded, complete. To Ruth, whose life had been as active as a bird's, the lean still years of old age would have been unbearable; the generous hands, always extended to give and to gather in, could never have lain folded. When I saw her last, only three months before her death, she told me about her plans for the coming winter; the season she was going to give in New York, in the Playhouse Theatre. For the first time she said how greatly she dreaded the day when she would have to give up her work, but added, "It hasn't quite come yet!"

I was reminded then of a passage in Ellen Terry's *Story of My Life* in which she described the celebrations for her "jubilee," after fifty years upon the stage. "Perhaps," she added, "my chief joy was that I had not to say goodbye to any of the celebrators. I could still speak to my profession as a fellow-comrade on the active list, and to the public as one still in their service."

Ruth Draper, too, never left the service of her adoring public. Her last season at the Playhouse began on Christmas night and, in spite of bitter weather, she never had a more brilliant opening. The next day, the press was as lavish as ever in its praise. "There is only one Ruth Draper." On December 29 she gave two performances, but did not admit to any fatigue, and when she came out after the evening show, she drove down Broadway to gaze at the bright lights under the stars. Then, with laughter and applause still ringing in her ears, she went home to bed. When the maid came to wake her the next morning, it was to discover that she had died peacefully in her sleep. She, too, had never had to say good-by.

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An Atlantic "First"

A graduate of the University of Missouri, HOWARD DAVIS *studied political science under Harold Laski at the London School of Economics before the war, and returned to England as a major in the Eighth Air Force. He was director of Dave Garroway's* TODAY *for two years and is now working for the advertising firm of N. W. Ayer in its Philadelphia headquarters and writing fiction on the side.*

THE preacher walked with Richard through the oppressive June heat, down the main and only street of Defiance, toward Schlueter and Vogler's General Store. The man was tall and lanky and carried himself erectly, and the boy was small but quite big enough to be eight years old. It was a sweet and good thing for a sixty-two-year-old man to have an eight-year-old son.

"When can we go to the river, Daddy?"

"Maybe next week."

"Why so long off?"

"It's too hot. You'd melt down into your shoes." Then the preacher and Richard both laughed, looking down at the boy's dusty bare feet.

They met the River Rat coming out of the blacksmith shop. This was the closest Richard had been to the stranger. He looked bigger and darker and more fearsome than anyone Richard had ever seen before. Three weeks ago the man had walked out of the cottonwoods, coming from the river. Mr. Howell had seen him crossing the fields, but the man had shut the gates behind himself and had walked near the fence, not to tromp on the young corn. He seemed to know where he was going, looking neither to his right nor to his left. Maynard Niehoff had personally seen him in the store, where he bought things like flour and potatoes and tobacco, but no meat at all. A boy named Clyde Fulkerson, hunting rabbits in the cottonwood jungle, thought he saw a dirty tent pitched on the riverbank, but Clyde was timid about going too close.

The preacher said, "Good afternoon." The stranger eyed them, mumbled, and walked on.

When he thought it was safe, Richard looked back. "What *is* a river rat, Daddy?" he asked.

"It's a name people give to folks who live on the river, or near it. It's not a very nice name. I wouldn't use it if I were you."

"Maynard says the River Rat eats raw catfish."

"Don't believe everything you hear, son."

They reached the store. The preacher bought some bread and a can of Prince Albert, and asked as casually as he could feign it how the ball game was going. Mr. Schlueter, a fat, jolly man, told him that the Gas House Gang were trailing the Cubs four to two; why didn't the preacher just sit down and listen to the rest of the game?

Richard did not care much for listening to baseball games. He was for the Cardinals just as he was for President Roosevelt and Billy Sunday, but what he really cared most about were the river and the bluffs. They were the only

Drawing by George Caleb Bingham.

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mysteries in Richard's life, except death, and yet it was hard in Defiance to strike up a good conversation about them. People talked about the NRA, and about whether it was sinful the way Wallace wanted to kill the little pigs, and how nice or how awful it was that Prohibition had ended, and all the time less than a mile away the Missouri River flowed on toward the Mississippi, flowed unseen just this side of those bluffs which were the biggest and most magnificent bluffs that God had ever made, where few men in Defiance had ever set foot because the bluffs were on the *other side* of the river.

Of all Richard's brothers and sisters, Terry had been the most helpful. Although he was ten years older and almost grown up, it was Terry who took down the book with the maps and said, "This is where we are, this is our river, and we're on this side, you and I, Richard, right now; and on that side is St. Louis County, and there at the end of my fingernail is St. Louis, a great city no more than twenty-eight miles away if it weren't for the wide bridgeless river and the bluffs too steep to climb."

Terry had succeeded in showing Richard where Defiance and the Darst Bottom stood in relation to St. Louis and the state of Missouri, and Maude Tyler, who had taught two generations at the one-room school, had already placed Missouri in a nation and that nation in the same world with China and Paris, France. But neither Terry nor Maude nor even Daddy had ever been clean across the quarter mile of river and climbed the bluff and looked back to see what Defiance looked like to the sun that rose out of the rocks.

It was awful hard even to get to *see* the river. Here is what you had to do. You had to get in the Model T with Terry and ride over the bouncy dusty bottom road until it petered out at the last farm, the Howells'. Then you had to have a corncob fight with Joyce Lee Howell, who was ten; you had to say, "We're gonna walk down and see if the river's still there," and hear Mr. Howell 'spect that it is. Then you had to cross sixty hundred fields and open thirty hundred wagon gates until the fields stopped and the cottonwoods started, and find the path that goes through, and walk and walk until finally you could stop, hook your thumbs in the bib of your overalls, and say, "Yep, it's still there!"

You had to do all that even to *see* the river. Richard had not seen it since 1934, which was last September.

The Redbirds lost four to two, and then the preacher had a call to make in the bottom. He and Richard walked back to the parsonage for the car at about three thirty. It was fearfully hot. Richard liked the breeze that the open car's movement created.

"Who're we gonna comfort?" Richard asked. Terry had said that once as a joke.

"Mrs. Hooper. She's pretty sick," said the preacher.

"What'll I do?"

"I can drop you off at the Howells' if you want to play with Joyce Lee."

"And pick me up later?"

"In about an hour."

Richard thought it over. Against it was Joyce Lee's deadeye aim, but Mrs. Howell usually had cookies and Mr. Howell knew some river stories.

"Okay," said Richard.

He stood watching by the mailbox as his father drove on. Strange that the Howells had not taken in their mail. Richard took it out carefully and walked up the path to the old frame house. He called "Joyce Lee" and then "Anybody home?" A tiger-striped cat rubbed against his leg. Nobody answered. The screen door opened easily, which was excuse enough to go in, so Richard deposited the mail on the parlor table. It was mysterious to be in somebody's house when no one was home. You could open drawers if you wanted. Richard debated a moment with his conscience, then instead went to the kitchen and the cookie jar. Oatmeal cookies. Three are the most you can take without their being missed. He wandered out the kitchen door, munching. From the back porch the bluffs looked about twice as big as they did in Defiance. You could see that the blue parts were actually green and were probably trees growing in the canyons of the rocks. Even from here you could not see the river. Why, oh why, must the fields and the gates and the cottonwoods . . .

The thought no sooner struck than it was accepted. Pounced on. The first gate was easy, and the first field was actually the barnyard pasture. When you were alone you had to run through this one, for though all four animals looked like cows, one *might* be a bull. The second gate was heavy, so Richard climbed over it. A field of corn, to be skirted. Another gate. A field of oats, which turned into watermelons without a fence between, and the melons ran into weeds, and the weeds into cottonwood; the civilized world and its thirty hundred gates were behind.

The cottonwoods are skinny and very tall, about three times as tall as a young human being. They cannot be walked through except by the path, because they grow so close together. It is very hot inside the cottonwood jungle because the breeze cannot get in. It is a good idea to take off your shirt. Richard left his by the path and put a

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dead branch across it to stumble over and make him remember the shirt on the way home. The ground was getting softer.

A rabbit jumped up from somewhere and bounced ahead down the path. Richard raised an imaginary shotgun and blasted away, but the rabbit was out of range. There were some mosquitoes now.

A movement in the weeds ahead. Richard stopped in his tracks, remembering the water moccasins. Terry would say that they are as scared of you as you are of them, but Terry was not here. Retreat can be honorable if the foe is so dread. A little garter snake wriggled out of hiding and away. Retreat is to be avoided at all costs.

There are still more things you have to do to reach the river. You have to think, even say aloud, "I'm gonna see the Missouri River soon," and "The Missouri and Mississippi together form the longest river system in the world," and "Missouri comes from Indian talk and means 'Big Muddy.' " You have to stop and listen to find out if you can hear it yet, but you cannot. You have to be more careful not to lose the path, and swat a mosquito on your shoulder, and notice that you cannot see the bluffs because the jungle is so high and so thick. You have to feel the mud starting to slither between your bare toes, and then be aware that you *can* hear the river, way off and muffled, sort of. You have to rejoice in being eight, wish real hard for Terry to share it all, and take it back. Mud slither, mosquito bite, louder river, thinner jungle, faster heart. Thinner, louder, faster . . .

"Yippee!" Out loud.

One second, nothing ahead but jungle; the next, brown water, eddying close by, rushing farther out, roaring, roaring now there's no more cottonwoods to deaden the sound. The bluffs tower ahead and over, endless Gibraltars, chalky rock and green canyons and on top real trees and a house and barn as close as the Howells', though in another world. Heart pounding, pleasure swimming so in your head you could like to die!

WHATCHA doin', boy?"

The long shadow moved, and the boy, terror-eyed, wheeled to face it. Dark, gigantic, stark naked, stood the River Rat.

"I said whatcha doin'? Cat got your tongue?"

Richard knew he must speak. If naked, crazy river rats are anything like cows or snarling dogs, you've got to try not to *look* scared, no matter how much you are.

"I seen you in town," said the River Rat. His voice was not quite as gruff as Richard had imagined it. He seemed to want a reply, but Richard's throat was not ready.

"Was that your grandpa you was with?"

"My daddy." Faintly.

"He spoke real friendly."

"He's the preacher," Richard said.

"He don't seem as stuck-up as most," said the River Rat.

"He's a Methodist."

The giant laughed so heartily that Richard decided he had said something very clever. He tried to laugh himself, but it did not work. The naked man's laugh was all the way down in his hairy belly, which flexed like arm muscles with the laughter. The belly was white; only from the neck up was the giant so dark.

"Methodist, huh? My family was *full* of Methodists! John Wesley-this and John Wesley-that! All sprinklin', no dunkin'." He laughed as though the memory were very funny. Then Richard realized that he was still not looking at the man's face. There were things about the River Rat's nakedness that Richard had never even imagined.

"Are you a Methodist too?" Richard asked, politely. Now the sound seemed to come from himself, and he was looking at the bearded dark-gray face.

"Me? Hell, no! I ain't nothin'. I ain't a Mason, Odd Fellow, Baptist or Methodist or hypocrite!" He laughed again, at his own cleverness now, Richard guessed.

"You're a river rat, aren't you?" He did not know what made him say it. He looked around to see if there was anything he would stumble over if he could manage to run.

"Is that what they say?" Curiously.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I guess I am, if they say so."

"Do you only wear clothes to town?"

"What? Oh, you mean why am I bare-ass naked? Look here." For the first time Richard noticed the broken fishline. "Trotline got snarled on somethin' in the river. Had to wade in to pull 'er free."

It was a relief to know he did not go around naked, Richard thought. All of a sudden he was conscious of being no longer frightened.

"Where's your tent?"

"What tent?"

"They say you live in a tent somewhere."

"Well, tell 'em I don't live in no tent. Tell 'em to mind their own damn business!" He was gruff again.

"Yes, sir. I will." Some of the fear came back.

"You want to see where I live?"

"Yes, sir."

"C'mon. I oughta git some clothes on. Might corrupt ya."

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There was a small jutting out of the shore about a hundred yards downstream. Richard followed the naked man, neither one speaking. Beyond the jutting out Richard saw the boat in the stagnant slough. It was bigger than any other boat Richard had seen, a sort of houseboat with a smaller house on top where the wheel was, and a flat deck not far above the water line. It was painted gray all over and had numbers on it at various places. A plank ran from the deck to the oozy shore. Heavy ropes were tied to stakes that had been driven deep in the soil.

"How d'ya like it?" the River Rat asked, proudly.

"Gosh, it's big! Is it yours?"

"Nope. I take keer of it."

"You live on it?"

"Sure. You wanta see? You don't believe it?"

Richard followed him over the plank. The man stooped as they entered the small cabin. Inside were four bunks and a table and a bottled-gas cooking stove.

"You really live here? No kidding?"

"You like it, huh?" The man started to pull on his overalls.

"Whose is it?"

"B'longs to the gover'ment. Now you know my secret, huh?"

"Sure I do!" Richard said proudly. Then, "What is your secret?"

"I'm a civil servant! See? I ain't no river rat. This here's a broke Army boat. It looks all right, but the engine's shot to hell. Broke down right out there. It's thirty-two years old, thereabouts. They say they're gonna put a new engine in it someday. I dunno. The Army don't know their —" He looked at the boy and checked himself. "Anyways, they's a gover'ment regulation 'gainst leavin' anything unguarded. So this Captain Abernathy sends me down here four weeks ago. I was workin' in a yard where they store pilings down by Washington, Missouri. Captain Abernathy says, 'Pete, of all the civilian employees the U.S. Army ever had I 'spect you like folks lesser than anybody I ever seen. You want a nice lonely job where you can fish and not see nobody, even civilian employees like yourself?' I says 'sure,' and here I am. Not bad, huh?"

"Gosh! You're really a civilian?" Richard did not know what the word meant, but it sounded impressive.

"Name's Pete Harmon. What's yours?"

"Richard. How many fish do you catch?"

"Not many this side. The channel cats like the current. It runs nigh to the other side. Got three trotlines out, the other side. Wanta see my skiff?"

The man led the way back to the deck and pointed. There on the downstream side, tied to the larger boat, was a rowboat, its stern riding low from the weight of an outboard motor.

"See? It ain't the Army's, neither. It's mine. Brought it down from Washington, Missouri, when they dropped me off here. It's real nice to have. I run over twice a day to the trotlines, and usually they's a small channel cat or a carp or two, and I save most of the dough they give me fer food, so's I kin drink bottle-in-bond 'stead of bootleg rotgut and send a little to my old lady, who lives in Sikeston. Now if you're rowin' a boat, you gotta aim upstream and crablike if you wanta go straight across, and it's mighty hard in the current, I'm tellin' you, but the motor don't care none, and I lift the gas off'n the Army. Wanta go across with me to check the trots? Don't take long."

Richard had not listened too carefully until "go with me." Now he closed his eyes and prayed silently. "Let it be true that he said that! Give me the words to make him see how much I want what I believe he is offering."

He spoke carefully. "I don't care," he said.

Here's the kind of prayer you pray while crossing a river. Thank you, Almighty God, Master of boys and bluffs, Maker of outboard motors, Sender of civilians. Thank you that the River Rat's own skiff is parting the thick brown water taking me closer and closer. Thank you that the current doesn't frighten me, that the Howells weren't at home. Forgive the cookies and wishing all the time that Terry would come back, and thank you again for the naked man with clothes on now who sits by the motor with his big hand on that rod steering us. Thank you, Lord Jesus!

As the bluffs came closer, the green canyons were individual trees and bushes, the sheer stone outcroppings revealed veins and layers, and an outhouse was added to the farmhouse and barn. Finally the bluffs could not come any closer because the river was all behind. The motor idled and coughed to silence as Pete came forward and grabbed a small tree on shore, pulling the boat in close.

"Jump ashore, boy!"

Richard jumped to the soil of St. Louis County. He kept looking up as Pete pulled in his first trotline, empty. A cloud passing overhead made the bluff sway and lean until Richard almost cried out in alarm. Then he saw the steps. They were wooden and ran zigzag up one of the green canyons.

"What's that, Pete?" he cried. "Where do the steps go?"

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"Steps? Oh, them steps. They run up to that farmhouse. I 'spect them folks steal from my trotlines. I'd like to catch 'em!"

"You mean they go all the way up the bluff?"

"Why not? You don't think that's a big bluff, do you? That's nothin' like the ones up by Pacific or down by Jeff City. That's a puny bluff, son. Not more'n a hunderd fifty feet."

Richard started for the steps.

"Wait a minute, boy! If yer gonna climb 'em I'd best tag along."

After about forty million steps Richard looked down. Pete, foreshortened below him, grinned in encouragement. The river swirled below Pete, far, far below. Richard grasped the rail more tightly and did not look down again until he had reached the top. They had come out near the barn, but the zigzag pattern of the steps had taken them away from the bluff so that Richard could not immediately find the river. Pete showed him the way.

Now this is what it is like to stand on a bluff. You are very high up, but the clouds still look a long way off. Behind you the land is flat. The bluff is a bluff only on one side. If you stand on it you do not exactly see it. You see a river far below and you feel a little dizzy and you take Pete's hand, thinking for a minute it's Terry's. It's a bigger, rougher hand, but you're not too sorry.

The river looks different from the way it does on the other side. Because you're so high up it doesn't flatten out and look like fuzzy white air far out, but is now a big brown stream, moving lazy and slow and grand. You see the cottonwoods from the top, and beyond them the watermelon field that turns into oats instead of the other way around. You see a hundred more fields, upstream and downstream, each field beyond smaller and bluer, until you finally see Defiance and realize for the first time how little it is in the scheme of things; it is blue instead of green, unlike the bluffs which turned out to be green instead of blue. The Pleasant Hill (Methodist, Old Stock) Church is on the small hill to the right of town, and the Emmaus (Evangelical, German) Church is on the small hill to the left of town, and you can't see Schlueter and Vogler's because of the grain elevator by the tracks. One thing you can see is the parsonage, plain as day but small as a dollhouse and no mother and father, no brothers or sisters in view. You see beyond Defiance too, blue rolling hills and winding roads and farm buildings big enough for ants. And you feel surprised that the world you live in every day is beautiful to people on the bluff in St. Louis County.

Richard squinted his eyes and looked again real hard at the Pleasant Hill Church, but the gravestones were too small to see. The graveyard itself was plain enough, and in the middle of it there was an old elm which, in all that vast panorama, gave Terry a tiny identifiable location of his own, for Richard remembered that at the funeral in December some of the frozen earth from the grave had been banked against the tree, and just last week, when he took his brother the daisies, he had been glad that there was shade so that they would not wilt for an hour or so.

The boy arrived home an hour after supper. His scolding was rather severe and very well deserved. He tried hard to look and feel repentant. His story would not hold water, that was sure. Maybe the stranger, maybe the Army boat. Not the nakedness, not crossing the river and climbing the bluff.

An hour after the boy had been sent to bed, the preacher sat on the porch smoking his pipe. His wife was troubled.

"Father," she said, "he wouldn't have just made up the muscles in the man's . . . stomach."

"No," said the preacher, and thought about it for a while. "If you stood on that bluff the store *would* be hidden by the grain elevator," he said finally.

"You'd better see if he's awake."

The preacher went to Richard's room. The child was awake, uncovered in the hot night.

"Son, tell me if you really climbed that bluff."

"Yes, sir. I did. I really did."

"I'm sorry. I'm sorry we didn't believe you."

"That's all right." Pause. "Daddy, will you tell me about the Mississippi?"

"Well, you know. We lived forty miles above Memphis, Tennessee —"

"What was across the river?"

"Arkansas."

"Was there a bridge?"

"No closer than Memphis in those days."

"Do you remember when you first crossed the river?"

Fifty-six years. The river was still alive then. Eighteen-seventy-nine. Gingerbread steamboats, trains of barges a half mile long, sweating Negroes lifting superhuman weights at the landing, a small boy, too shy to go close, who believed that the West commenced in Arkansas. Finally the uncle who had been a Confederate soldier, and the leaky rowboat, and the first step on the soil of the West, and looking back. Fearing forgetting.

"I remember it, son. Don't worry, you won't forget." Then from the doorway, "You won't lose this day, Richard. You won't lose it ever."

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Photograph of Uaxactún, Guatemala, from MEDIEVAL AMERICAN ART, *by Pál Kelemen. Courtesy of the Carnegie Institution of Washington.*

OLIVER
LA FARGE

The Unsolved Mystery of the Mayas

An anthropologist before the national success of LAUGHING BOY *turned him to the field of fiction,* OLIVER LA FARGE *has always retained an eager and vigilant interest in his first love, the Mayan culture, and the mysteries about it which still remain to be solved.*

ONE of the most interesting of all available studies of man's behavior waits, barely sampled, just beyond our own back yard in what anthropologists call Middle America: the region extending from Central Mexico to southern Honduras and El Salvador. The southerly part of this area was occupied by the Mayas, who developed the highest civilization native to the New World (Peruvian addicts may challenge this claim, but I stand by it).

The Mayas appear to us as an intriguing, puzzling people. Of metals they knew only gold, silver, and copper, all of which they used for jewelry, not for tools, yet they carved beautifully in wood and stone. They also painted on walls and on paper, modeled plaster, and drew with brushes, like Orientals, their best work showing rapid, strong, sensitive lines. They knew nothing of the wheel, hence did not use pulleys, yet they erected pyramids of great size, temples, "palaces," and such structures, and moved large altars and steles from the quarries to the place where they wanted them.

Without metals, but with infinite patience, they carved jade. Their ceramics, fine art, and architecture are comparable to the Greek only in a few instances, but they compare favorably to the Hindu and South Asiatic.

They had a true system of writing. To our knowledge, they indulged in the learned arts of mathematics, astronomy, and history; there are hints of others, yet to be made known. We may note that the Mayas knew how to inlay teeth and trepan skulls. Judging by what some of their descendants wrote shortly after the Spanish conquest, they had a poetic, vigorous literature. We know very little about their religion, and are still in the stage of denoting certain figures as "God A" or "God G."

They seem — again we are unsure — to have been organized into something on the order of city states, ruled, probably somewhat tyrannically, by priest-nobles. We used to believe that at their height the Mayas were innocent of warfare and human sacrifice; the evidence is that this ingratiating picture is too good to be true. But in their heyday they held interstate conferences of learned men and unified their calculations, astronomy, and written forms across hundreds of miles of territory. When they were going full blast, they abandoned the whole central part of their territory — mounds, terraces, pyramids, buildings by

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the hundreds, monuments, and all — and their culture petered out rapidly, leaving us with a puzzle.

Everything about the Mayas and their neighbors makes one want to know more, to see the digging go deeper in more places. I write about them at this moment because of a development that is causing Maya research to falter. For thirty-five years the Carnegie Institution of Washington, as an endowed, pure-research organization, was able to plan and carry out long-range work that was the backbone of Maya studies. Now it is ending its program.

To form a just idea of the importance of this change, let us turn from Maya research per se and consider it in relation to world archaeology and the study of man.

ARCHAEOLOGY is a humane science, a branch of anthropology dedicated to uncovering the story of man — his culture, advances, retrogressions — over long periods of time. Its potential contribution, both theoretical and practical, is great; modern thinking about mankind's course is already importantly influenced by it. In this contribution New World archaeology has a special part, and within that field Middle American studies occupy a place of unusual interest.

Best known to most of us is Old World archaeology. It tells us of our own forebears and our own cultural heritage, which give it immediacy, and it deals with what until recently was all but a tiny segment of mankind. One may well ask why that segment, which wandered into the Americas before Columbus, there to remain isolated and relatively backward, should deserve any special study.

The answer lies in the word "isolated." In medicine, in psychology, in plant and animal genetics we set up experiments, and as an essential part of the experiments we establish control groups. When we seek to study mankind in time depth we cannot have control groups; we cannot cut so many of our kind off from some common influence and sit back and watch the results. Geography, however, has given us one splendid control group in the pre-Columbian settlers of the New World, who entered it via Siberia bringing with them little beyond Old Stone Age cultures and who thereafter, having thinly spread over the land, set about man's business of populating the world and advancing himself.

Given cultural development without wheat or rice, without sheep, cattle, or horses, without benefit of the inventions and discoveries that Asia sent to Europe, Europe to Asia, and Africa to both, to what extent will man follow the same paths as his brethren, to what extent choose different ones? How many lines of behavior that we regard as dictated by natural law will he show to be local, cultural products after all? Study of New World men, even as far as it has gone, tends to show that one supposedly innate or natural institution or form of behavior after another is local and cultural, from kingship to voting, from Freud's father-image to believing that one should convert the heathen.

Naturally, being ourselves civilized, we are especially interested in knowing what kind of civilizations these isolated men might produce. If the most advanced invention diffused to them from the Old World was, probably, the bow and arrow, how would these people build, how would they advance? That they had a different agriculture, sharing only cotton with the Old World, was dictated by the available flora. Similarly, the fauna dictated that they had no domesticated animals other than turkeys, dogs, parrots, and llamas — hence no strong beasts of burden. But where they were limited only by their own minds, what way would they go? Herein lies the peculiar interest of Middle America.

I have already sketched the highlights of the Mayas' "Stone Age" culture. In a general conversation, at this point, someone will insist that such advancement must mean that the Mayas were influenced from the Old World. Then the Maya scholar comes back with his crusher — and it is not only a crusher, but the final evidence of the height of the Mayan achievement. The Hindus may have conceived of zero as early as 300 A.D., but not until 700 A.D. did they produce a symbol for it and thus make possible the place system of numbers we call "Arabic." We have clear examples of large numbers written in a place system with the use of zero in Middle America from just before the time of Christ, if not several centuries earlier. The important mathematical discovery involved must have been made, according to available evidence, not later than 600 B.C., and probably earlier.

Mayan mathematicians calculated the length of the solar year slightly more accurately than the Gregorian year we now use at least seven hundred years before Pope Gregory reformed our calendar. The earliest inscriptions known show that Middle Americans, well before the time of Christ, had hit upon an important chronometric idea. Retaining on the side a 365-day year for farming and associated seasonal ritual, they measured historical and astronomical time by a pure count of days from a date projected some three thousand years into the past. This means that any distance in time could be calculated by simple arithmetic.

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Our modern astronomers use a similar count today, but they came to it a millennium or so later, and our historians still struggle with the arithmetic of years.

(The approximate ages I have been giving will cause some raised eyebrows among Maya scholars. Middle American chronology is based on the chronologer's choice of any one of several schemes for correlating Mayan inscribed dates with our calendar. Recently, radiocarbon tests, which estimate the age of pieces of carbon according to the amount of radioactivity they retain, show strongly that the generally accepted correlations are three centuries or so too late, thus restoring to tentative respectability a correlation that everyone had cast out. Roughly following this correlation, and also accepting the Cycle Seven inscriptions mentioned later, leads me to the points in time given.)

None of these developments fits our concept of a Stone Age culture. In fact, the more we learn about Middle America, the more it upsets our preconceived ideas. So far, we know little about social institutions of the area except as they existed at the time when the white men fell upon the land, but everything we do know is rich with unusual characteristics. The central area of the greatest ruins suggests some odd possibilities.

Through a casual accident of usage, the term "Old Empire" has come to denote not any empire or governmental unit but a period and region embracing what we recognize as the full Maya culture from its first appearance, about the beginning of the eighth cycle of their era (a cycle equals slightly less than four hundred years), to the time early in their tenth cycle when, within little over a hundred years, almost the whole region was deserted except Yucatan, where the New Empire (a culture, not an empire) developed.

The mere desertion of the central region is a teasing puzzle. We speak of the great sites therein as "cities," but there is a question whether they were. They are imposing concentrations of pyramids, temples, assorted monuments, and buildings that may have been palaces, convents, or dormitories, but it is not at all certain that they were centers of any great concentrations of population. Is it possible that in Middle America civilization developed without cities, urbanity without urban life? If so, we must rewrite considerable hunks of modern social science.

There is another great question calling for an answer. The excavations reaching furthest into the past, the stratifications most thoroughly worked out, such as those of the Carnegie Institution at Uaxactún in the Petén forest, present us with a well-advanced culture — civilized or at least semicivilized people, artists, builders of pyramids — at the earliest level. About 10,000 B.C., hunters roamed Mexico. About 2000 B.C., corn was domesticated and primitive farming communities developed. From then we take a long leap to proto-Maya centers. This is unreasonable. What is equally unreasonable is the appearance that civilization, without benefit of metals, developed in a classically tropical area of drenching rainy seasons. A large part of the area is underlain by a limestone formation that lets the water drain through, so that supplies of drinking water today will barely enable a sizable archaeological expedition to last through a dry season; and the whole terrain is covered by the stupendous rain forests commonly but inaccurately called "jungles." That is no setting for the development of simple cultures into high ones. It is a region hostile to man even with today's equipment, a region in which one would look for primitive hunting tribes or peoples practicing rather precarious farming in clearings made and kept open only by great effort.

We expect early farming and village life to develop in fairly open, wooded country where ground can easily be cleared and worked with digging sticks and other such tools. Heavy bush or strong, prairie sod defeat the primitive gardener. In a somewhat more advanced stage, the people will exploit more difficult but more fertile areas, but felling mahogany trees twenty feet in diameter with stone tools, even with jade, seems excessive.

These paradoxes are plainly apparent. They may or may not be real; part of our trouble is that the Middle American forests are as inhospitable to archaeologists as they are to farmers. In order to determine the width of a terrace, I have had to guide myself by compass while I paced it off; I could not see the score or so meters from one side to the other. An archaeologist could perfectly well spend several seasons doing a thorough job on what he believed to be the center of a ruin, when in fact the greatest part stood a couple of hundred yards from him.

Furthermore, serious archaeology in Middle America is recent. It was inhibited by the very richness of the material. Since that adventurous diplomat, John Lloyd Stephens, reported many of the most famous ruins in the 1840s, the archaeology — so called — of the Mayas and their neighbors has been in great degree the finding, photographing or drawing, and mapping of sites. Piercing the forests to follow up a chicle-gatherer's report and coming out with a new, major center of temples, pyramids, and works of art are a sporting proposition. In this sport a special score is given for inscriptions or for burials containing gold. For nearly a century, Middle American archaeol-

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ogy was, literally, superficial. It also was overconcentrated on the Maya Old and New Empires, not only in the locus of the field work but in the thinking of its practitioners.

The same thing could have happened in Asia Minor and Persia had it not been that Schliemann, the first modern archaeologist, was hipped on the idea of uncovering historic Troy and hence worked Hissarlik in depth with strong attention to stratification. In Middle America there are hundreds of major sites and uncounted minor ones, some plainly visible to the passer-by, more hidden in the forests within which the traveler goes for days without ever seeing the sky. Naturally there was a certain prestige to the game of finding ruins, nor should the process stop. Some of those most recently discovered have already contributed importantly to our knowledge. Nonetheless, such surface archaeology is little more than scouting, its final result a useful map of our ignorance.

Immediately after World War I, the Carnegie Institution of Washington entered the field. Under it, exploration, site- and inscription-finding, continued but was balanced by a new concentration on a limited number of ruins. Most accessible, most spectacular, and hence best known is its work of excavation and restoration at Chichén Itzá in Yucatan, done in cooperation with the Mexican government and since continued by it. Lately we have been getting archaeology in depth, primarily because of the Carnegie influence. So far, as in the diggings at Uaxactún, the findings have posed more questions than they have answered. In the course of some thirty-five years, the institution was able to make striking contributions to knowledge because it was a pure-research organization, not a teaching one, and could set up a center of studies in addition to its field operations, at which able men — the names of J. Eric Thompson and A. V. Kidder come immediately to mind, along with specialists such as the great epigrapher, the late S. J. Morley — lived in uninterrupted consideration of their subject. This is the goal of all research men, which only a few attain.

In the last ten years a new spotlight of attention has been turned upon a people called the Olmecs, once regarded as maintainers of an obscure, unimportant peripheral culture. There are indications that Olmecs, or people influenced by them, partially surrounded what later became the Maya Old Empire. Further, there is no known Maya inscription older than the eighth cycle, but it begins to look now as if we might have a number of Olmec inscriptions south and west of Old Empire country from the seventh cycle, mostly in higher, drier country. An early advancement of culture in temperate, open country makes sense, although a high Olmec culture ancestral to Maya remains to be proved, and the greatest known Olmec site, at La Venta on the coast of southern Veracruz, as I can testify, is situated in as nasty a tract of semisubmerged high bush as anyone could ask for — which makes no sense at all.

For about seventy-five years we have been seriously at work mapping the problem of Middle America, stopping now and again for a little digging. In the last thirty years men have run a few real, test trenches with intriguing results. Study has broadened out from the Maya zone to the whole area, and we begin to have hints of how the Maya can be reasonably related with the rest. We need more geology, a lot more climatology; the crucial question of what the now forbidding forest areas were like two and three thousand years ago awaits a final answer. We are on the threshold of the knowledge that will turn a lot of bits and pieces into a strange and wonderful story. At this point, by a striking and unhappy coincidence, the Carnegie Institution has withdrawn from the field.

Harvard, Pennsylvania, and Tulane have programs in the area now, and the Mexicans continue large undertakings, especially in central Mexico, but all of them feel the loss of a centralizing element in the Carnegie's withdrawal, and it is apparent that the broad study has lost structure. The Middle American material is inherently dramatic and of real significance in the understanding of mankind. Anyone with a normal bump of curiosity must hope that somehow the great hole left in Middle American research will be filled and the gathering of knowledge will continue unhampered.

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RICHARD CHURCH

CHOOSING THE SITE

Let me, like Horace two thousand years ago,
Sleep in an isolated country place,
But not too far from London, as he from Rome.
He rose, that wise man with the mellow voice,
From small beginnings to an honored post
Near to the Emperor, but unofficial,
Given authority without bondage.

I'll choose an English version of the house
Maecenas built to show his gratitude
For the poet's song, and independent mind.
It stood on Tivoli above the plain
Looking Romeward. There amid his vines,
His olive windbreak, and, for sentinels,
Cypresses murmuring aeolian music,
Horace carved serene, marmoreal verse.

Somewhere under a hilltop is the seat
For the contemplative mood. At the summit
We are the victims of the winds' caress,
Doomed to resist invisible fetters of air,
As kings wear adulation, and heroes fame.

But like that Roman villa, mine must sit
On the southern slope. Thinkers need the sun
To activate conclusions into deeds
Or the authority of lasting phrases
That fecundate the unborn generations,
Gracing history with the flowers of song.

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"The Coppice" by F. L. Griggs.
Courtesy of the Print Department, Boston Public Library.

Further, I'll be content with an English valley,
Our homely farmlands, lacking vine and olive.
Each to his birthright and his native soil
Is true of poets, if not of pioneers.
What is to be creative needs a taproot
Deep and undisturbed. Otherwise, fashion
Will blow, and temporary fame will scorch,
Destroying work of shallow sustenance.

I shall be content with oakwoods; fields
Framed by hedgerow elms; fallow land
Quilted by the plow; pastures with cattle
Diminished by distance, so that they seem to move
Hardly at all, while their low voicings float
To punctuate the changelessness of things
And make the empty scene more memorable.

Thus in my setting, as the Roman in his,
I'll recognize my own, unconsciously,
Nor make a cult of it. And as that master
Of verbal shapes, under the compulsion
Of his serene and tolerant paganism,
Lived to himself and therefore to mankind,
Filling his granary with ripened words,
So I, above the orchard I have planted,
Would serve another troubled generation
With smaller fruits, but fruits no less benign.

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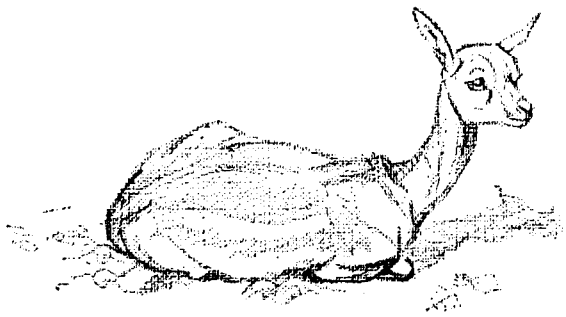
THE GAME BY DAN JACOBSON



A native of South Africa who is now living in London, DAN JACOBSON *graduated from the University of the Witwatersrand in Johannesburg. At the age of twenty-nine he has three novels to his credit, his most recent,* THE PRICE OF DIAMONDS, *having been published by Knopf this spring.*

ROGER MERRIT was the one who organized the expedition. At the age of seventeen Roger Merrit was a tall, blond fellow with a high-pitched voice and a gangling kind of stride that left his torso hanging just a little behind his legs when he walked. Roger was a contemporary and close friend of my elder brother, and the three of us made up the hunting party on my father's farm.

My father's farm was merely seventeen hundred morgen of veld, on which the only building was the mud-walled, corrugated-iron-roofed hut of the African herdboy. Across the seventeen hundred morgen there grazed a herd of cattle, some sheep, and a few horses, all of which were supposed to be fattening up for the summer, when they would be sold at the sales. My father never seemed to be quite happy unless he had somewhere within thirty or forty miles south of Lyndhurst a piece of veld he could drive to over the weekends, and where he could see his cattle, walk among them, and feed them with the sacks of bone meal and sulphur and other supplements that strained the springs of the car every weekend.

He thoroughly enjoyed his agricultural ventures, but they were never as profitable as he hoped they would be. And though he did not go into them with the expectation of making a fortune, he would begin to feel, after a year or two, that the damn farm should at least pay its way, and that if it couldn't he should sell it — as a responsible man, a man of business. But his sense of responsibility tempered his enthusiasms only after he had taken each plunge; the particular farm I am talking of now he had bought after one of the wettest years we could remember in Lyndhurst. He had come to it at the end of summer, when the slopes of the veld were covered in grass that was knee-high, green at the stems, and beginning to go to a silvery blue seed at the tips, rising and sinking lightly as the breezes ran over them. Clouds moved across the sky, and the light, when it fell to the earth, seemed to be taken in by the grass and subdued there. The veld was wide and so gentle that it was hard to know why it should have been empty of people, why from only one point on the farm it was possible to see just one neighboring farmhouse, miles away.

But the afternoon we went hunting on the farm, eighteen months later, it was difficult to know why anyone — ourselves included — should have been there. The single barbed-wire fence along the side of the farm where we walked was something remarkable, a sign of lonely human endeavor — it seemed so strange that anyone should ever have bothered to survey this place, to mark off one section of it from another. The fence was like a monument. The whole sky seemed to glare down at us, and as we walked, our feet struck against ground that was hard and cracked, or sank into loose drifts of sand; from both the loose sand and the crustlike earth, shoots of yellow grass started up here and there, as stiff as sticks. The few bushes, which a season before had merged gently into the grass around them, now stood out, the only dark things to be seen. The other colors were pale, the colors of drought, each one like something scraped across the eyeball: a scrape of yellow, a scrape of brown, a scrape of white, the dark scrape of the bushes. We walked with big hats on our heads, and took turns at carrying the rifle, and heard our feet cracking the grass beneath us.

Roger Merrit carried the rifle like a soldier, slung easily over his shoulder; my brother had it slung across his back, like a Boer on commando; and I carried it in both hands, in front of me, like a street fighter in the war films that we were at that time seeing so regularly. My brother and Roger Merrit were in their last year at school, and both of them were going to join the army at the end of the year — or so they said. I was only

Drawing by Nina Scott Langley.

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You can get reprints of this advertisement, at no cost, by writing to this magazine.

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America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies*

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thirteen, and had no hope that the war would go on until I was old enough to join the army, so I took a vicarious pride in the intentions of my brother and his friend, who seemed already to be marching not across the peaceful desert of South Africa, but across the terrible deserts of North Africa. There in the north were places like Tobruk, El Alamein, Bardia, Mersa Matrûh, just beyond the horizon that encircled us in a whitish glare of heat. We walked, we took turns with the rifle; the soles of our shoes burned upwards with every step we took, and the rims of our hats cut into our brows, as if they had been made of steel.

"Where are those buck you're talking about?" my brother asked Roger, complainingly.

Roger shook his loose shoulders. "It's your farm, not mine."

"I'd exchange all of it for a bottle of Coca-Cola, right now."

I was a little ashamed of my brother. He seemed to lack the gravity of spirit for an outing of this sort.

"You said you saw some buck when you were riding here last time," Roger said to me.

I had said this, and I had told the truth; that had been the germ of the expedition. Often when we came out with my father we would take one or two of the farm's few horses and go riding aimlessly in any direction for miles, until the loneliness of the veld and its silence would begin to frighten us a little, and we would turn back. And more than once on these rides we had seen a few head of buck. Because my father did not allow any of the neighbors to shoot on the farm, the buck were more curious and less frightened of us than they should have been. They were pale brown, and swift when they ran, but they could halt in an instant and would stand with their heads turned, watching us, before fleeing again. I had mentioned this to Roger one day, and a week or two later he had told us that he had managed to get hold of a rifle and thought we should ask my father to let us go on just one afternoon's hunt. My father was reluctant, but consented and gave us the car to drive to the farm.

"I have seen them," I assured Roger. "Lots of times."

"Perhaps they were sheep," my brother suggested.

"Don't be funny. You saw them too," I said.

Roger breathed whistlingly through his small nose when he was tired. My brother sweated freely; he said that any buck who couldn't smell him coming deserved to get a bullet through its head. My head was aching, and every footstep now was so much heat shaped like a foot sole. But I wanted us to see a buck, at least one, after what I had said.

Later my brother said, "I just don't get the point of this." We had halted on the crest of a rise, and from where we were the world seemed to go only downwards, beyond the farm boundary, beyond the boundary of the next farm, for miles and miles. It was not until the horizon that the veld lifted in the sudden blue humps of a few isolated koppies.

"You'll get the point of it all right, when we see something," Roger said. Roger was in every way a more satisfactory hunting companion than my brother. Not only was he taller, not only did he carry the rifle in finer style, but he was serious, manly, and determined as well. He had not complained once about the heat or the distance we had walked, or the inhospitality and dullness of the veld. Constantly his eyes had scanned the veld in front of and behind him, whereas my brother had pulled his hat so low over his eyes that he looked like a clown and could not see more than ten yards in front of him.

And then to cap it all, my brother walked over to the shade of the nearest thorn tree and sat down on the ground. "You walk on," he said. "When you come back, I'll be waiting here for you."

Roger looked angry; I felt ashamed.

"Come on," I said, and gave my brother a gentle kick.

"No, man," he said comfortably.

Roger stood a yard or two away, in the sun. My brother propped himself against the tree trunk and pushed his hat still lower over his eyes. Beyond, the veld burned yellow, burned brown, burned white, sloping down from us, for as many miles as we could see.

"Of all the damn — " Roger said. "Honestly — "

"You go on," my brother said. "You don't need me."

I laughed and said to Roger, "Come on. If we go on, you'll see he'll follow." But I said it with more certainty than I felt.

Roger and I began to walk on. The veld was quiet. When we looked back, my brother had sunk even lower against the narrow black trunk of the tree.

"Why did he come, if that was what he was going to do?" Roger asked me.

"I don't know."

"That's sportsmanship!"

I said nothing. We walked on, but not for more than a few minutes. Then Roger hesitated, looked up at the sun, looked back at my brother, looked at the veld that lay ahead of us.

"Let's go back," Roger said. And we turned and went back without another word.

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THE TRADING STAMP:

Where stamp use is greatest, food prices have risen the least

INFLATIONARY TRENDS, growing despite a business recession, continue to make rising food prices a cause for concern among consumers. Recent broadened studies continue to give assurance that the trading stamp plays no part in this trend.

IN FACT, these new studies strengthen the conclusions reached by university marketing experts a year ago. As in previous studies, no evidence was found that stamp stores, as a class, charge higher prices than non-stamp stores. Furthermore, from the U.S. Government Bureau of Labor Statistics Index, augmented by reports of the National Industrial Conference Board, it was found that food prices have risen least in cities where stamp use is greatest.

Between 1953 and 1957, food prices rose *1.2%* for all U.S. cities; the same prices rose *1.65%* in the cities where less than 50% of the supermarkets had adopted trading stamps.

During the same period, in the cities where more than 50% of the supermarkets had adopted stamps, food prices rose only *0.75%*.

These comparisons are additional, and the most recent, evidence that trading stamps, by increasing competitive pressures, have operated to hold food price levels down. It would seem, therefore, that families living in "stamp cities" can thank trading stamps for playing a part in the lower cost of living they enjoy.

* * *

REFERENCES: "Who Profits from Trading Stamps?", Dr. Eugene R. Beem, *Harvard Business Review*, Nov.-Dec., 1957.

"Trading Stamp Practice and Pricing Policy." Dr. Albert Haring and Dr. Wallace O. Yoder, Marketing Department, School of Business, Indiana University.

A copy of "Food Price Trends In Cities of Varying Trading Stamp Activity" will be sent upon request. Write The Sperry and Hutchinson Company, Department "D", 114 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, New York.

This message is one of a series presented for your information by THE SPERRY AND HUTCHINSON COMPANY *which pioneered 62 years ago in the movement to give trading stamps to consumers as a discount for paying cash.* S&H GREEN STAMPS *are currently being saved by over 22 million families.*

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My brother watched us coming. "Did you get anything?" he shouted.

"Joke!" I shouted back.

But we had no sooner rejoined my brother — we were standing disgruntledly and accusingly over him — when we saw two head of buck emerge from a ragged line of bushes a few hundred yards away from us. They were low, not much higher than the grass, but a little darker in color; they moved cautiously, with their small triangular heads turned to us. In a moment Roger had raised the rifle and was taking aim; he fired, and a cloud of dust went up where the buck had been standing. I saw one buck running low, and Roger fired again at it; another cloud of dust went up, but from the place where we had first seen them. The one that was running kept moving, and I lost it in the grass. And then, from the same place as before, silently, a third cloud of dust rose from the ground to a height of perhaps three feet, and we saw the dust begin to drift over the pale grass.

We began running, all three of us. And when we were about a hundred yards away we saw what was making the dust go up. The buck rose in the air, its small body twisting, arching in mid-air, almost fishlike. It was curved, brown, a dust brown; and we saw it fall, and the dust went up again.

"Kill it," my brother said as he ran. We dropped and waited, feeling under our hands and knees the hot sand and the sharpness of the grass, hearing our own panting. We waited for the buck, and at last we saw it rise, slowly this time, and stand. Roger took careful aim and fired, and the buck simply fell, with almost no dust going up. It was dead when we came to it, a little steinbok, in height not much taller than a fair-sized dog, but slender in the shoulders and haunches and muzzle, and most slender in the legs. One of the legs dangled by a ligament a few inches above the hoof. The first shot had snapped its leg; the second had gone through its chest. The leg was almost bloodless, but some dark blood was oozing out of the body.

And then Roger said, "There's another," and we looked up and saw a buck standing — perhaps the one we had seen before, perhaps another. But as we turned it began running.

"It's your turn," Roger shouted, thrusting the rifle at my brother. My brother lifted the rifle and fired.

"You missed," Roger said, for the buck still ran. We watched it go; Roger took the rifle from my brother. And then, to our astonishment, we saw the buck stop, turn its head, stand clearly outlined against the darkness of a bush as it looked at us. Roger lifted the rifle; I was standing next to my brother, and I heard him muttering. I had been unnerved by the sight of the fine little buck leaping in agony, and now lying dead and ignominiously smeared in dust behind us; but I was more unnerved when I heard what my brother was saying. He did not know that I was listening; his attention was all on the buck, and he was talking to it. "Run!" he was saying. "Go on, run!" Roger fired, and the buck ran; its light brown body was lost in an instant on the pale veld.

Then we went back to our prize and had a long talk about how we were to bring it to the car. "I'll carry it," Roger said boastfully and picked up the buck and slung it over his shoulders, as he had seen hunters do in the pictures. And we set out. But Roger was soon staggering. Small though it was, the buck was a considerable weight to carry over the rough surface of the veld under that sun. We took turns at carrying it, but even then we tired; eventually we put it under a thorn tree, and Roger and my brother went ahead to fetch the car.

I waited with the dead buck in the empty and silent veld, where nothing moved, not even a bird. I tried to remember the mood with which we had set out: I tried to think of El Alamein and Bardia, of Mersa Matrûh and Tobruk; but I could not put out of mind my brother's rapt face, his lips moving, the hat over his eyes, as he prayed for the life of the buck. I was ashamed of him; yet I knew too that his feeling was my own. And I really did not know, then, whose cowardice was the greater: his in admitting his own feeling and giving it speech, or mine in trying to deny it.

When Roger and my brother returned we loaded the buck into the boot of the car.

Young as I was, I sensed a kind of covert logic in Roger Merrit's sudden and shamefaced admission that afternoon, when we were driving home, that his father had refused to give him permission to join the army. There was no conscription in South Africa during the war, and without his father's permission, Roger, at the age of seventeen, could not serve.

My brother said, "My father's already given me his permission."

"You'll be in the army next year," Roger said.

"Yes, I will," my brother said. Then, "You're the lucky one," he broke out almost angrily.

Roger thought my brother was joking; but a little later Roger said, quietly, "Perhaps you're right" — as if he too had realized that afternoon how little time they had to play at being men. On the main tarred road across the veld, the car rushed northwards.

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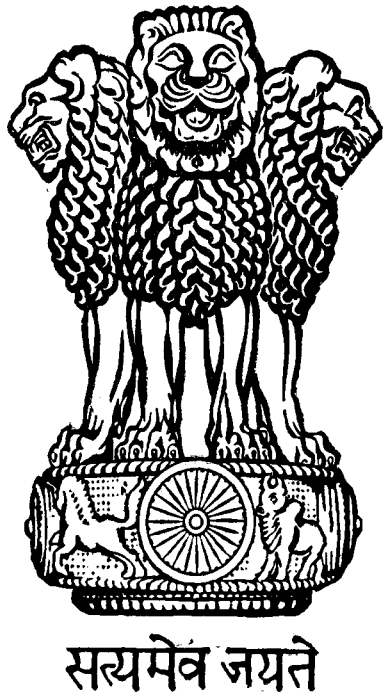
CAN INDIA FINANCE HER FIVE YEAR PLAN?



BY G. L. MEHTA

India's effort to pay her way through these costly years of transition is fairly presented by G. L. MEHTA, *who has served as the Indian Ambassador to the United States since 1952. The son of an Indian industrialist, Mr. Mehta was educated at the University of Bombay and the London School of Economics.*

DURING the last year, India's Five Year Plans, their conception and magnitude, the resources and needs of the country, the difficulties in connection with foreign exchange, the desirability of foreign aid — all these and a number of related questions have received considerable attention in America. The extension of credit by the Export-Import Bank and the Development Loan Fund earlier this year was evidence of the desire of the U.S. government to make an effective contribution to India's economic development. The resolution introduced by Senators John Kennedy and John Sherman Cooper (former U.S. Ambassador to India) for massive and coordinated support of India's plans and a strong plea by Senator Hubert Humphrey for large and sustained aid have served to make people increasingly aware of the importance of India's efforts for social and economic betterment. It is, therefore, essential to ask what is meant by India's planned development. Why is such a program necessary?

When India became an independent country eleven years ago, she faced enormous economic problems: a stagnant agricultural economy, an excessive population, woefully low standards of living, chronic unemployment and underemployment, lack of financial and technical resources. The lopsided nature of the economy was in no small measure due to retarded development under foreign rule. But the economic ills were also aggravated by post-war inflation and the after-effects of partition of the subcontinent.

On the other hand, the hopes for betterment of a people who had attained self-rule were understandably high. National freedom engendered "a revolution in expectations." Moreover, several projects for industrialization, power, and irrigation, and also programs for expansion of social services, had been formulated or were at various stages of implementation, and the necessity for some kind of coordinated effort for economic and social development was increasingly recognized.

After the adoption of the constitution in India in January, 1950, a planning commission was set up to survey the whole economy and devise ways of mobilizing and augmenting the economic, technical, and human resources of the country. The commission is an advisory and consultative body and formulates its proposals and recommendations in close cooperation with various ministries of the union (federal) government and the state governments. It consults continually with various groups

Drawing represents the national emblem of India.

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of men: industrialists, business and labor leaders, consumers, economic and technical experts, and legislators. India's plan is thus essentially democratic in its conception and execution.

No facile solutions or ready-made rules exist for the improvement of a vast, impoverished nation. The methods by which Western Europe and the United States progressed over a century and a half can have only a limited application in a country with a large and growing population which has no unconquered frontiers, no colonial territories. Countries like India have to seek their own answers to problems of agricultural reform and industrialization, the role of the state in an underdeveloped economy, the encouragement of private enterprise, and the guarantee of social justice. We are trying to do in India what it has taken centuries to achieve in the West.

India's plan is to build up a "socialist pattern of society." We need not be frightened of words, whether "socialism" or "capitalism." All civilized governments today seek for their people some kind of welfare state or society in which concerted efforts are made to improve standards of living, to provide an increasing degree of economic security, and to enlarge the scope of essential social services. In wartime the state performs many functions to attain common objectives and mobilize national efforts; countries like India are waging a war against poverty, unemployment, disease, and illiteracy, and have to make a similar endeavor. In this sense, as Sir William Harcourt, a former British Chancellor of the Exchequer, observed, "we are all socialists now."

The constitution of India itself has set forth the ideal of a welfare state based on social justice in which the ownership and the material resources of India are so distributed as to serve the common good and in which the economic system does not result in concentration of wealth and means of production to the common detriment. But a welfare state need not be a totalitarian state. The second Five Year Plan has thus defined its objective: "The accent of the socialistic pattern is on the attainment of positive goals; the raising of living standards; the enlargement of opportunities for all; the promotion of enterprise among the disadvantaged class in the creation of a sense of partnership among all sections of India. These positive goals provide the criteria for basic decisions." The government and people of India are seeking to achieve these objectives through consent, not coercion. Our people are using the polling booths, not barricades; constitutional processes, not dictatorial ukases.

Moreover, India's constitution lays down that there shall be no acquisition by the state without compensation, and wherever such compensation has been paid, as in the nationalization of life insurance companies or a gold mining industry, it has been not only fair but generous. Measures are adopted for economic reform after full debate and through parliamentary procedures. In the Indian economy, agriculture, consisting of privately owned farms, is the predominant industry. No program is visualized for collectivization of the land; the emphasis is on development through cooperatives. While feudal estates are being broken up so as to make the tiller the owner of the soil, ceilings are provided for holdings of land in several states.

Private enterprise contributes nearly 98 per cent of the total industrial production, and it is actively encouraged by the state in its expansion. Thus, two private steel plants have been assisted in their schemes for doubling their capacity through governmental guarantee from World Bank loans, even though three government steel plants are being set up. In other words, the government is willing to help to achieve the maximum national product through private enterprise as well as through state-owned and -managed industries and services. The Indian people constantly remind themselves that the individual on the farm and in the factory is at the center of national development. We believe that a plan is for man, not man for plan.

During the period of the first Five Year Plan (1951–1956) the spell of stagnation was broken. The national income increased by 18 per cent and the per capita income by 11 per cent, taking into account the growth of population. The output of food grains went up by nearly a fourth, or by 11 million tons, and agricultural production as a whole by 19 per cent. Through irrigation and land reclamation the area under crops increased by 26 million new acres.

Nearly 80 million people comprising one fourth of the rural population felt the impact of a dynamic community development program. This program is designed to revivify rural life by improving productivity and providing employment through rural industries. It also aims at improving the health, education, and communications in the village areas. A useful yardstick for measuring the success of such projects is the extent of voluntary contributions of the people; nearly half of the expenditure of this program has been made through voluntary contributions by villagers, in the form of free labor, materials, land, and even cash. A silent revolution is spreading through the countryside. On its success depend the stability and progress of a land where 80 per cent of the people live in villages.

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THE EDITORS

GEORGE SCHWARTZ, Fellow of the New York Academy of Science, is a prominent science educator. *PHILIP W. BISHOP*, Head Curator, Department of Arts and Manufactures, U.S. National Museum, Smithsonian Institution.

THIS unique two-volume set brings together the personal, first hand accounts of the dramatic "moments of discovery" that have contributed to the advance of science — from its beginnings in the ancient world to the present day. These epochmaking discoveries take on new significance when re-created in the actual words of the men who made them, providing meaningful new insights into the nature and growth of science.

How, for example, did the minds of the great astronomers actually work? Tycho Brahe, writing in 1572, begins: ". . . in the evening . . . I noticed that a new and unusual star . . . was shining directly over my head where there never before had been any star.".

Or, what was it like to peer into the new world of the microscope in the 17th century? Van Leeuwenhoek delightedly reports ". . . many little animalcules very prettily a-moving . . . sometimes stuck out two little horns." Van Leeuwenhoek did not realize their significance, but the reader of MOMENTS OF DISCOVERY — thanks to the editors' commentary — more fully appreciates the importance of the achievement in a broad scientific perspective.

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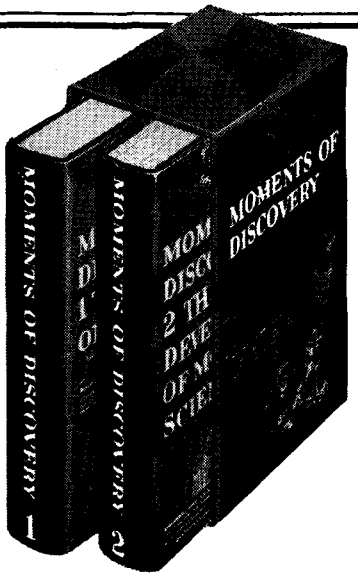
In MOMENTS OF DISCOVERY, nearly one hundred such



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Along with agricultural progress, industrial production increased by 30 per cent by the end of the first plan. Employment was provided for nearly 4 million more people; 6 million more children went to primary schools; the number of technical institutes and universities grew steadily; and health services were extended. But the success of the plan has to be judged not merely in terms of physical targets and percentages of increase in production and consumption, important as they are for an economically backward country. What is more vital is the creation of a new spirit of enthusiasm, hope, and confidence. This the first plan, in a large measure, achieved.

UNFORTUNATELY, it did not make an adequate impact on the economy. A start had undoubtedly been made, but it was recognized that future development had to be more basic as well as speedier. The second Five Year Plan, therefore, is essentially an attempt to lay the foundations of sustained development. Briefly, its objective is to obtain a 25 per cent increase in national income — from $21 billion in 1955–1956 to $26 billion in 1961. Production of consumers' goods is expected to rise by 21 per cent, with the balance plowed back into national development projects. In terms of per capita income the increase expected is 18 per cent, but in concrete terms this increase can hardly be regarded as ambitious. It would increase the per capita income from fifty-six dollars a year to sixty-six dollars. The ratio of investment to national income would go up from 7.3 per cent to 11 per cent, which is still low in comparison with that of many countries. Employment opportunities are to be provided for an additional 6.5 million people. Food production is to be increased by 25 per cent. Manufacture of steel, which is basic to the Indian economy, would rise to 4.5 million tons a year, which is quite a modest target for a population of 380 million people.

But with all the industrialization that is envisaged, India is and will remain a predominantly agricultural country. To bring and conserve water for Indian farms, to supply fertilizer and manure to Indian farmers, to adopt more efficient practices in consonance with local conditions, organize the farmers for cooperative action, provide schools and health clinics, supply light and power to rural homes and industries, and develop better communications and transport — these are the primary tasks which the government is undertaking. We recognize that India cannot be prosperous unless her villages are improved; but the countryside will not be in a healthy state until the national economy is further diversified, the pressure of population on the land is reduced, avenues of employment extended, and industry built up.

This second plan has run into difficulties in regard to foreign exchange resources available for import of food grains, capital goods, and industrial raw materials. Therefore, the criticism is leveled that the plan has been "overambitious." It has undoubtedly set high targets for production of food and industrial goods and for increasing incomes and social services. But the country cannot attempt less under the intensive pressure of a rapidly increasing population and of insistent public expectations and demands. It should also be pointed out that difficulties in regard to foreign exchange have not been due to the importation of luxuries or misdirection of scarce resources; by and large, the money has been expended on productive and remunerative projects.

In implementing plans of development, India has received a substantial amount of foreign aid from the United States, from the Colombo Plan, and from other countries, including Soviet Russia. The foreign aid received, however, constituted only about 10 per cent of the total developmental expenditure. The principal financial burden has been borne by the people of the country themselves. India is probably the highest taxed country in the world relative to capacity. Indeed, in this respect the country satisfies the stern criterion laid down by George F. Kennan that "only those [peoples] are really worth helping who are determined to survive and succeed whether one helps them or not."

A national plan is not merely an inventory of schemes and projects; it must be bold in order to stimulate effort, inculcate initiative, strengthen creative forces. And the people must feel that despite all difficulties and obstacles their government is making a maximum effort for their welfare and progress. "Against the danger of a big plan," Professor J. K. Galbraith observed after a visit to India and study of her plans, "must be set even greater dangers of frustration of the democratic spirit which would follow from one that seemed reluctant, inadequate, or even insufficiently bold." In balancing the risks, we have to take into account the prevalence of chronic unemployment with its maladjustments, waste, and social discontent. These are facts which a realistic democratic government has to face.

India's leadership seeks to unite people by providing constructive objectives of social reform and economic amelioration. With the achievement of political self-rule, a social purpose is essential to stimulate national endeavor and elicit the creative energies of people. India's Five Year Plans are, in this sense, a symbol of her spirit of resurgence and a beacon for national adventure.

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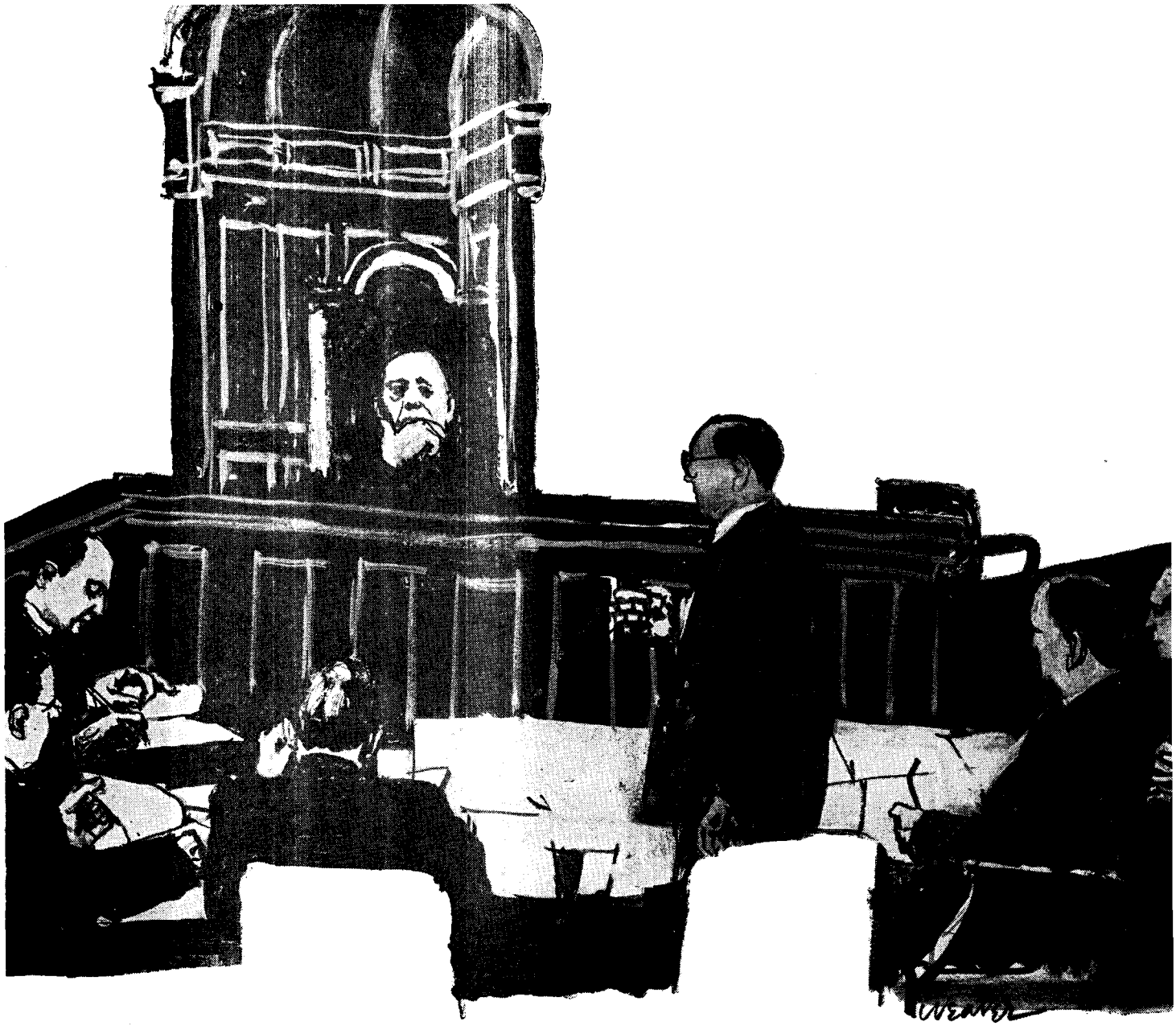

To judge, we first must KNOW

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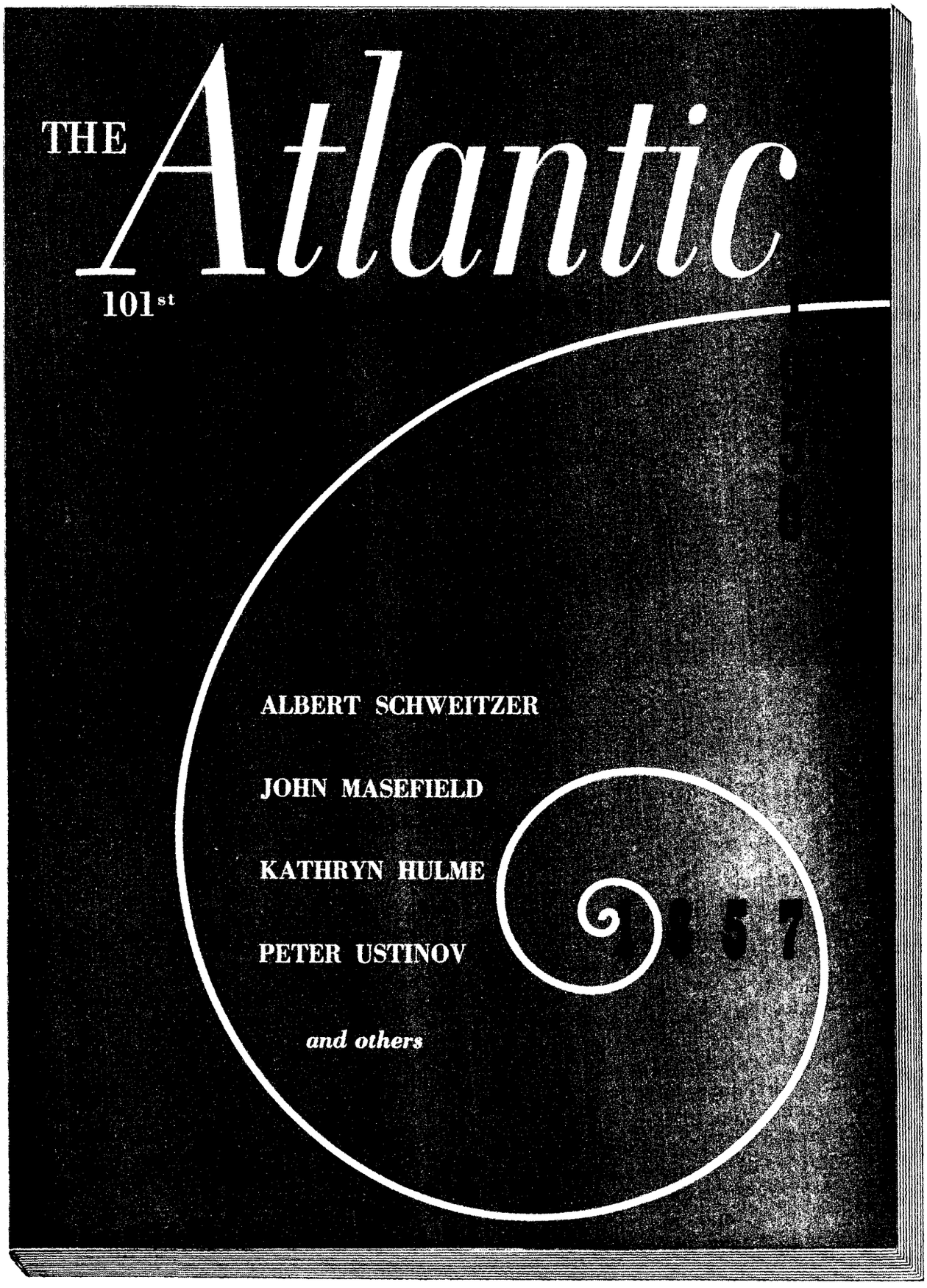

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THE ATLANTIC BOOKSHELF

Karsh

The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

A BOY was fortunate who grew up during the presidencies of Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson. They were men who inspired hero worship, and they certainly imparted a personal luster to the White House; each in his different way fired the imagination of the country, and although they were opposed politically and privately, each as President strengthened the nation and made it better respected abroad. Books were an imperative to them both; not since the succession of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson have we had in one era a pair of executives so intellectually devoted to reading and writing; men who took such care in expressing themselves and who continued to read widely, especially works of history and biography, even in the thick of administrative duties.

T.R.'s intake of print was swift and photographic. Friends have told me that he could span the double-page spread of a new book in a minute and a half, then close the volume and proceed to quote the text, the topic sentences, and transitions almost verbatim. Men who worked with him were naturally skeptical of such swiftness. On one occasion T.R. was leafing his way through a long typewritten report prepared for him by his Secretary of Commerce, Oscar S. Straus. The secretary, who had slaved over it for hours, was nettled to see it taken so lightly and remonstrated until Teddy began to answer in depth the questions which the report had raised.

The details assimilated so swiftly did not vanish. After his great hunt of 1910, T.R. made a tour of the European sovereigns, encounters which are wonderfully embellished in his letters, and in Budapest he was the guest of honor at a big dinner attended by Hungarian statesmen and noblemen. When he was called on, he launched into a saga of Hungary's past, citing the names of its medieval heroes and the exploits which had made them famous. The history of Hungary was practically unknown to cultivated Europeans at that time, yet here was an American retelling their hero stories in a way that brought the audience out of their seats. After the banquet Lawrence Abbott, who was traveling with T.R. as secretary, asked him when in the world he had found time to bone up on all that obscure history. "That was funny," T.R. replied. "I didn't bone up on it. When I was in college I read a book of Hungarian history, and as I stood up before that group of people, the book seemed to open before my eyes."

Hermann Hagedorn, who has done so much to keep T.R. alive, reminds us of one inexplicable paradox. Here was a President who was tone deaf to music, who even boasted that he could barely distinguish *America* from the national anthem; yet how then explain his unfailing memory for bird song? Walking with Sir Edward Grey in New Forest in 1910, T.R. was able to identify every bird that he heard, although he had last listened to English birds singing a quarter of a century before.

Some of T.R.'s most lyrical passages are about birds: the Missouri skylark, "the sweet-voiced larkfinch," and "the poorwills" which frequented his ranch on the prairies. There was a man of letters in him, who got crowded out by the explorer, crusader, and practical man of politics but who kept reappearing at odd moments, and most eloquently in the letters to his elder sister, Mrs. William S. Cowles.

In this year, the one hundredth anniversary of T.R.'s birth, it is refreshing to read the self-portrait drawn from his own writings in THE THEODORE ROOSEVELT TREASURY, compiled by HERMANN HAGEDORN (Putnam's, $6.00). Here is the impressionable young Easterner in "sombrero, silk neckerchief, fringed buckskin shirt, sealskin chaparajos," with a pearl-hilted revolver and an unrestrained ego, writing himself down as a frontier hunter; here is the naturalist so alert and curious as he hunts the antelope and grizzly; here is the historian who began his first definitive study, *The Naval War of 1812*, a volume of five hundred pages, while he was

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still at Harvard and who turned from that to *The Winning of the West* in the intervals of his labor on the U.S. Civil Service Commission. Then as the reformer, the Roughrider, and the politician took over, the writing tends to be more repetitive and speechified. "Words with me are instruments," he explained to a foreign editor who had criticized his platitudes. "I am not trying to be subtle or original; I am trying to make the plain everyday citizen here in America stand for the things which I regard as essential to good government." The moralist in him waxed strong as he used the White House as a pulpit. But still in his letters, his love of nature and of books, his deftness in characterization — as when he writes of the Kaiser — his joy in children, and his dread of inactivity find voice.

I have said that a boy was lucky to be raised on such hero worship. I was, and my admiration burst into full flower when Teddy visited my home town in New Jersey to spend the night with one of his Roughriders, Arthur Knapp. The whole town crowded down to the station in anticipation of the arrival, and I, seeing that I would be lost in the crush and seeing also the open limousine in which he would soon be riding, took my place beside the rear mudguard. No secret service man shooed me away, and when the frock coats came pouring in from the train, I held out my flipper and actually got a handshake from Mr. President. His teeth were flashing, his cravat was off to one side, and the crowd was roaring. The Knapp house was diagonally across the street from ours, and that evening it was very evidently guarded. But still a guy could stand on the opposite side of North Broad Street and look at the lighted windows and think of the man within.

NO MAGINOT LINE HERE

WAR AND PEACE IN THE SPACE AGE by LT. GEN. JAMES M. GAVIN (Harper, $5.00) is a hot and nettlesome book and rather perplexing for a layman to handle. The General's credentials, his reasons for writing are clear and downright. A dedicated soldier of Irish stock, truly grateful for his education at West Point, Jim Gavin is of a probing, skeptical disposition. He studied Hitler's blitzkrieg for portents of the new warfare, and like General Billy Mitchell before him, he was eager to train troops for large-scale parachute operations. In World War II he was our foremost commander of airborne troops, and he led the jumps on Sicily and Normandy. In the aftermath, as the Army's Chief of Research and Development, persistent as ever in his search for new weapons and new strategy, he ran headfirst into the roadblocks imposed by Secretary of Defense Charles Wilson, "the most uninformed man, and the most determined to remain so, that has ever been Secretary."

The fateful decisions of November 26, 1956, which limited the range of the Army's surface-to-surface missiles to two hundred miles (the Russians were then working for a seven-hundred-mile range), the weight of its fixed-wing aircraft to five thousand pounds, and the weight of its helicopters to ten thousand pounds seemed to him a horror. Repeatedly in his memoranda he pointed to the fast-approaching obsolescence of the manned nuclear bombers, but his warning made no headway against a philosophy which was looking for "a bigger bang for a buck." Thus he says that at a time when the Soviet challenge was greatest we had in effect forbidden research and development, and our failures as he lists them both in our own preparations and in our understanding of what the Russians were up to are appalling in the light of what we know today.

General Gavin resigned from the career he loved in order to take his case to the country, and in the latter half of his argument he draws the blueprint of what needs to be done if we are to reshape our national defenses for the space age with any degree of readiness by the year 1965. He realized that generalship in a democracy "is rife with compromise." He has seen with utmost exasperation the pressure that can be exerted by the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, pressure which led Representative Cannon to observe in February of this year, "We are ahead of the Russians in supercarriers, tomahawks and scalping knives." General Gavin is of the breed of Admiral Sims, and his function today, like that of Colonel Repington in England during World War I, is to challenge the conventions and the complacencies of those who look back instead of toward the future.

A TREASURE HOUSE OF LIFE

The Navy first exposed JAMES A. MICHENER to the Orient, and in his *Tales of the South Pacific* he expressed his early wonder and delight in the Orient; his observations of the fighting in Korea broadened and deepened his understanding, and in the years since he has grown to be an authority on Japanese art. This year he has joined forces with the Vermont publisher, Charles E. Tuttle of Rutland, to produce the most enticing and graphic work of the year, THE HOKUSAI SKETCH-BOOKS, SELECTIONS FROM THE MANGA (Tuttle, $10.00). The word *manga* can be variously interpreted as "cartoons," "sketches from life," "drawing things just as they come," and in this medium Hokusai is an absolute master. His drawings are in black ink and gray wash, highlighted with a pale pink flesh tint which makes the human faces realistic. The

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The Peripatetic Advertiser

The morning mail always brings one new plaything from the space salesman to the peripatetic advertiser. These are miniature movie reels, flip charts, cutouts and pop-ups, even, alas, a painted turtle — each winsomely offering a short story of statistics in proof that it pays the publisher most to advertise with him. All are welcome as playthings, but they do little to dislodge the conviction that books sell because people talk about them. Some of the talk, low-pitched as possible, should come from the publisher. The reviewers, one hopes, will top it. The special feature writers may swell the chorus until that pregnant moment when one commuter says to another "What is this book about X that everyone's talking about?" Some of those X's are these:

The Affluent Society by **John Kenneth Galbraith** ($5.00) An immediate bestseller. "Mr. Galbraith argues, and it would be difficult to disagree with him, that ideas conceived in an age of scarcity have no relevance to an age of abundance . . . tells us more about American 'civilization' than many eminent scholars who have set out systematically to explore the subject . . . a masterpiece." *St. Louis Post-Dispatch.* That long-term resident of the bestseller list, **Parkinson's Law** by **C. Northcote Parkinson** ($3.00), long since reviewed in the book pages, makes new conquests of space in the editorial columns. "Professor Parkinson was . . . the first to enounce that 'work expands so as to fill the time available for its completion.' . . . In the very book in which this most celebrated of Parkinson's laws burst upon an unsuspecting world, the author also presented (other) discoveries." *Maurice Dolbier, New York Herald Tribune.* **The Death of Manolete** by **Barnaby Conrad** ($5.00) was a bestseller almost before the books were shipped. The customers were *waiting* to talk about this one. "This is the life of a bullfighter in exact and intimate detail . . . and not just any bullfighter, but the great Manolete." *New York Herald Tribune.*

In its eighth month on the bestseller list is **The Winthrop Woman** by **Anya Seton** ($4.95) "A superb piece of historical portraiture . . . One feels, after finishing its engrossing pages, that one has lived through another incarnation." *John P. Marquand.*

The Square Root of Wonderful by **Carson McCullers** ($3.00) is the center of another sort of talk — how much should a play be doctored. Following Broadway production of the belabored revision, we are publishing in book form the play as Miss McCullers wrote it.

Under the bestseller list of the *New York Times* there is a panel of "bear in mind" titles. There is always a good reason for inclusion there. Among recent choices were **J. B.,** *A Play in Verse* by **Archibald MacLeish** ($3.50) "Adds a new dimension to the accomplishment of American literature. We and all future time now have a great American poetic drama." *John Ciardi, Saturday Review.* And **Consciousness in Concord,** the text of Thoreau's hitherto "Lost Journal" (1840-41) together with notes and a commentary by Perry Miller ($4.00) "A piercing glimpse of the prickly sage . . . a brilliant piece of work." *The New Yorker.*

Buffs on both sides of the Mason-Dixon line continue the great debate. Two notable additions are **An End To Valor:** *The Last Days of the Civil War* by **Philip Van Doren Stern** ($5.75) "Holds our almost breathless attention to the last." *The New Yorker* and **The Battle of Gettysburg** by **Frank Aretas Haskell** ($3.50) "Haskell could fight — and write . . . it is the classic of its kind." *Time Magazine*

An eye-witness account that was the foundation of a great scene in *War and Peace* is **Napoleon's Russian Campaign** by **Philippe-Paul de Ségur,** newly translated and edited by ***J. David Townsend*** ($5.00) "Here is a book to make anyone sit up through the night. Count de Ségur wrote history as literature and literature as history." *Boston Globe.*

A loquaciously-contested battlefield is no farther than the next PTA meeting. Good homework for this is **Schools Without Scholars** by **John Keats** ($3.00) "The campaign against anti-intellectual nonsense in the schools has gained the valuable assistance of John Keats . . . Keats is an effective writer, able to express serious purpose in readable prose." *Chicago Tribune.*

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first of his paper-bound books, proffered to the citizens of Tokyo and Nagoya in 1814, was "squirming" — the word is Michener's — with little sketches of human beings, flamboyant, unexpected, and drawn with captivating good humor.

Hokusai was a slow starter. He did his best work after sixty, and was still going strong at eighty-nine. His sketchbooks, reproduced from wood blocks, were enormously popular, and he continued to issue them year after year. At the age of seventy-five he wrote, "From the age of six I had a mania for drawing the forms of things. . . . At seventy-three I learned a little about the real structure of nature, of animals, plants, trees, birds, fishes, and insects. In consequence, when I am eighty I shall have made still more progress; at ninety I shall penetrate the mystery of things; at a hundred I shall certainly have reached a marvelous stage" and he signed these words: Old Man Mad about Drawing.

From the thousands of woodcuts Michener has selected 187 of the three-color plates, reproducing them in their original dimensions and placing at the top of each page the interpolations which heighten our appreciation. He has grouped the drawings into nine categories for their kindred interests — People, Fauna, Flora, Landscape, The Past, Grotesqueries, and so forth — and in the introductory essay to each he orients us with his close speculative interest in Hokusai's life and artistic technique, pages which are a pleasure to read. "I have never felt that Hokusai," he writes, "one of the world's superb landscapists, loved nature. Certainly he did not find joy in birds or affection in animals. . . . He looked on nature with a cold eye, a calculating eye, which permitted him to see the wild passion of the world."

He was at his weakest with animals. But his men and women — his wrestlers and gymnasts, his swimmers under water, the little party crossing Lake Suwa over the ice — are incomparable in their humor and vitality. "Even as a ghost," said Hokusai, "my spirit will want to roam the fields of summer," and in his exquisite drawings of the leaves, or the bare branches and twigs, or pine trees, or the Ono Falls, we find him at his superlative best.

The airplane in which Michener was carrying his manuscript home to America crashed and burned in the Pacific. The crew and passengers were saved, but the manuscript and make-up pages were lost. The author thinks that his book has gained in the rewriting. This is indeed a labor of love, and the format is beautifully in keeping, with the quietly toned cover bound in raw silk, the running commentary of black-and-white sketches, and the soft-toned woodcuts on which to feast the eyes.

BOOKS THE EDITORS LIKE

FROM THE GREEK

Sappho A New Translation

BY MARY BARNARD

A fine, sharp, uncluttered translation of a much-mishandled poet, the direct, colloquial imagery crackling even in the smallest fragments, with a justly admiring foreword by Dudley Fitts. UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA PRESS, $1.25.

Euripides III

The seventh volume in the very useful Complete Greek Tragedies series includes *Hecuba*, translated by William Arrowsmith; *Andromache*, translated by John Frederick Nims; *The Trojan Women*, translated by Richmond Lattimore; and *Ion*, translated by Ronald Frederick Willetts; and all of them are good. The book is edited by David Grene and Richmond Lattimore. UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS, $3.95.

The March Up Country

A TRANSLATION OF XENOPHON'S *ANABASIS*

BY W. H. D. ROUSE

A really first-class military reporter, Xenophon deserves a reading by anyone who likes a brisk, exciting story, and the long march from the Euphrates to the Black Sea is just that all the way. UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN PRESS, $3.95.

True History AND *Lucius or the Ass*

A very amusing translation by Paul Turner of the second-century Syrian, Lucian, who evidently was, among other things, an unconscious forebear of Rabelais, for the *True History* in particular reveals one of the least trammeled imaginations of all time. INDIANA UNIVERSITY PRESS, $3.00.

MURDER WILL OUT

Untimely Death BY CYRIL HARE

An off-again, on-again, gone-again corpse and a was-it or wasn't-it murder form a nice puzzle in the English cabinetmaker style, with rural types and an aesthetic jurist for comedy relief. MACMILLAN, $3.25.

Singing in the Shrouds BY NGAIO MARSH

Superintendent Alleyn back on the briny deep, amusingly hampered by a covey of bird-witted passengers and a grampus of a captain who flatly refuses to admit that a murderer could be aboard his ship. LITTLE, BROWN, $3.50.

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Mr. Carr's ingenuity with locked rooms is godlike and inexhaustible. This time Dr. Fell unravels a puzzle which proves, as usual, to be simple as slapjack after it has driven the reader mad with curiosity, also as usual. HARPER, $2.95.

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"Clarence King has been a legend in American culture ever since Henry Adams . . . called him 'the most remarkable man of our time.'" — *Newsweek*

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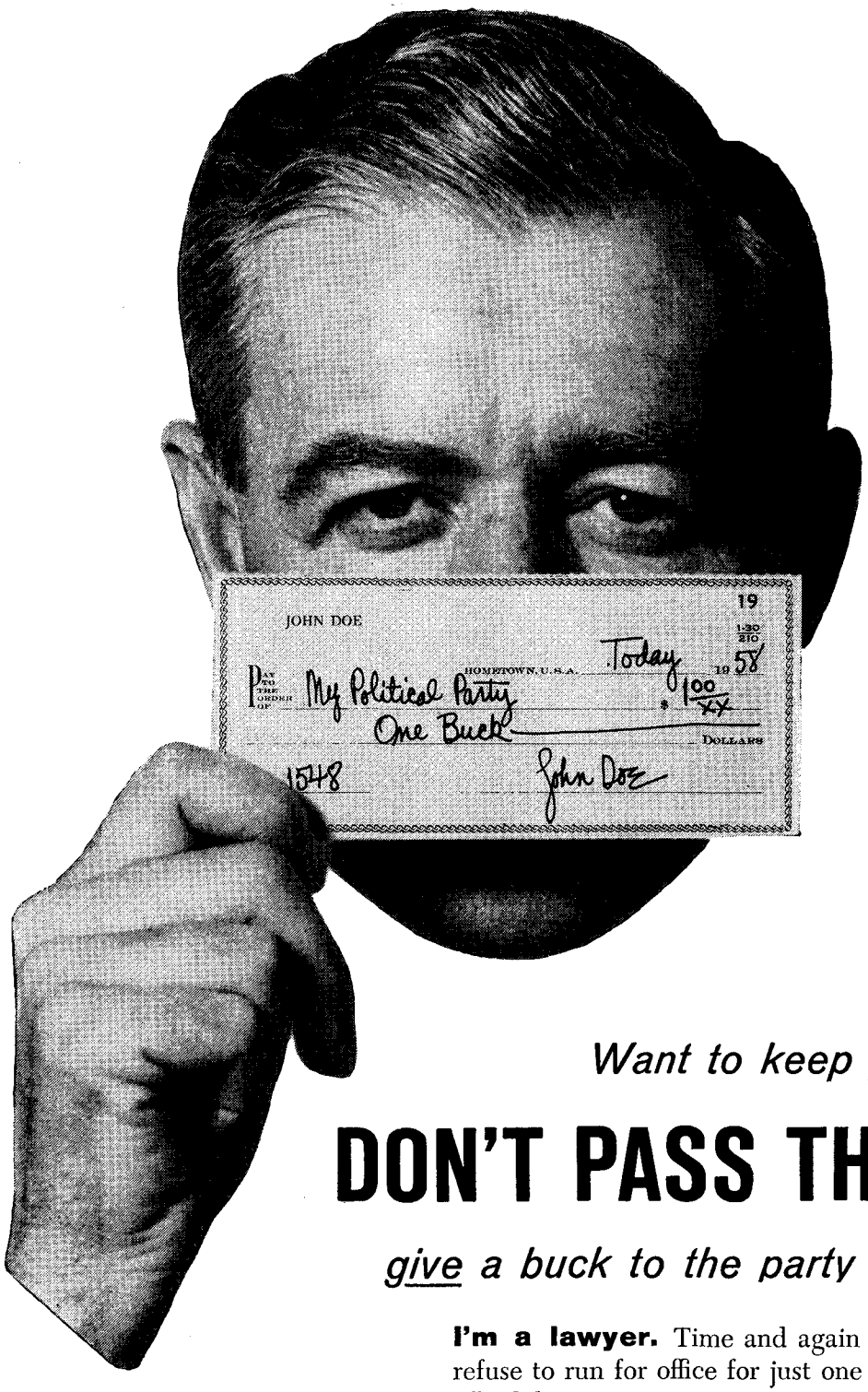

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Reader's Choice

BY PHOEBE ADAMS

Whatever one may think of the soundness of his philosophy, which at the moment seems to be Zen Buddhism, JACK KEROUAC is a writer who cannot be charged with dullness. THE DHARMA BUMS (Viking, $3.95) is as disorderly, ungrammatical, and readable as his *On the Road*, and while it contains less gaudy misbehavior, it offers a better alternative to the gray flannel suit than the prisoner's uniform.

Mr. Kerouac's thesis is that modern urban and suburban living does nobody any good. ". . . Take a walk some night on a suburban street and pass house after house on both sides of the street each with the lamplight of the living room, shining golden, and inside the little blue square of the television, each living family riveting its attention on probably one show; nobody talking; silence in the wards; dogs barking at you because you pass on human feet instead of on wheels. You'll see what I mean, when it begins to appear like everybody in the world is soon going to be thinking the same way . . ." To ward off the intellectual and emotional ossification implicit in this horrid vision, Mr. Kerouac's characters try to live like Oriental sages, wandering in wild places, meditating in the moonlight, writing poetry, and sponging on their friends and kin. They are looking for dharma, the revelation of ultimate truth behind the appearance of things, or as one of them puts it, "There is no me, no airplane, no nose, no Princess, no nothing — for Krissakes do you want to go on being fooled every damn minute of your life?"

The young men principally engaged in not being fooled are a student of everything Oriental named

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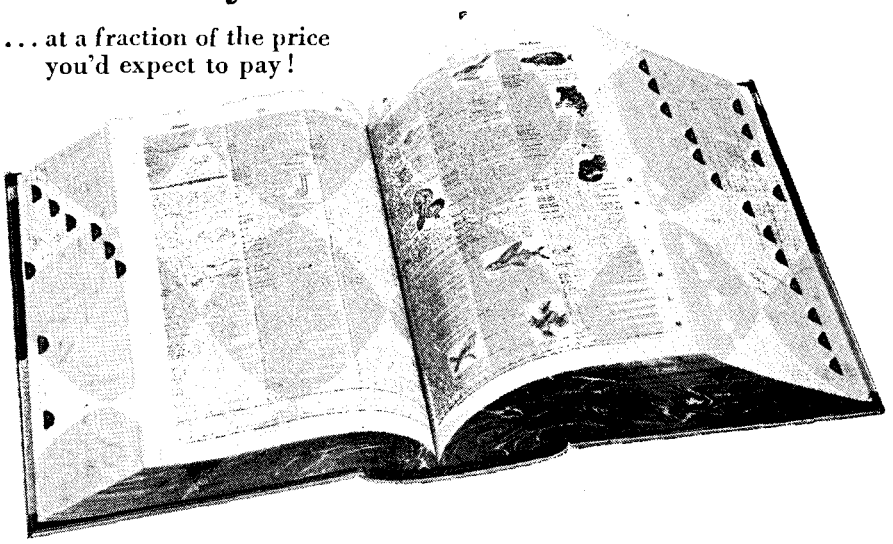

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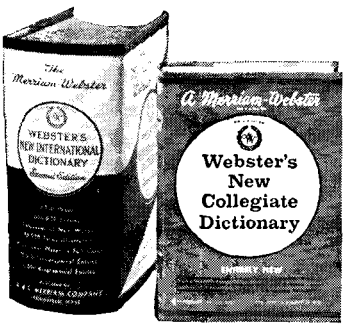

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Japhy Ryder and the narrator, Ray Smith, a bad poet. Ray's poetry is unnerving in itself and also unsettling as an element in the story. It is fair enough to assume that Ray would be unaware that the stuff is hilariously awful, and since Ray tells the story, Mr. Kerouac cannot well intrude any critical opinion of his own. Still, it would be good to know his creator's private estimate of Ray's work, for as the book stands, it is never quite clear whether Zen Buddhism and mountain climbing benefit society or merely soothe the individual soul, nor is there any indication that enlightenment, when Ray finally achieves it, will deter him from verse.

Ray's verse is bad, but his eye, being really Mr. Kerouac's, is good. *The Dharma Bums* is full of sparkling descriptions of landscape and weather, light falling through trees, the smell of snow, the motions of animals. The people are less successful, for Ray and Japhy are reminiscent of the garrulous comrades of *On the Road*, their friends are too often designed to prove a point, and the women are ornamental cartoons. What is successful is Mr. Kerouac's evocation of a state of mind in these fellows, a humorous rebelliousness, a polite refusal to bother with trivialities, a genuine kindness toward the world they have repudiated. Their attitude is convincing when their actions are not, and goes far to persuade the reader that these self-elected bodhisattvas are not pursuing a contemptible ideal.

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According to Mr. Bourjaily, his novel is about a group of people who are "violated . . . by their inability to communicate, to love, to comprehend, to create — violated by neurotic commitments to preposterous goals or, more tragically, to no goals at all." This is a perfectly accurate description of the three men whose dreary careers are followed over some thirty years, and also of everyone connected with them, and this is

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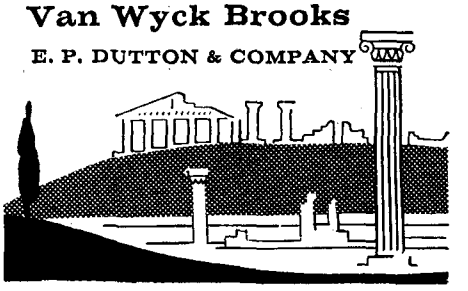

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the book's weakness. Koko is funny, but if everyone in the cast plays Koko, monotony is bound to set in.

The first part of the book, in which the author introduces Tom the ineffectual genius, Eddie the worried ruffian, and Guy the joyless Don Juan, is much better than the second. The boys meet in prep school, and getting them into action involves considerable bustle with parents, girls, college, and the war. Eddie's experiences in the army are admirably done, as are the excitement of school dances and Tom's odd relationship with the friends of his older sister. The nervous, inquisitive rootlessness of late adolescence is well conveyed, but the disabilities that prevent these characters from attaching themselves to the world as they grow older are nebulous. The exception, on vague disabilities, is Guy, the Mexican, who dedicates his life to seducing girls because his feet were set upon the primrose path at the age of five or so by an Indian nursemaid. Nobody else has such an excuse. They seem to be people congenitally incapable of coming to grips with anything.

The second half of the book revolves around a production of *Hamlet* staged in an empty house by Tom's young niece. The symbolic significance of this affair is obliterated by the utter improbability that a fifteen-year-old girl could hold together a cast of her contemporaries, including a couple of oafishly amorous boys, long enough to get one scene on the boards, let alone most of the play. She acts the prince, too.

While it is possible to admire the skill with which Mr. Bourjaily writes, and respect his concern for the unhappy people he writes about, it is difficult to share his assumption that the plight of these unaccountable cripples is worth 599 pages.

CARS, CHAOS, AND CARNAGE

THE INSOLENT CHARIOTS (Lippincott, $3.95) is aggravated assault on the American automobile, committed by JOHN KEATS, the iconoclastic author of *Schools Without Scholars* and *The Crack in the Picture Window*.

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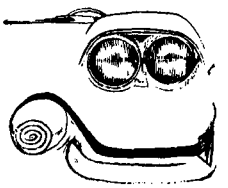

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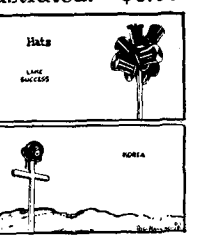

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space, inadequate road clearance, repair charges, fraudulent claims about performance, dishonest salesmanship, and the complacency of the Automobile Manufacturers Association.

The manufacturers are not the only victims, however. Mr. Keats has a good deal to say about the nincompoopery of customers who persist in buying cars they cannot afford for reasons that would make a Freudian analyst turn pale. Not that the manufacturers get off scot free on this count either, once Mr. Keats starts brooding about motivational research. "No responsible person would give a knife to a man who expressed a desire to stab someone with it. Why then build powerful cars to satisfy the delusions of grandeur of some constitutional psychopaths who wish to relieve their aggressive impulses by whistling through a school zone at 80 miles an hour?"

Mr. Keats, for all his well-founded complaints, is pretty clearly a sentimental reactionary. His dream car is Ford's indestructible Model T, churning along the unpredictable highways of the 1920s. It is a fine dream, but it leads him into the delusion that smaller, tougher, more sensible cars will go far toward ameliorating the agonies of modern motoring. They would help, certainly, but until some method is devised for detecting those constitutional psychopaths before they get on the road, and national regulations are set up to keep them from operating cars, chaos and carnage will continue. Despite all the sins rampant in Detroit, there's no returning to the simple past. You just can't git a horse any more.

THE CREATIVE PROCESS

ART AND REALITY (Harper, $3.00) is a discussion of the creative process by the late JOYCE CARY. The material originated as a series of lectures delivered at Oxford, and possibly for this reason the book tends to break into short, sharply illuminating essays on various aspects of art, with a good deal of attention to specific problems and the ways in which they have been solved.

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A fine novelist, trained as a painter, Cary knew better than most that the expression of a work of art "is work, and very hard work, too." How to do this work interested him enormously, and his ideas on technique, changes of style from one period to another, the use of imagination, the relation of the audience to the work of art, and the morality of art are illustrated with a truly wonderful profusion and ingenuity.

The wit and lucidity of the writing are only to be expected from Cary. The critical insight is hardly surprising. What is unusual is the range of his taste and sympathy, which sweeps around east and west, past and present, with a shrewd enthusiasm that puts many a professional critic to shame.

STEPHEN SPENDER, an inveterate participant in cultural conferences and international literary seminars, has lost patience with his colleagues in these enterprises and nailed their hides to the barn door in a little book called ENGAGED IN WRITING (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $3.75). It contains two short stories; the second is of no particular interest, but the first is a long account of a writers' congress staged in Venice and described with a comic, deadpan fury quite unexpected in Mr. Spender's work.

The writers splashing around the canals are familiar as a bad debt. There is the idealistic Italian who has instigated the thing and sees, with horror, that it is quite out of control. There are three Russians, tongue-tied because they have been deprived of their secret police adviser. A pair of Frenchmen continue the philosophical argument which has kept them busy in Paris for years, boring everyone stiff with indomitable brilliance. An English scientist and Communist sympathizer confuses every issue with unsuitable analogies. The conversation of these characters is so close to the real thing that it is often more painful than funny. It sometimes requires two readings to make certain that a speech is actively loony rather than a literal quotation of vintage scholastic flapdoodle.

THE ROMANTIC TEMPERAMENT

TWO LOVERS IN ROME (Doubleday, $3.95) is made up of letters and journal entries which the nineteenth-century art critic ETIENNE-JEAN

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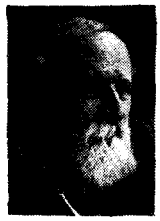

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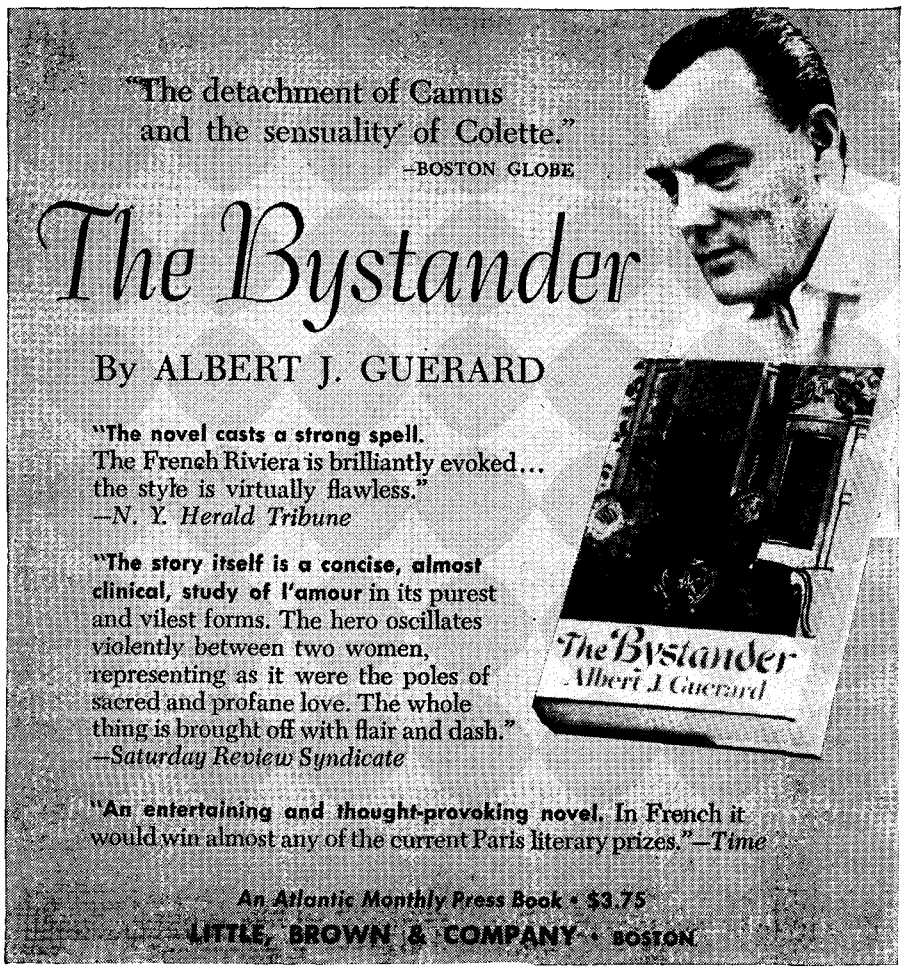

DELÉCLUZE sensibly deleted from his published papers. Edited by Louis Desternes and translated by Gerard Hopkins, these extracts reveal the romantic temperament in all its absurd glory.

Delécluze was in his forties when, in 1823, he went to Rome and fell in love with Amélie Cyvoct, a very young girl who was visiting there with her aunt, Madame Recamier. Poor, serious, high-minded gentleman, how he suffered. How he debated, and renounced, the joys of an unsuitable alliance which was also, although he didn't know it, impossible. How astounded and indignant he was when his subjective raptures and miseries wore off and he was himself again. And how likable he is, through all this foolishness. For the truth was, Delécluze never loved Amélie at all, and finally admitted it, and they became good friends.

The hothouse atmosphere that makes so many sentimental confessions of this period — Hazlitt's, for instance — uncomfortable reading rarely exists with Delécluze. Throughout his Amelian madness he was reveling in his first visit to Italy, and much of what he saw got into his journal. He had the double eye, too. Climbing Vesuvius with a silly lady, he enjoys imagining that this fashionable nitwit is Amélie and at the same time can see himself idiotically conducting his little game of make-believe. If he sighs for Delécluze, he chortles too, and the ultimate effect is closer to high comedy than to heartbreak.

POLISH DISCONTENT

It is hard to form any confident opinion of what is written in Communist countries on the basis of the material offered in translation here, for the choice of American publishers, however sensible, automatically narrows a field already narrowed by censorship. Two books from Poland, however, agree in presenting a picture of intelligent discontent. MAREK HLASKO'S novel, THE EIGHTH DAY OF THE WEEK (Dutton, $2.75), is a savage, melancholy study of people who are going nowhere and know it. Their troubles are lack of money, lack of hope, illness, boredom, and frustrated love; problems, in short, which do not necessarily stem from Communism and are not attributed to it by the author. What

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he seems to have in mind is that Communism is not helping these unfortunates. It is a good novel of its grim type, much closer to Western attitudes than to the stylized optimism of Russian fiction.

THE BROKEN MIRROR (Random House, $3.50), edited by PAWEL MAYEWSKI, is a collection of pieces published here and there in Poland during the recent relaxation of censorship. Two of the authors have since left the country for Western Europe, but all these selections are necessarily written from an ostensibly loyal, if somewhat exasperated, Communist stand. These lively Polish intellectuals are no party-line phonographs. Their concern is primarily for decency and rationality, and the extent to which they question Communist efforts in this direction is quite striking. An ambiguous, unactable, curiously impressive play about the execution of Socrates emphasizes the loneliness and dignity of the individual mind; a Kafkaish short story recounts the author's futile search for a philosophy; a series of literary memoirs needles censors and bureaucrats and harps sourly on the impossibility of being both an artist and a propagandist. If these authors are typical of Polish thinking, Russian influence has accomplished very little there, but how typical they really are, the editor does not, probably cannot, say.

YOUNG FIGHTER IN HUNGARY

The author of BOY ON THE ROOFTOP (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $3.75), whose name is not TAMAS SZABO, is at sixteen a refugee veteran of the Hungarian revolt of two years ago. Unlike the Polish intellectuals, Tamas Szabo doesn't seem to have thought much about Communism or Russians. He simply loathed them. He had no previous warning that a revolt was about to break out, but when it started, he contrived to stand in a queue and get a gun and in short order became a soldier.

His story is simply told and confined to his own adventures, which were dangerous, pitiful, and astonishing. The book makes no pretense of describing the revolt as a whole. It is confined to street fighting, scrounging ammunition, jokes and squabbles among the boys, confused escapes and pursuits, and, always, sudden death. All reactions are momentary — the author can shift

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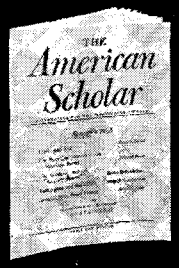

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Regardless of the exact balance of fact and invention in *The Mission*, it is an unmistakably heartfelt tribute to a people for whom the author feels immense respect and affection.

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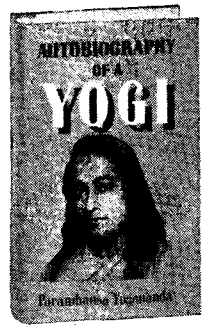
AUTOBIOGRAPHY of a YOGI



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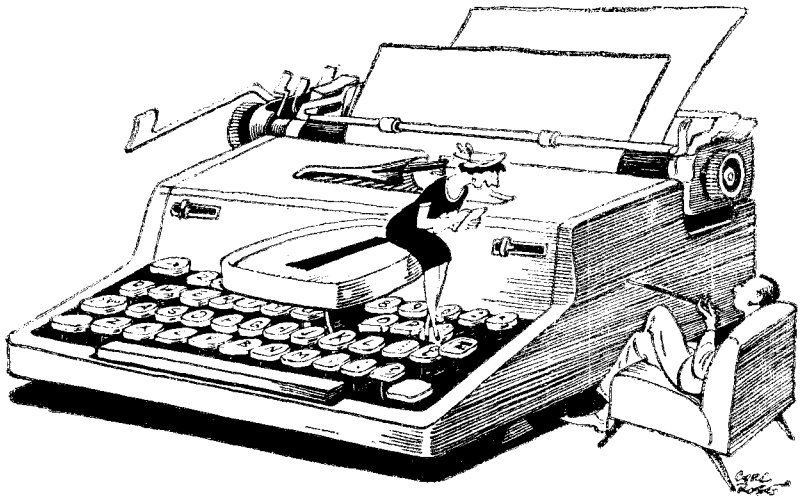

Accent on

I was trembling with excitement. It was some minutes before I could muster up enough courage to read the fateful message:

"Yes, come for tea at four on Wednesday the seventeenth."

That was all. No frills, no nonsense. Just the terse words scrawled on a post card, signed only with the initials known to ——lovers the world over, "N. G." That was all — but it was enough to set my heart thumping wildly . . . etc., etc.

The foregoing is the accepted beginning of what might be called The Pilgrimage Article, which goes on to tell in relentless detail how its author finally achieved the lifelong ambition of actually meeting N. G.

It is immaterial whether N. G., or the author, for that matter, is a man or a woman. Men gush just as earnestly as women in recounting the interview with N. G. Neither does it make any difference what N. G. is — or was — so famous for. N. G. could be famous for any old thing: painting, medicine, fiction, the harpsichord, or whatever. Picasso? Baruch? Houdini? E. H. Sothern? One will make just as serviceable an N. G. as the next.

It is not that the author is interested in the specialty of any one of these celebrities. No, the author is primarily a name-dropper, who will go to any lengths to be able to say, "As Tom Wolfe used to say to me when we were in New York together : : ." or "I don't know Ted Williams well, but I did have dinner with him one night." The dinner on that occasion happened to wind up the Nirvana Community Fund Drive, and there were about four hundred others there to hear Ted Williams' speech, but what's the harm?

As it all works out, N. G. comes off very thinly in The Pilgrimage Article, which proves to be much more about the author than about N. G. It will be noted that the opening word of The Pilgrimage Article is the first-person-singular pronoun, and everything that follows seems to stem not from the luckless N. G. but from the sapience, the perseverance, and the all-round excellence of the author. We find that N. G. becomes simply the invisible thread on which the author's pearls of subjectivity are strung. So:

"I shall never forget my sense of mounting eagerness as I prepared for the interview . . ."

The preparations themselves are usually good for a few pages of copy. The author goes through a fair dither over what to wear, deciding finally "with much trepidation" on what almost anyone would reasonably wear to a four o'clock tea, presumably after rejecting court dress, hunting pink, a bathing suit, or whatever else the anxiety of the moment might have suggested. But there is no faltering, no turning away from the commitment: "N. G.'s card had said four o'clock, but I was ready and waiting to start long before the appointed hour."

Along about here in The Pilgrimage Article the author tucks in what she obviously believes is a double coup: She will disarm the reader with a becoming show of modesty and at the same time put across a resounding statement of her own credentials. It goes like this:

"Of course I had no reason to believe that N. G. had ever heard of me. I was not a professional writer, although several stories of mine had appeared in my high school magazine, *The Nirvanian*. My other activities, although sufficient to fill my scrapbook with press clippings, could hardly have come to N. G.'s attention. Even so, as a former secretary of the Nirvana Heights Book Club and a journalism major from Berserk U., I felt that I had some qualifications as an interviewer. My position in Burdock's, which is, after all, the largest department store between Cleveland and Cincinnati, has naturally brought me into contact with all sorts of people, and my trouble was not so much shyness as determination to make the most of this extraordinary chance . . ."

Let us assume for the case in point that N. G. is a male, a nonobjective painter whose method consists of splashing his colors over a frame of lightly stretched cheesecloth; what drips through is caught on a sheet of aluminum which N. G. is moving

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rapidly back and forth under the cheesecloth. (In his latest stage N. G. is adding a rotary motion to the dripping process with quite astonishing results.) This in itself is nothing unusual, hardly a reason for N. G. to have become world famous, or any more famous than other painters who work with fly swatters, egg beaters, slingshots, or comparable novelties. What does make N. G. as widely known — and the author never does come to appreciate it — is the simple fact that N. G. is a born showman and a tireless publicity hound. He will talk on any subject to anyone with a pencil and a bit of paper.

The interview, reasonably enough, goes very smoothly indeed. "I soon realized that my fears had been groundless. From the moment N. G. opened his door for me I felt perfectly at home, and I was soon chatting with this great artist as if we had known each other for years. He was affability itself, and although he had never been in Nirvana he was greatly impressed by what I told him about our Art Institute and the part that Burdock's plays in the cultural life of the community . . ."

Affability? Why, N. G. even pressed upon the interviewer a souvenir fragment of cheesecloth, which has been carried around and displayed ever since.

The author of The Pilgrimage Articles comes home in a daze of self-satisfaction and with enough notes for a book, let alone an article. The story of tea with N. G. runs to about 8000 words. If that infernal conspiracy by the big slicks against all but "name" writers continues, as seems likely in this case, the author can be fairly sure of getting the piece eventually into the Nirvana *Times-Gazette*. The Burdock store's account is not, after all, something to be sneezed at.

CHARLES W. MORTON

R. P. LISTER

PICK AND CHOOSE

Why, if, my lady, you could pick and choose
  Through all the ages, from a thousand men,
From Danes and Arabs, Chinamen and Jews,
  You would not find the perfect husband then.

Or if virginity could be renewed,
  And you came freshly to the thousandth mate,
Sometimes pursuing, sometimes the pursued,
  You still would query: Is he, then, my Fate?

There is upon this earth no perfect man;
  I tell you this, my lady, with regret,
But such appears to be the Heavenly plan.
  Nor has there been a perfect woman yet.

I grant that you are fair, as woman goes:
  But time is still a ruthless charioteer.
Take Edward, with the lumps upon his nose,
  Or John, if you can stand the smell of beer,

Or Dan, if all you really like is cars,
  Or Joseph, who's shortsighted, but can see,
Or Tim, who knows the names of all the stars;
  Or, if you're really in despair, take me.

Leaves of Gold

BY R. G. G. PRICE

R. G. G. PRICE *lives in Sussex and has contributed much light writing and literary criticism to* PUNCH. *He writes for the* ATLANTIC *on a variety of subjects.*

When I was a boy I used to spend hours in secondhand bookstores, hoping to pick up a Shakespeare First Folio that had been overlooked during stocktaking. From time to time the proprietor of one of them would take pity on me as I searched so earnestly along his shelves, and try to introduce me to the World's Great Literature, urging Marcus Aurelius or Epictetus on me in cheap editions; but I was not there for self-improvement. I was there for loot.

As the years passed, I began to realize the narrowness of my aim. A prospector who wanted gold or nothing — spurning ferrous metals, kaolin, or sites for hotels — would be a man who wasted his chances, and, it struck me, a book hunter who hunted only First Folios was just as bad. As my literary sophistication increased, my hopes grew more versatile. By the time I was eighteen I should have been quite content with one of the minor Caxtons, preferably with hitherto unrecorded misprints. At twenty I was beginning to think that it would be quite pleasant to pick up a handful of the early Shelley pamphlets, association copies with marginal comments by, say, Byron.

Later I learned that there was money to be made out of the earliest work of contemporary authors. One did not need to strike it old to strike

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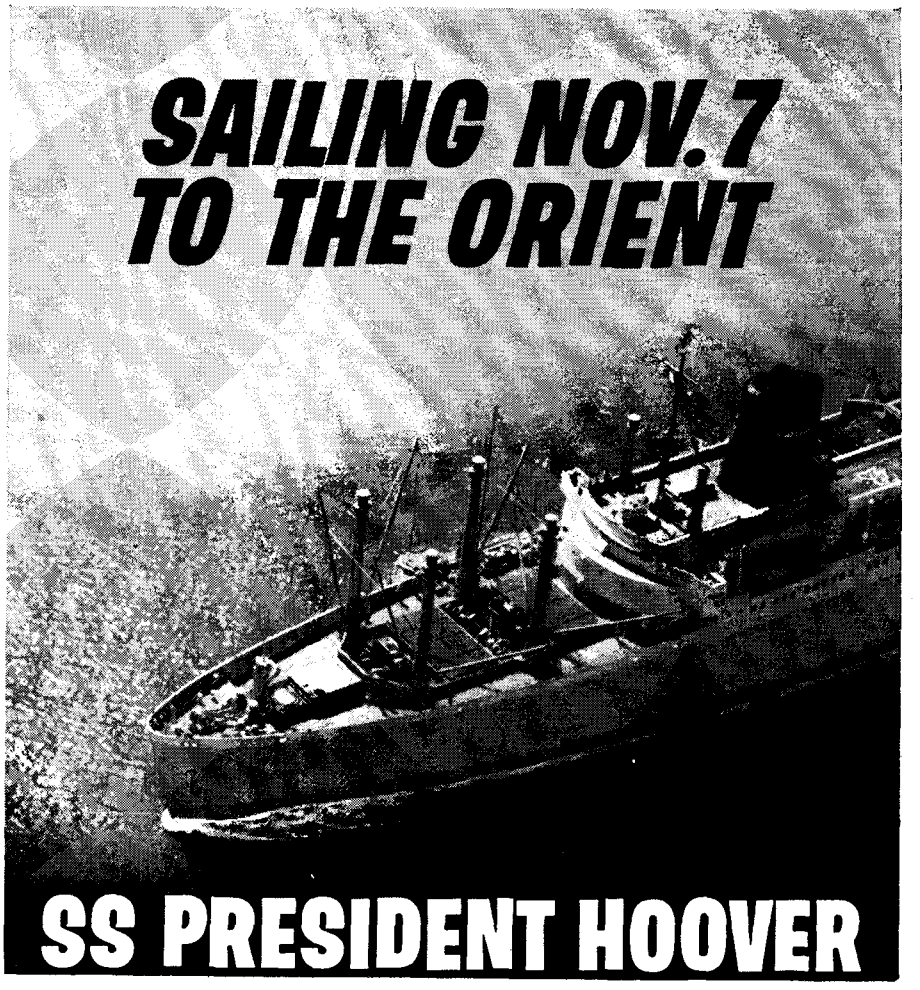
it rich. Comparatively few writers learn their job straight off and, in the strange world of the secondhand, this means that their misses are worth more than their hits. Nothing wins less kudos from the trade than a best seller. The ideal secondhand book is the slim, paperback volume of imitative verse that the tough-guy novelist has long hoped was forgotten; the blank-verse play that the great economist wrote when suffering from calf love; the guidebook that the famous poet produced under a pen name to pay his bills; the legends retold for the "kiddies" that the critical sophisticate has been trying to buy up ever since.

At one time I dreamed of buying new copies of the early works of future celebrities when they were first published. I soon found that to do this required a standard of talent spotting far beyond the highest flights I could soar to on wings of greed. The man who could foresee *David Copperfield* in *The Village Coquettes* or even *Hamlet* in *Henry VI, Part I* was so different from me that I abandoned the fantasy of turning into him and sank into a happy eclecticism. I became ready to run my eye along a shelf, prepared to take anything that might turn up: a presentation copy of *Paradise Lost*, the corrected proof sheets of *Huckleberry Finn*, or Dale Carnegie *juvenilia*. I was no longer the kind of man who would throw back a Bay Psalm Book on the ground that he was trailing review copies of Françoise Sagan. I

must admit that as a trawler I was just as unsuccessful as I had been as an angler. It was just as well I never turned professional.

Present-day trends in this slap-happy trade puzzle me. I have been looking at the names of some of the books that have actually been making big money in the book auctions recently. Time after time these are



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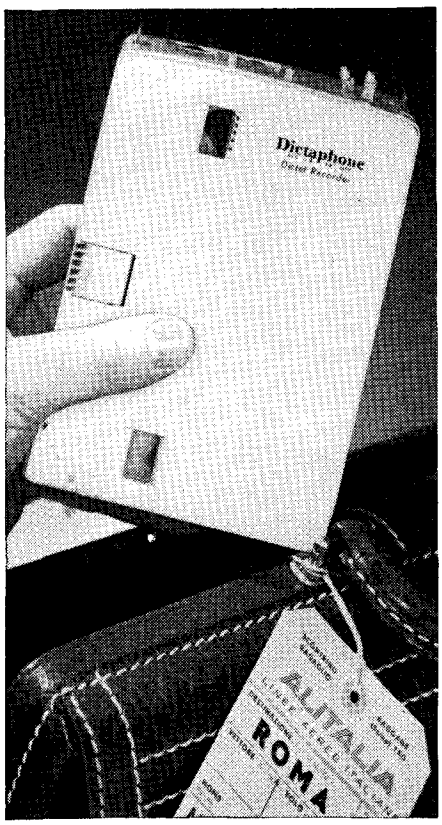

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books that no normal prowler would look at, except in the course of digging down to inspect what lay underneath, while books that we prowlers would consider sure-fire do not raise enough for a magazine subscription. The earliest known manuscript of some classical Latin poet written in a fine hand for a Renaissance cardinal and presented by him to a queen fetches a third of the price of *Carrion Birds of the Zambezi Delta.* The money now seems to be in the kind of unwieldy illustrated book about animals or places with which our forefathers yawned away the hours before the coming of the cine-travelogue. The cover may be off, the leaves stained with tea (not Scotch, tea), the illustrations folded and chewed. Still the bids pile up, whether it be for *Desiccated Ferns of the Gobi Desert,* 6 volumes, all oblong, or 32 folio volumes of *Picturesque Detroit.*

Things work out differently, however, in trying to *sell* books. After a frustrating afternoon in a bookstore, I have sometimes looked along my own shelves wondering whether perhaps the lode was not right here at home. Perhaps when I was a child I had a first edition of *Alice in Wonderland* and it is still about somewhere. Or perhaps the author of some novel picked up long ago has since rocketed into fame, selling two million of his latest book and ten of his first, of which I have one. If all else fails, I wonder about inscriptions and signatures. There are a few odd volumes bound in calf. Somebody must have owned them. No luck. Names on flyleaves like "P. Smith" may conceal the identity of the first man to Be or Do something: I cannot spend hours and hours with reference books just on the chance that they do.

Worst of all is what happens when I drag out of the bottom of a cupboard some dullish, battered, cumbersome book, apparently printed on lead, that I had to take as part of a lot when I was after another item. I struggle with it to the booksellers and they sneer at it, saying it is dullish, battered, cumbersome, and unsalable. "Who," they ask, "would ever buy a book with a title like *Fossils of New Amsterdam?*" Then as I turn away, listing under the weight, they beam at another customer and say that at last they have managed to find him a complete set of *The Dictionary of Commerce and Improved Ready-Reckoner,* 1823–1834, 124 volumes, elephant folio.

The trouble is that this is not the kind of gambling you do best with a pin. You need an expert's eye and memory and patience, and you are up against very hot competition. This, for me, turns book hunting into quite a different kind of hobby. My ideal bibliographic triumph would be five minutes in a shop and a lifetime on golden beaches, where in the blonde-besprinkled sunshine I should eat, drink, sleep — and read — which is more than I can see bidders for *Views of Icebergs* by A Gentleman, 17 volumes in 28, ever doing.

DIMINISHING RETURNS

BY D. G. TURNER

Aghast I stand as I behold
An infant win his weight in gold,
By answering on a TV quiz
Just who Father Christmas is.

A little boy, his fortune made,
Appears upon the hit parade;
A sweetly singing cherubim
Who wants Dianne to stay by him.

With entertainers growing younger
The older ones will die of hunger,
While yet the Boston Pops may greet us
Conducted by a smiling fetus.

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Housekeeping À La Television

BY ANNE KELLEY

ANNE KELLEY *was a reporter on the Seattle* POST-INTELLIGENCER *after her graduation from the University of Washington. She is now a housewife and mother of three children.*

A glorious new design for gracious living has come into our home via television. I don't know just whom I have to thank — some inspired adman or, more likely, adwoman, I surmise, who saw poor old average me sitting there at the other end of the picture tube, a harried harridan on the verge of the Gray Sickness.

Just for me, she devised the *better* way, and flashed it to me electronically. And oh, what drama it has wrought within my home!

Only this morning, as my husband and I sang a duet together at the breakfast table — he in his dandruff-free smoking jacket, I in my filmy peignoir — he said to me, "Sweetheart, your hair looks as if it had been soothed by ten thousand loving fingers!"

"Ah, yes," I mused. He leaned forward to light my filter-tip cigarette. "And remember how it used to look? As if it had been tended by two unfriendly thumbs."

He nodded, chuckling. Then we ran through another chorus of *our* song, "Brusha, brusha, brusha —"

"Shall we meet at three for skin-diving, dearest?" he asked, as he rose and nuzzled the nape of my neck. "We're living modern now, you know."

I was so happy I could dance, so I did, with the vacuum cleaner for my partner. First, of course, I changed from my peignoir into a tight sheath and my highest heels. And to think I once wore blue jeans

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and sneakers — and got down on my knees to clean under the sofa! But that was before my adwoman showed me the carefree way to vacuum, as delicate as croquet and far less tiring.

I shuddered a bit at memories of the harassed old days, when I was a screaming mommie with jittery nerves and acid indigestion who snarled if the youngsters muddied the kitchen floor.

"Come ahead, darlings," I called to them now. "Tromp around all you please. Wouldn't you like to pour a little raspberry jam on the floor, too? You know how it pleases me to be a smiling cleaner-upper, you little messer-uppers, you! And don't forget — leave the refrigerator door open as long as you like, just the way the pretty lady does on TV."

Humming softly to myself, a little tune my adwoman planned just for me, I changed into a simple silk dress for a look in the laundry room. Yes, there it was, my family wash churning through its cycle in the automatic. I gestured toward it with my tapered index finger, then quickly muddied seventeen towels and tossed them in, just for kicks. Soon, I knew, the whole wash would be hanging bright-white from the line against a backdrop of cypress trees, and I should be able to run up and down beside it, my silken tresses shimmering in the sunlight. I would be wearing my deceptively simple little pastel linen by that time, of course.

To bring a *smilier* smile to my youngest daughter's face, I picked up the iron and flourished it over the sash of her dolly's dress (which was, naturally, pre-pressed), then put the steaming iron flat on the board and danced off to see what was doing in my kitchen. All was in order, as usual. The luncheon sandwiches were busy wrapping themselves in wax paper, and as I passed by, a square of paper toweling detached itself from the roll and floated into my soft, white, right hand. I had only to pat the toweling daintily on the floor, and presto! the mud and raspberry jam were gone, along with the dried mustard spilled from my husband's midnight snack. I picked up the scrub brush, mop, and chisel I once used and threw them out the window.

Then I stood at the sink with a tin of detergent and spoke, pleasantly but firmly, to the breakfast dishes.

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"Dishappear!" I told them, and they obeyed inshtantly. I blew them a kiss as they vanished into the cupboards (a little ritual I learned from guess who).

Then I was off again, tripping upstairs for one of the gayest interludes of the day. Soaking several pieces of wet-strength tissue in lotion, I dropped in all my jewelry — diamonds, emeralds, rubies — piece by piece, kerplunk, kerplunk. How exhilarating! And to think that tomorrow I could look forward to my other favorite hobby, filling my bone-china coffee cups to the brim and lifting *them* in tissues! The very thought of it made me so giddy I almost forgot to pass out tissue boxes to the children, pink to the girls and yellow to the boys, so that they could skip through the house playing that charming new nursery game called "lift out one, out pops another."

And then it was time for my thirty-day hand-lotion test, in which I have so gratifyingly kept my left hand from finding out what my right hand is doing. What a sly little joke! The left hand simply cannot understand why it remains so rough and red.

I just had time to remove two stubborn calluses and perform the underarm circle test — ah, *there's* a merry one! — before tossing a little fur about my shoulders and giving myself a home permanent.

Next I dabbed a bit of antiperspirant on my forehead and plumped myself in a 140-degree steam cabinet, delighted, once again, to find that while I passed out, my forehead did not dampen in the slightest.

Fresh, then, in my new St. Laurent (the one with the smocking top and bloomer bottom), I mamboed into the kitchen, where the children sat smiling at table, their hands clean, their napkins folded neatly like dear little party caps atop their well-brushed hair.

"Look, Mommy," they called in unison. "Clings like cloth!" Overhearing this, our miniature butler muttered, "Guess I'm not needed here any more" and vanished into the woodwork.

Observing that one-fourth cup blanched, slivered almonds and a few sliced truffles were waiting for me, I quickly stirred up the dinner casserole in advance although, of course, it was unnecessary, as a duplicate of the dish, already baked, winked out at me from the oven.

Yes, Christ Made Marriage a SACRAMENT!

Many will disagree with this ancient article of Catholic faith.

"How can it be a Sacrament," some will demand, "when people can be married by a magistrate—even by a ship's captain at sea?"

"How can it be a Sacrament," others will ask, "when the Bible doesn't say it is?"

Civil marriage laws are necessary, of course, in a society which includes the unreligious as well as the religious. But the necessity of having such laws does not change the higher laws God has made covering the union of man and wife.

Your Bible, it is true, may not use the word "Sacrament" in its references to matrimony. But who can read either the Old Testament or the New without sensing that God intended marriage to be not a mere contract between a man and woman, but a sacred spiritual union?

A widow, the Bible tells us, may be remarried, but "...only in the Lord" (1 Corinthians 7:39). Husband and wife are to love one another "...even as Christ loved the church, and gave Himself for it" (Ephesians 5:22-32). And the holiness of marriage is emphasized many times in such words as "what God has joined together"..."the twain shall be one flesh"..."submitting yourselves to one another in the fear of God."

Christ has provided graces for the members of His Church through Sacraments to meet other needs. Would He have neglected to provide such spiritual assistance for us in so vital and complex a matter as marriage, the sanctity of which Our Lord made clear? Catholics do not think so.

Early Christian writings and customs reflect a regard for the sacredness of marriage. "Where," wrote Tertullian in the third century, "shall we find power to declare the happiness of that marriage which the Church arranged, the offering confirms, the blessing seals, the angels proclaim, and the Father ratifies?" St. Ambrose, in the fourth century, said that marriage is sanctified by the words of Christ himself.

If you are married or planning to be ...whether you are Catholic or not... you will find sound counsel and spiritual inspiration in our free pamphlet: "The Real Secret of Successful Marriage." It cover such topics as . . . "Until Death Do Us Part"..."A Sacred Contract"..."God's Family Plan"..."What's Wrong With Divorce?"..."So You're Going to be Married?"...and "A Home of Your Own."

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"There is something of J. D. Salinger in her mingling of humor, sympathy, and understanding as she looks into the minds of two youngsters teetering uneasily on the edge of adulthood." —JOHN K. HUTCHENS, N Y. Herald Tribune

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LITTLE, BROWN

Then, recalling my promise to live modern with my husband, I rolled my hoop skirt into a corner and was off to the beach with one final word of caution to my children.

"Remember now. No homework and no practicing the piano except between commercials. Just sit there by the TV and pay attention. We don't want to miss anything our adwoman has planned for us!"

My husband was waiting for me at the wheel of a new sports car.

"Girl of my dreams," he murmured, with a deep sigh. "And not a whisper of bad breath."

Reichsurreys

BY LOYD ROSENFIELD

From his home in Mexico, LOYD ROSENFIELD *contributes a variety of light writing and verse to many newspapers and magazines in the United States.*

I have often been tempted to stick out a tail fin and trip one of the pesky little foreign imports as it zipped around my 250 horses in an intimidating manner. Still, I am forced to admit that my observation of Reichsurreys has disclosed that they do possess certain other undeniable advantages:

When their batteries are dead they are much easier to push from your garage out to the street.

They increase the numerical capacity of ferryboats.

They are very economical for long trips if you have a wife who insists upon flying. You can take along her excess baggage in the Reichsurrey.

They are much more effective than elevator shoes for making short men appear taller. Napoleon would have seemed much more masterful climbing into a Reichsurrey than into a king-size carriage drawn by six white horses.

You can drive twice as far searching for a parking place on the same amount of gasoline.

If you happen to be struck by a giant trailer truck there is never the problem of large repair bills to consider.

You can, by sneaking around large cars at intersections, have great sport startling small pedestrians.

You can keep a Reichsurrey parked in front of your home with pride, certain of the fact that no one in the block can possess a plainer piece of transportation than yours, and even the Joneses — while they may equal you — can never surpass you on that score, though they buy a new model every year.

A Reichsurrey is very unlikely to have a head-on collision while zooming around a 300-horsepower car climbing a steep hill. (However, I may have a head-on collision while zooming around a Reichsurrey on a steep hill. I love to do it — it frustrates them so.)

Reichsurreys use only half as much water each time you wash them.

In case of a bridge collapse, a Reichsurrey will sink slower than a heavier car.

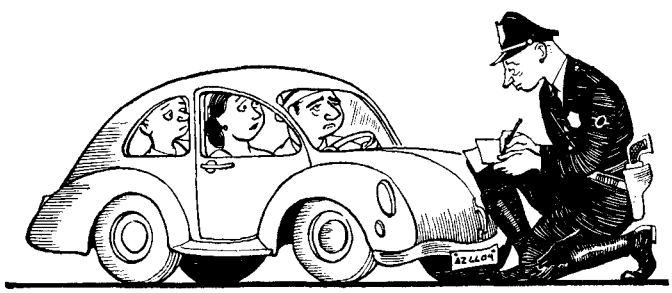
It is much more fun to watch willowy blondes try to get out of a Reichsurrey in a dignified manner — although you may have a bit more trouble persuading them to climb in in the first place.

You can create much more effective traffic jams by squeezing your darling little darter into very small spaces at busy intersections.

It is far easier for your wife to make a burly motorcycle cop feel like a bully when she is behind the wheel of a Reichsurrey.

Reichsurreys are much more efficient than large station wagons for not being asked to transport fifteen Boy Scouts to the country.

It is such fun to look down your nose at admiring friends while peering up at them from your Reichsurrey to say, "Oh, you couldn't get one. There's a long waiting list."



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IPSWICH BALLAD

BY FRANCES FROST

On December Fifth,
says the Almanac,
Two Ipswich Men
went to Sea on a Haystack.

This was in Seventeen-
eighty-six.
Whatever got them
in such a fix

that they had to embark
on a wintry ocean?
What gave them the
Massachusetts notion

that Ipswich men
were so tough of gizzard
they could outsail
a northeast blizzard

with nothing beneath them
to keep them from death
but a pile of redtop
and clover breath?

What did they fashion
for mainsail or spinnaker?
Did they look backward
and say, "Gee whilliker!

Now we've done it!
There goes the town,
there go the dunes.
Let's turn around

and steer toward the Indies.
Good-by, good wives!
We'll have some peace
for once in our lives!"?

I'd like to ask
the Almanac
whether those mariners
ever came back

with spicy tales
in their flower-girt heads,
to horrify Ipswich,
and die in their beds.

You Can Influence Others With Your Thinking!

TRY it some time. Concentrate intently upon another person seated in a room with you, without his noticing it. Observe him gradually become restless and finally turn and look in your direction. Simple—yet it is a *positive demonstration* that thought generates a mental energy which can be projected from your mind to the consciousness of another. Do you realize how much of your success and happiness in life depend upon your influencing others? Is it not important to you to have others understand your point of view—to be receptive to your proposals?

Demonstrable Facts

How many times have you wished there were some way you could impress another favorably—*get across to him or her your ideas?* That thoughts can be transmitted, received, and understood by others is now scientifically demonstrable. The tales of miraculous accomplishments of mind by the ancients are now known to be fact—not fable. The method whereby these things can be *intentionally*, not accidentally, accomplished has been a secret long cherished by the Rosicrucians—one of the schools of ancient wisdom existing throughout the world. To thousands everywhere, for centuries, the Rosicrucians have privately taught this nearly-lost art of the practical use of mind power.

This *Free* Book Points Out the Way

The Rosicrucians (not a religious organization) invite you to explore the powers of your mind. Their sensible, simple suggestions have caused intelligent men and women to soar to new heights of accomplishment. *They will show you* how to use your natural forces and talents to do things you now think are beyond your ability. *Use the coupon below* and send for a copy of the fascinating sealed *free* book, "The Mastery of Life," which explains how you may receive this unique wisdom and benefit by its application to your daily affairs.

The ROSICRUCIANS
(AMORC)

Scribe A.D.C.
The Rosicrucians, AMORC,
Rosicrucian Park, San Jose, California.

Kindly send me a free copy of the book, "The Mastery of Life." I am interested in learning how I may receive instructions about the full use of my natural powers.

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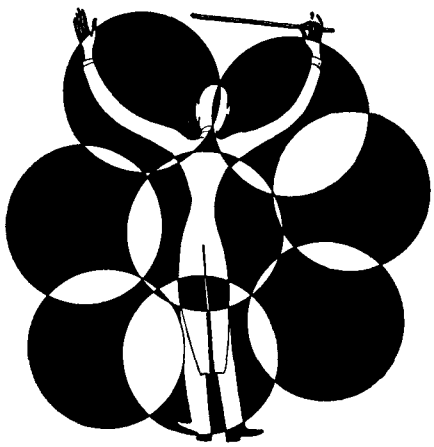
They Shall Have Music

HOW TO BE BINAURAL

BY JOHN M. CONLY

OF SIXTY-FIVE records sent to me in August for review, all but seven were stereophonic. And all the autumn announcements of new phonographic gear bear heavily on the wonders of sonic 3-D. Like it or not — and some of us may not — we are



faced with a revolution in living-room listening.

Perhaps the revolution is premature, and perhaps it has occasioned too much clamor. But a full decade has elapsed since we were afforded the twin boons of high fidelity and the long-playing record. Stereophony — priced within our means — is a comparable advance. It will open, to everyone reading this, a whole new realm of aural delight. It is worth paying for, although there need be no hurry. Mainly, it should not be resented. Good men, as earnest in their love of music as you and I, worked hard to bring it into being.

The main question at this time is: What do you need to convert to stereo?

When I say "convert," I am assuming that you now own a sound system — either a ready-made phonograph or a high-fidelity rig — which you want to keep and add to, not discard. If you are starting from scratch, you simply go shopping, systematically and by ear, until you hear something you really like. At best, if you are fortunately situated, geographically and otherwise, you then bring this array into your living room and try it out. If it does not satisfy, you try again. One thing about stereo gear is that it shows itself much more promptly than one-source sound to be suitable or unsuitable to a listening room. When you have the right equipment, properly placed, the sound will be richer and easier on the ears than you ever expected. If it is rackety, you have shopping or experimenting to do.

Before proceeding further, here is another assumption: it is to disc stereo, not tape stereo, that you plan to convert. Most tape-stereo enthusiasts already have converted, I should suppose. To be sure, there are some new developments in tape stereo — four-track tape, a new slow speed, a tape-loading cartridge — but they are so far from perfection that it would be fruitless to appraise them yet. For the present, at least, disc is the big thing.

What you will need for conversion depends on (excuse my being obvious) what you have already. Certainly you will need another amplifier and loudspeaker. You will need a stereo pickup cartridge, with four connections instead of two. If this is a magnetic cartridge, you will need either a complete new preamplifier control unit or some kind of supplementary device. (Hermon Hosmer Scott calls the one he makes a Stereo-Dapter. I suppose this was inevitable.) If your setup includes a record changer, you may need to replace that, too. And if you live in a town with a so-called good-music radio station, you probably will want separately functioning AM and FM tuners to take advantage of stereo broadcasts.

Nearly all makers of radio tuners now offer FM-AM combinations with separate controls and outputs. If you already own an old FM-AM single-control receiver, it may be cheaper for you to buy a new AM tuner (they cost as little as $25) than to have a serviceman rewire your old two-way job, which probably uses some of the same circuitry for both modes of broadcasting.

Makers of record changers now are offering models suitable for stereo. However, none (so far as I know) are claiming that their old models will serve stereo purposes. There is a reason for this. The record changer is a compromise device; it has to do too many things to do any of them perfectly. (A "perfect" one could be made, but it would have to sell for about $300.) In consequence, manufacturers have labored in the past to spare you lateral vibration, which the monophonic pickup cartridge would transmit through the loudspeaker. But, in the interest of economy, they did not devote much attention to verti-

cal vibration. Unfortunately, stereo cartridges are vertically as well as laterally responsive, so vertical motor-shake is faithfully reproduced as a solid roar. (Not always, I must add: already I have had word from one delighted owner of an old Garrard RC-80 that his machine is

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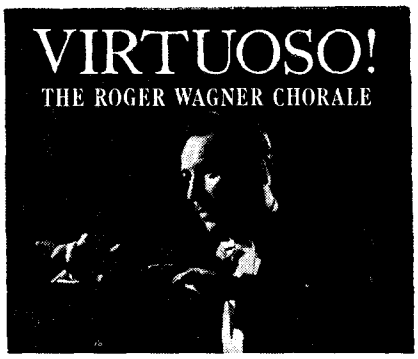
"Stokowski's deep understanding of the music [creates] an unforgettable impression," says the composer himself. A stirring picture of Russia's 1905 uprising. PBR8448*

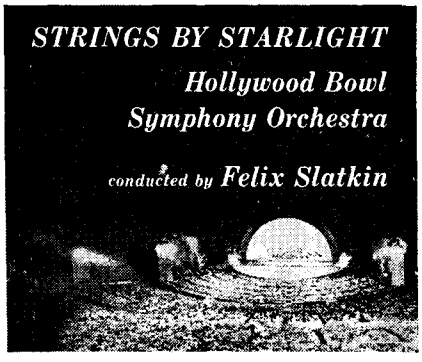
Moussorgsky, Tchaikovsky, Glinka and Borodin are all represented as William Steinberg touches this *Concert Russe* with a special fire. With Pittsburgh Symphony Orch. P8450



The Roger Wagner Chorale displays its impressive versatility in a performance ranging from the simplicity of the Negro spiritual to the grandeur of the "Hallelujah Chorus." P8431

NEW CLASSICAL RECORDINGS

The versatile Almeida plucks sheer enchantment from the guitar in presenting a dozen contemporary compositions by American composers. P8447



"Poets of the orchestra" are the many-faceted strings. Here they show why many composers saved their finest melodies for the string section. P8444

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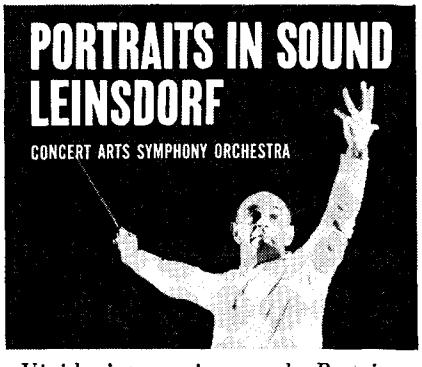

Vivid pictures in sound: *Russian Easter Overture* by Rimsky-Korsakov, Smetana's *The Moldau*, Chabrier's fiery *Espana* and Dukas's sparkling *Sorcerer's Apprentice*. P8446

Irresistibly melodic, this is the perfect introduction to chamber music's intimate charm. A vital performance of Schubert by the Immaculate Heart Trio in their recording debut. P8442

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"... I find the AR-2 remarkably like the AR-1 in over-all sound coloration. Its cone tweeter is not the same, but there isn't much difference in sound. (It costs less, but that doesn't prove much.) On direct comparison, given a signal with plenty of bass component in the very bottom, you can tell the difference between the two in bass response. Most of the time, in ordinary listening, I am not aware of it at all.

... I find AR-2, as with AR-1, remarkably clean and unobtrusive in its sound, easy on the ears for long-period listening, easy also to ignore in favor of the music itself. Either speaker has a way of simply fading into the surroundings (the size helps) leaving the music unattached and disembodied in the room. Excellent illusion!..."

Prices for Acoustic Research speaker systems, complete with cabinets, (AR-1 and AR-2) are $89.00 to $194.00. Size is "bookshelf." Literature is available from your local sound equipment dealer, or on request from:

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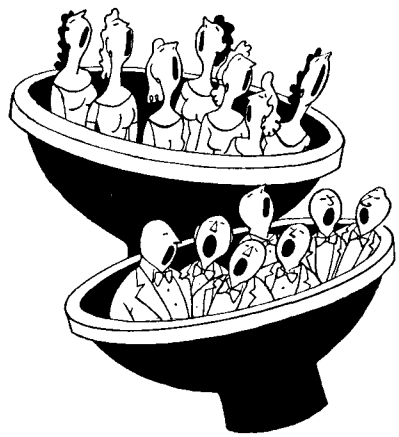
ACOUSTIC RESEARCH, INC.
24 Thorndike St., Cambridge 41, Mass.

quiet as a stereophonic ghost. So don't buy till you try.) Most good twelve-inch precision turntables seem amply quiet for stereo. If yours is not, it may need some oil or a new rubber idler wheel.

Owners of precision turntables are also owners of precision tone arms. To my mind, the thing to do



with one of these is to keep it and, if you have room, add another for your stereo pickup. For stereo the principal requirement of an arm is that it should have minimal inertia; it should be as long and light as possible. An occasional stereo record will be warped, and a tone arm reluctant to move up and down will force the pickup to transmit the warp as signal. It will have a frequency of maybe two cycles per second, so you could not possibly hear it. However, your amplifier (unless it is filtered) will overwork itself trying to reproduce it, and nothing else that is on the record will sound very pretty.

There are two additional reasons to keep your monophonic pickup. One is that, although stereo pickups will play monophonic records, they interject a distortion hazard. A high treble modulation on a monophonic record causes the groove to narrow, forcing the stylus upward. A stereo pickup "hears" this as a second harmonic of the tone inscribed on the disc — and you will hear it, too. There is a remedy for this, if you haven't room for two pickup arms (I don't want to seem technical, but you may have to advise your serviceman, if he is behind in his reading). It is a switch to connect the two sets of wires from the stereo pickup when you play monophonic records. Easy to install.

The second reason to keep your monophonic pickup is that it may save you the cost of a whole new preamplifier, at least for the time being. (I am speaking now mainly to folk with hi-fi equipment.) Until now it has been almost mandatory to own a magnetic pickup and its associated preamplifier. The pickup yielded better sound than crystal or ceramic cartridges, and the preamplifier afforded variable equalization controls, so you could adjust for balanced sound from foreign or domestic 78s, old Columbias, old Londons, old RCA Victors, Caedmons, Bartóks, or any others. Now all records are made according to Record Industry Association (RIAA) specifications; one equalization serves for all. And in the stereo era the piezoelectric (ceramic or crystal) cartridge is making a strong comeback. There are two that have come on the market, made by Weathers and CBS-Columbia, that compare very well with any of the magnetics I have heard and cost only about half as much (approximately $15, with diamond stylus). The Weathers is somewhat cleaner in tone, and tracks at only two grams, but I suspect the Columbia is the one to buy if you have a record changer. Or butterfingers.

Neither of these cartridges needs preamplification. You can plug one of the pickup cables directly into your new second power amplifier, the other into the tape or TV input on your preamplifier. You will not have any easily accessible volume control for the power amplifier, but you can use the one on the preampli-

fier to govern the second channel up and down until the two speakers match. Admittedly, this requires a little scuttling around the living room, but a dual preamplifier costs between $100 and $170, an amount worth saving. Meanwhile, you maintain your old magnetic pickup and preamplifier to play mono-

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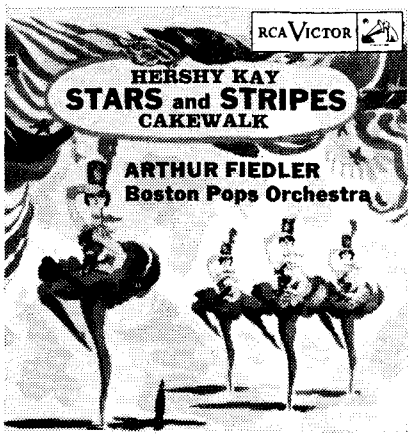
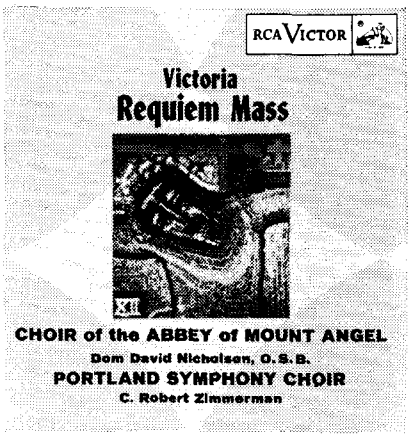
DISCOVER WHOLE NEW WORLDS OF MUSIC... RCA VICTOR'S NEW RED SEAL ALBUMS FOR October

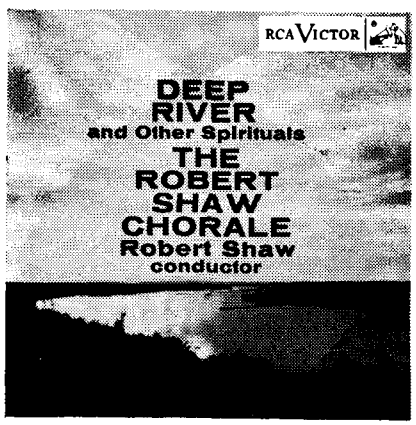
Peters! Peerce! Tozzi! Stunning vocal art, gleaming recording of this operatic masterpiece. LM-6055



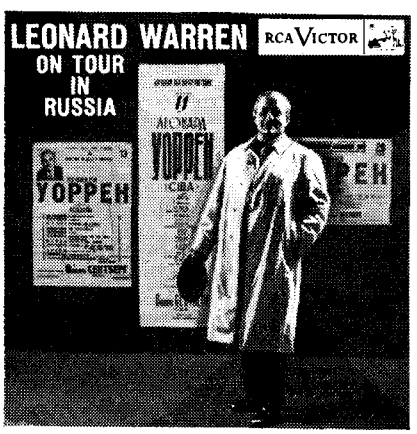
Sousa's pulse-stirring marches and the jaunty Cakewalk tempo inspire 2 delightful ballet scores! LM-2240*



One of the great masses by Tomas de Victoria, successor to Palestrina, and forerunner of Bach! LM-2254*



Fervent, movingly simple renditions of 16 spirituals like Deep River; Swing Low, Sweet Chariot. LM-2247*



14 magnificent selections recorded during Warren's recent triumphant tour of the Soviet Union. LM-2266

Important, meaningful works by two leading contemporaries. October's Save-on-Records selection. LM-2251

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- LSC-1984 — Bolero, Rapsodie Espagnole, La Valse, Afternoon of a Faun
- LSC-2241 — 1812 Overture, Mephisto Waltz, Fingal's Cave Overture
- LSC-2222 — Iberia; Valses Nobles et Sentimentales, Alborada del Gracioso
- LSC-2283 — Beethoven Symphony #3 ("Eroica")

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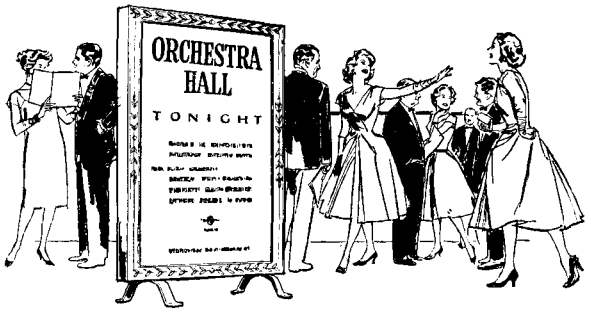

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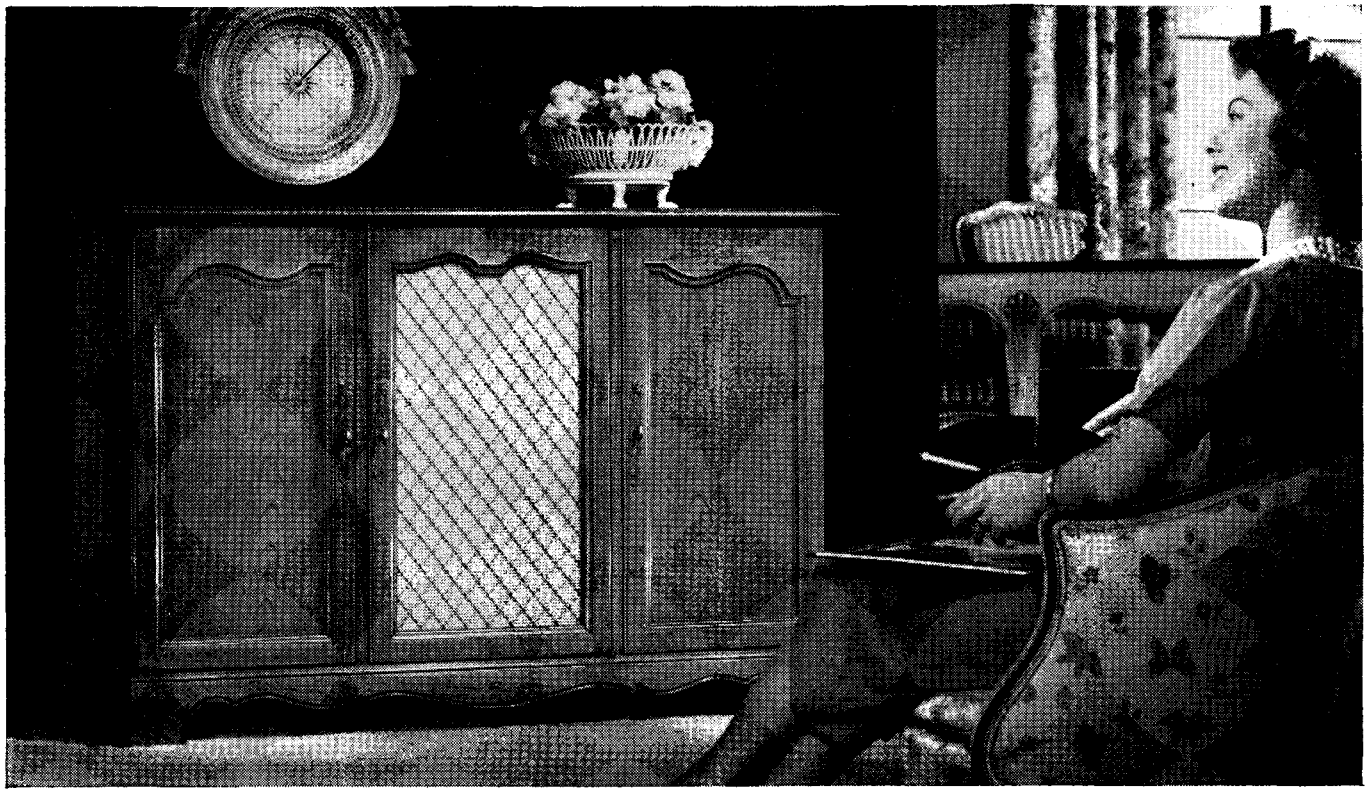

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Above is the Zenith Classic—Full Stereophonic High Fidelity, self-contained in a single cabinet, with FM-AM radio. In cherry veneers and cherry hardwood solids, elegant Provincial styling, Model SF2580, $800.* Stereophonic-equipped models are priced from $199.95.*

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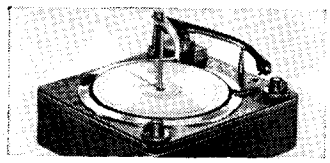
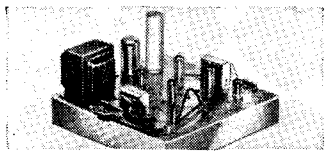
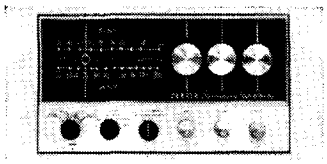


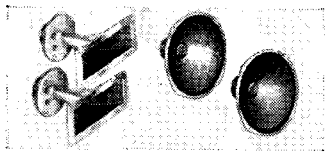
Exclusive Cobra-Matic® Record Changer has four speeds. Zenith's all-new Cobra® Tone Arm—with its dual-needle cartridge for stereophonic sound—preserves records with a feather-light touch, yet picks up every recorded sound with incredible fidelity.



40 watts of undistorted power output—up to 80 watts peak—from dual channel amplifiers especially designed by Zenith for the finest stereophonic sound reproduction.



Stereo Studio Sound Control Panel, another Zenith exclusive, gives you precision control of tonal response—virtually the same control as that of a recording studio sound engineer. Has Zenith's exclusive Presence Control; Stereo Balance Control.



Powerful speaker systems employ at least four high-rated Zenith quality speakers—two woofers with heavy Alnico 5 magnets, two high frequency exponential treble horn speakers. Crossover networks separate and channel frequencies into their proper speaker systems.

ZENITH

phonic records. Switching between it and the new stereo pickup is easily and inexpensively arranged.

An extra amplifier and loudspeaker are of course essential to your venture into 3-D sound. If you own a ready-made phonograph — Magnavox, Philco, Columbia, Webcor, or the like — you probably will find that by the time you read this the manufacturer will have put forth an accessory stereo unit, consisting of an amplifier and a remote speaker, which a licensed serviceman can quickly and easily add to your basic phonograph. Some of these accessory units are completely compatible with your existing unit. Others are not, since thus far most stereo devices have been hastily contrived. Even if you are a firm advocate of the brand-name, ready-cabineted phonograph, you may find that you can convert it to stereo best by resort to the services of a custom hi-fi dealer.

If you are a member of the fi-folk, your extra amplifier probably is the least of your problems. The course of least resistance is simply to buy another of what you have already (so I now find myself possessor of two Dynakit Mark IIs). It even makes sense in some cases to buy another of the combined preamplifier and amplifier you own already. Altec-Lansing has foreseen this and accordingly offers a little $9 gadget that makes any two of their console amplifiers into one stereo unit. Other makers are sure to follow suit. This gives you two preamplifiers, but this is by no means a bad thing so long as they are accompanied by a common one-knob volume control.

My foregoing remarks about ceramic pickups were not intended to make them seem the ultimate in record reproduction. Probably they are interim items, at least for sound perfectionists, and in time electromagnetic units will come along to supplant them, at which point your dual preamplifiers will be highly desirable. If you are going completely stereo, incidentally, and do not mind spending money right away, there is already a handsome variety of stereo preamplifier control units which put at your finger tips all the facilities for playing disc, tape, radio, or (whisper this) tape copying from disc or radio. Altec, Bell, Bogen, Fisher, Grommes, Scott — everybody is making them. None is inexpensive, but all are as good as their makers' names would lead you to expect.

One final remark about power amplifiers: stereo reproduction requires considerably less power per loudspeaker than monophonic high fidelity. Forty watts of output had begun to seem almost a necessity to reproduce through one speaker a good, up-close piano recording, but now you can split the forty to get equivalent results. For some reason unknown to me a stereo watt, especially in solid bass delivery, is more effective than a monophonic watt. Hence, what you seek now for your dollar is not higher power but lower distortion.

About loudspeakers, the questions are always twain and the same. Must one's two speakers be identical? And how should they be spaced apart?

Experts in the business will disagree with me on this. But, by the same token, I am disagreeing with them. In theory, one's loudspeakers should be exactly the same. In practice, I have paired a 15-inch Tannoy coaxial in a corner horn and an Acoustic Research AR-1, miniature by comparison, and got a decidedly luscious sound from the combination. This is against the rules. However, you can do it pretty reliably if you have a good ear and some intuitive feeling for spatial sonics. By this I mean the ability to stand in a room and feel how it will respond to an eight-by-five-foot source of music generated from yonder wall or corner. Between dissimilar loudspeakers, the essential compatibility would seem to be in the coloration of the middle tone range, where the fundamentals of most instruments' sounds occur. The absolute tone range of either speaker, from top treble to bottom bass, is not very important. If the two speakers cooperate in effortless synchrony through the middle octaves, the main objective is reached. Perhaps one reservation should be stated here. Some new small self-contained loudspeaker units are air loaded and mechanically inelastic, so that they need real power to run them properly. Know what you are buying.

There is no rule yet about the spacing of stereo loudspeakers. For one thing, the makers of stereo records have not decided on any single method of recording. In America they commonly use omnidirectional microphones spaced apart. In con-

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tinental Europe they seem to use directional microphones spaced closer together but *aimed* apart. The results are different, so what you must do with your loudspeakers is compromise.

So far, the safest arrangement seems to be two loudspeakers either spaced about eight feet apart and aimed in parallel or spaced a little closer together and angled outward one from the other. There is no sure rule yet, however, and there will not be for some time. The variables are the recording techniques and the characteristics of the listening room. And the conclusion is: keep your system flexible. For the time being, do not mount speakers in the wall (holes in a living room wall are very difficult to move from place to place).

Various expedients have come to my attention. I have heard excellent results, for instance, from two rather small rectilinear speakers placed back to back and set nearly in a corner, so that the sound from each hit a wall at an angle of forty-five degrees. The two reflected beams of sound came out parallel from the corner, with just enough dispersion to lend them a little perspective. Corner speaker enclosures can be used according to the same principle (in case your present speaker enclosure is a corner cabinet). You simply move them out four feet or so along the adjacent walls. This puts them seven or eight feet apart, pointing in parallel at the center of the room, and leaves you a small corner enclave behind them, useful for record cabinets or for your dictionary stand. (Hang a wall lamp over it.)

A couple of parting suggestions are in order. Stereo very much heightens the reality feeling of musical performance. Accordingly, direction becomes increasingly important. And one dimension of directionality is vertical. Stereo recordings, in my experience, are much enhanced in their conviction if the loudspeakers are at ear level, as live music usually is. Further, it is a little safer to have your speakers too close together than too far apart. The optimum illusion is that the sound is coming not from either of your loudspeakers but from the space between them. Nobody would want to inflict a split personality on Jascha Heifetz. . . .

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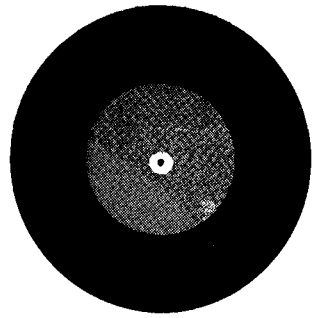

Record Reviews

Bartók: Violin Concerto

Isaac Stern, violin; Leonard Bernstein conducting New York Philharmonic Orchestra; Columbia ML-5283: 12"

The other top version of this wonderfully clever concerto also is American: Menuhin and Dorati, for Mercury. Both editions are excellent, but I think I slightly prefer this new one; it is a little crisper. This concerto always make me think that Bartók was paying his respects to Dohnányi; it sounds less like a concerto than like a set of variations, very up-to-date (1938) but still so cordial and comprehensible that the best descriptive word for it is sunny. The sound is highly adequate.

Beethoven: Trio in E Flat, Op. 3

Jascha Heifetz, violin; William Primrose, viola; Gregor Piatigorsky, cello; RCA Victor LM-2180: 12"

We owe something to the three men heard here and to RCA Victor. Seldom do three such virtuosos join forces in chamber music, although there could be no higher avenue for their talents. Here they demonstrate the young Beethoven, aged twenty-seven, showing early his awesome talent for (as Leonard Bernstein has phrased it) knowing which note to put after the note before. The trio really is a sort of serenade, untroubled, simple, and sure, played here with mastery that baffles comment and recorded in sound that does the mastery justice.

Mahler: Symphony No. 2, "Resurrection"

Bruno Walter conducting soloists, Westminster Choir, New York Philharmonic Orchestra; Columbia M2L-256 or M2S-601 (stereo): two 12"

The Second Symphony is one of Mahler's most enormous constructions, yet it never loses its intimacy,

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even when Gabriel blows his horn and the angels sing in the last movement. It is always a song, no matter how huge and glittering. The first and third movements, incidentally, use tunes also heard in *The Youth's Magic Horn*, in case you wonder when you hear it. Bruno Walter is the absolute master in Mahler interpretation, and this record may be the best ever made of the New York Philharmonic: the sound is utterly magnificent.

The Best of the Stan Freberg Shows
Stan Freberg and assisting artists; Capitol WBO-1035: two 12"
A sad fate indeed I feared was mine when last autumn I heard that Stan Freberg, Saint George of the famous Dragonet, had presented through the summer fifteen CBS radio shows and I hadn't heard one of them. Capitol has now raised me from my slough of despond with this marvelous two-hour offering of hilarity culled from the transcriptions. Ah, for the interview with the Abominable Snowman (about his career: terrorizing mountain climbers). And ah, again, for the true hi-fi sound of James Cagney tearing off his make-up. That's enough. If you want more data, buy the records.

Mother Goose
Cyril Ritchard, Celeste Holm, Boris Karloff, speakers; chamber instrumentalists; Caedmon TC-1091: 12"
Caedmon gives us here one of the most completely delightful records I ever have heard. I think most credit must go to Howard Sackler, who directed it, but some must also be accorded Hershy Kay, who wrote the entrancing background music, and the three readers, who surely never enjoyed themselves more in their lives than when they were making this. I suppose children might get some pleasure from it, but it is plainly and primarily for children who have grown up: namely, us. You can play this for the most sophisticated group of guests, and they will all listen fascinated till the last syllable. No use picking high spots; there aren't any low spots. However, just because I want to, I will mention Boris Karloff's bloodcurdling "Who Killed Cock Robin?", Celeste Holm's almost ecstatic "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star," and Cyril Ritchard's extremely funny quasi-Texas account of the misadventures of Dapple Gray.

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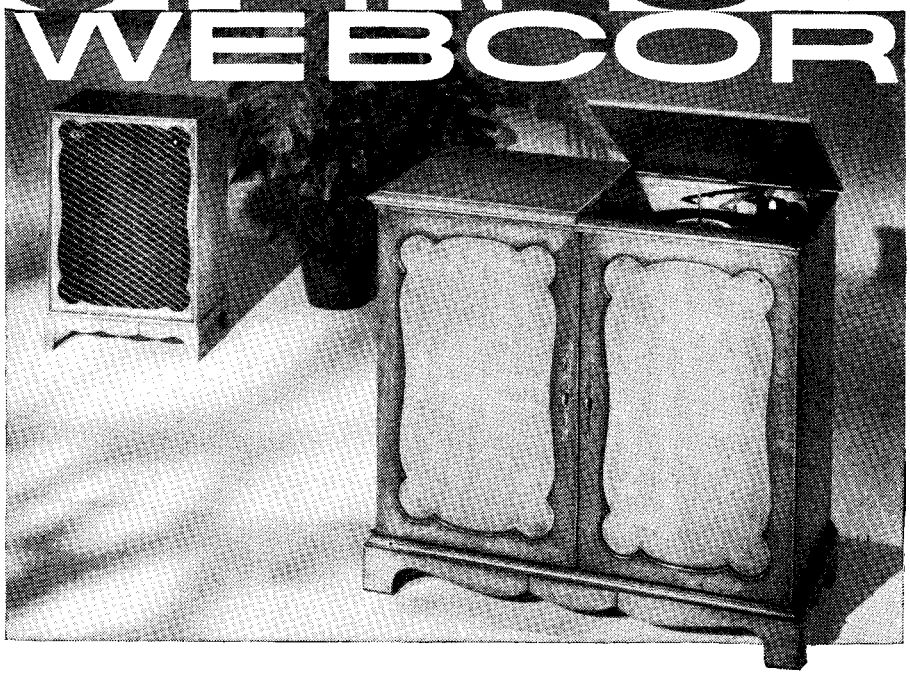

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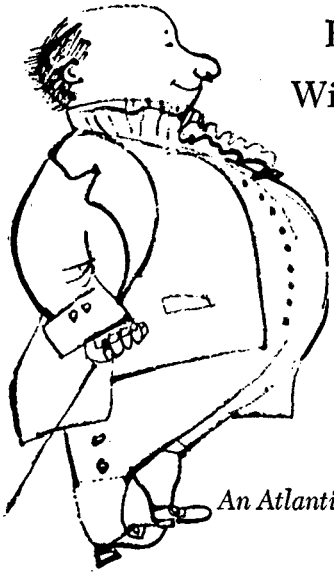

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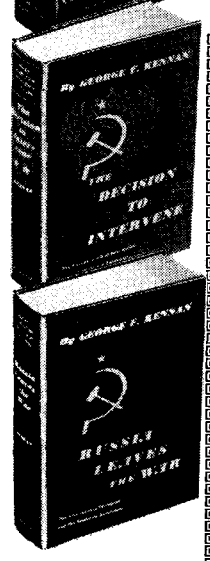

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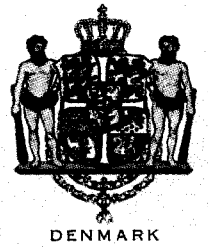
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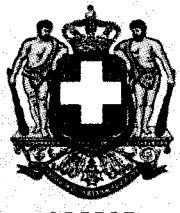
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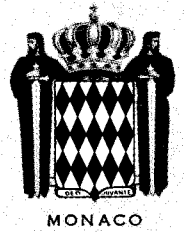
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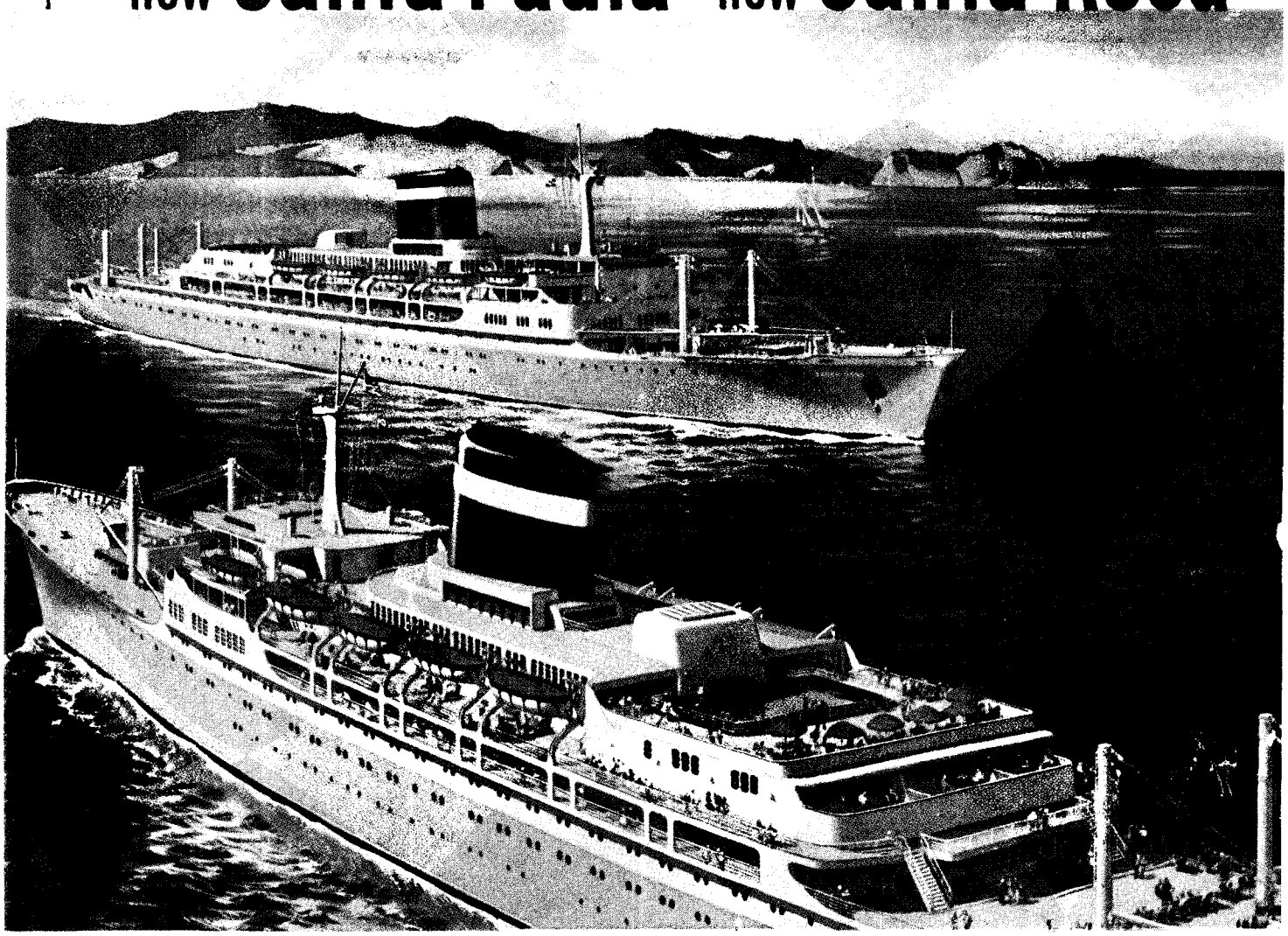

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